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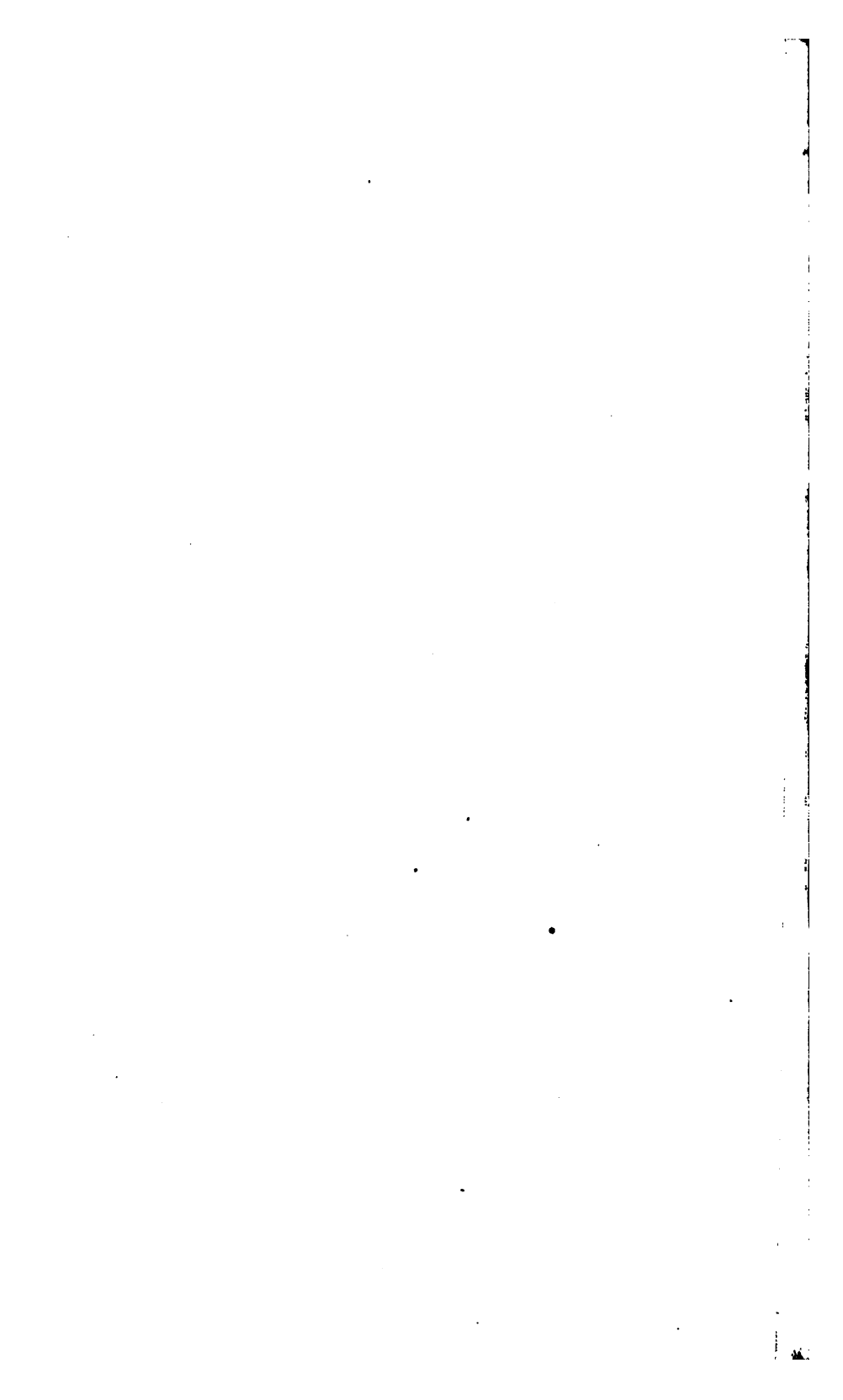
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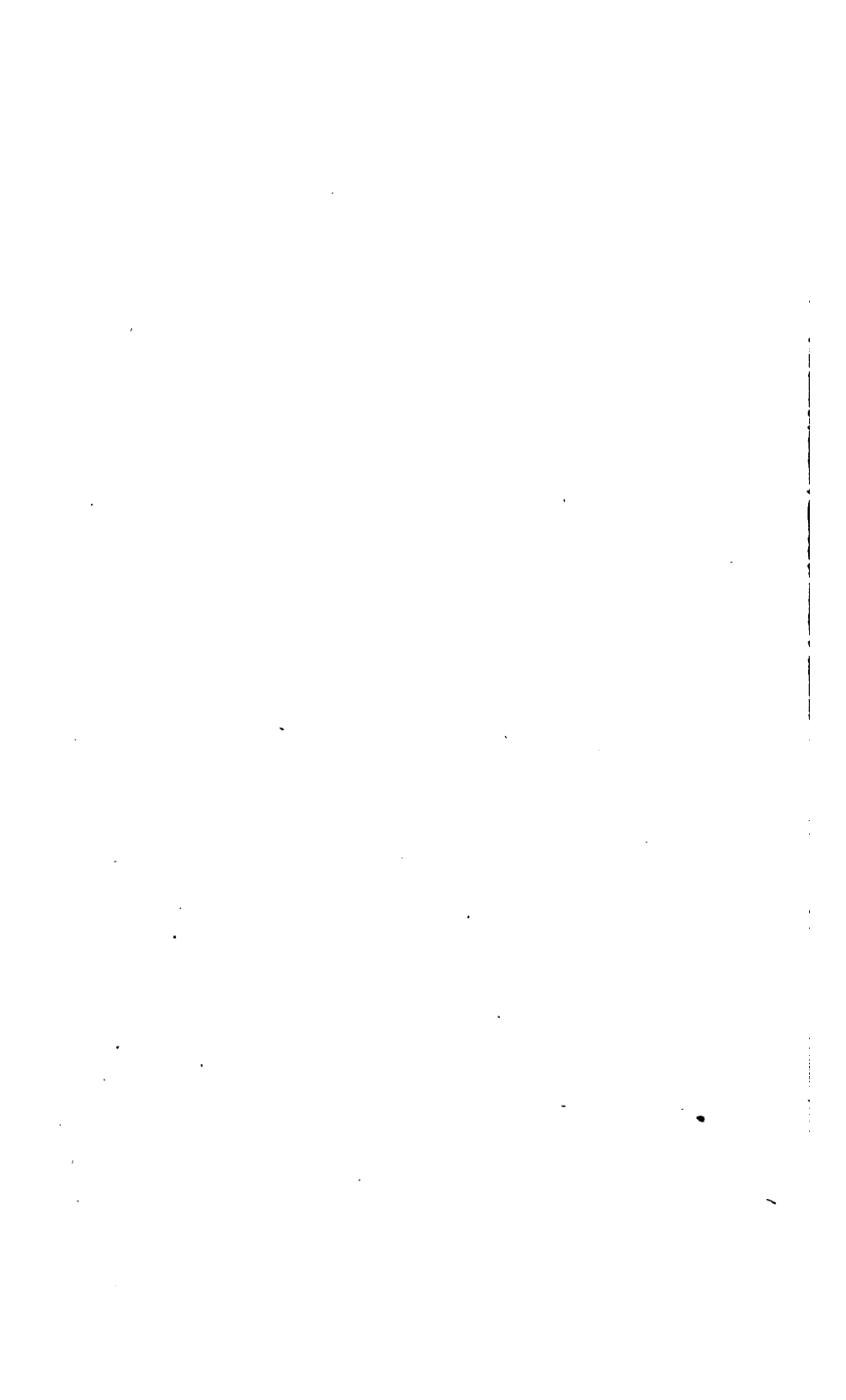


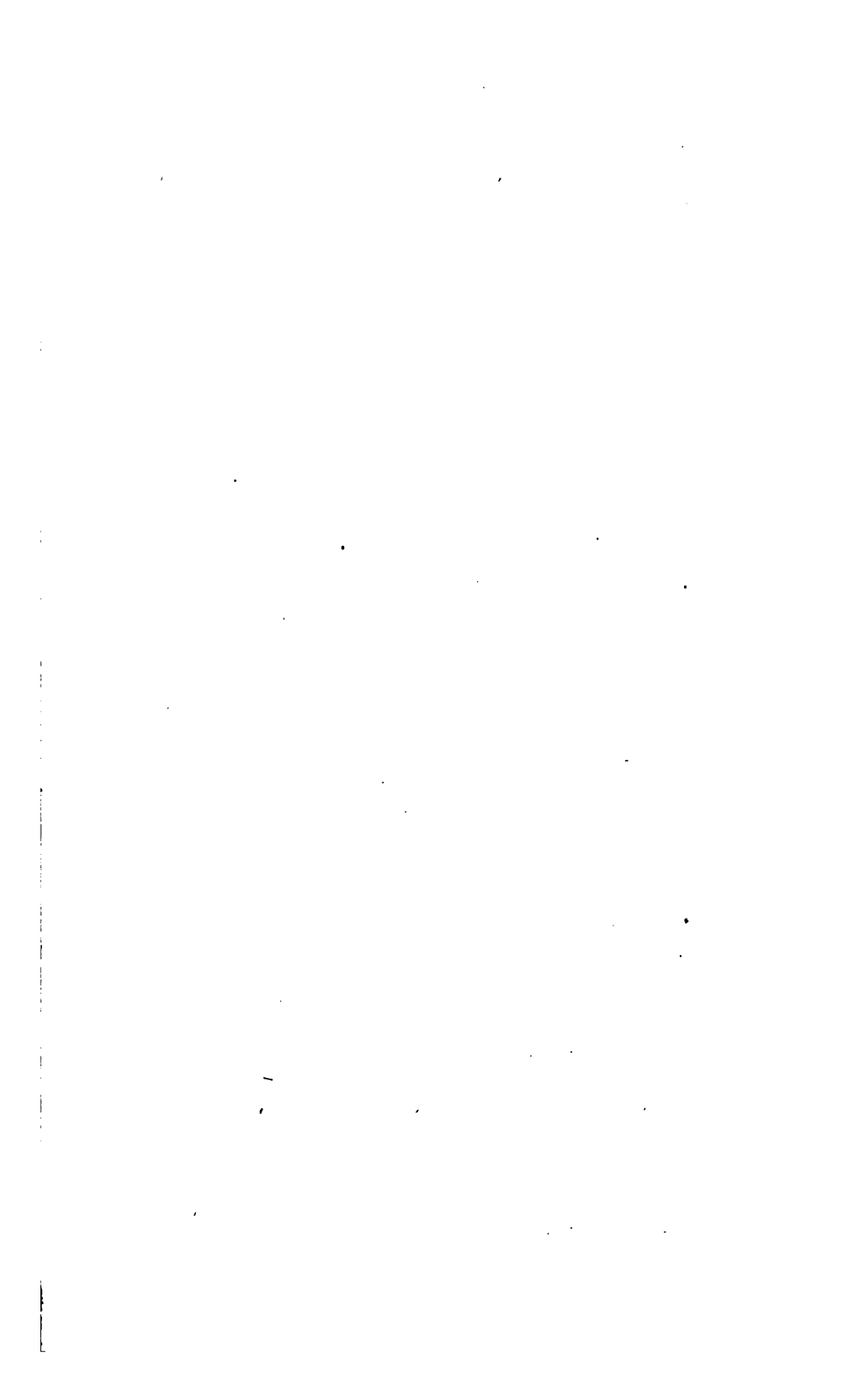


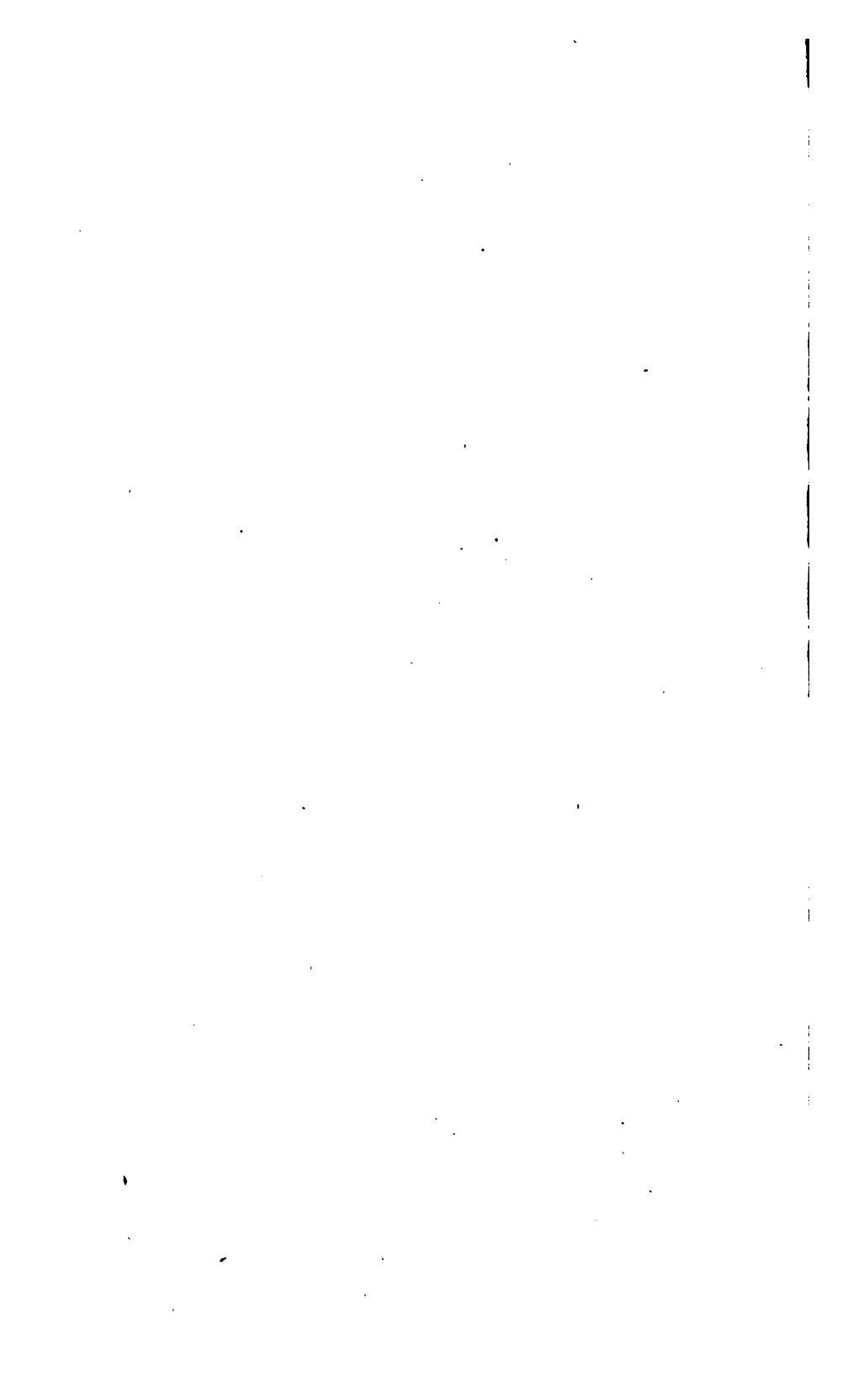


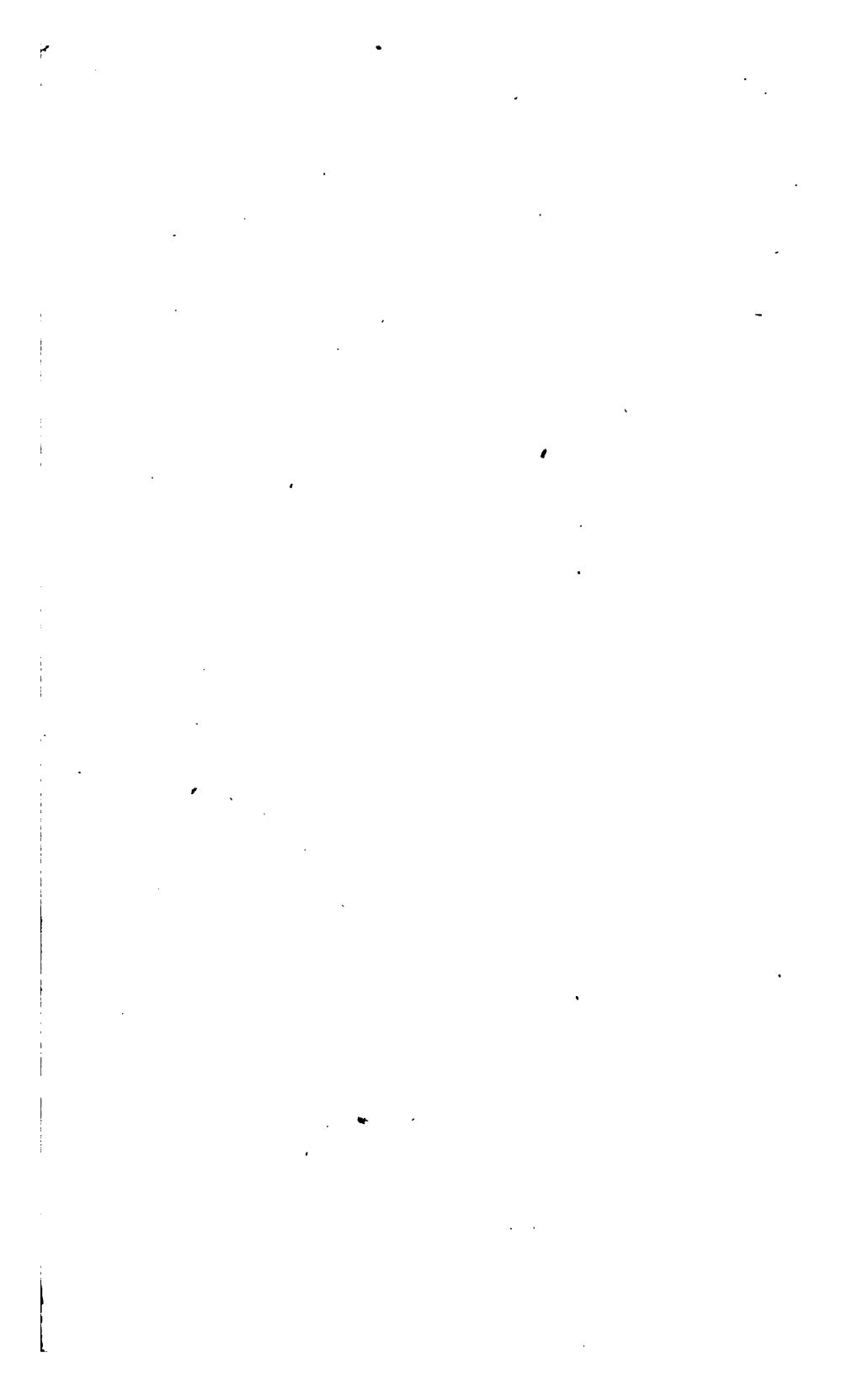


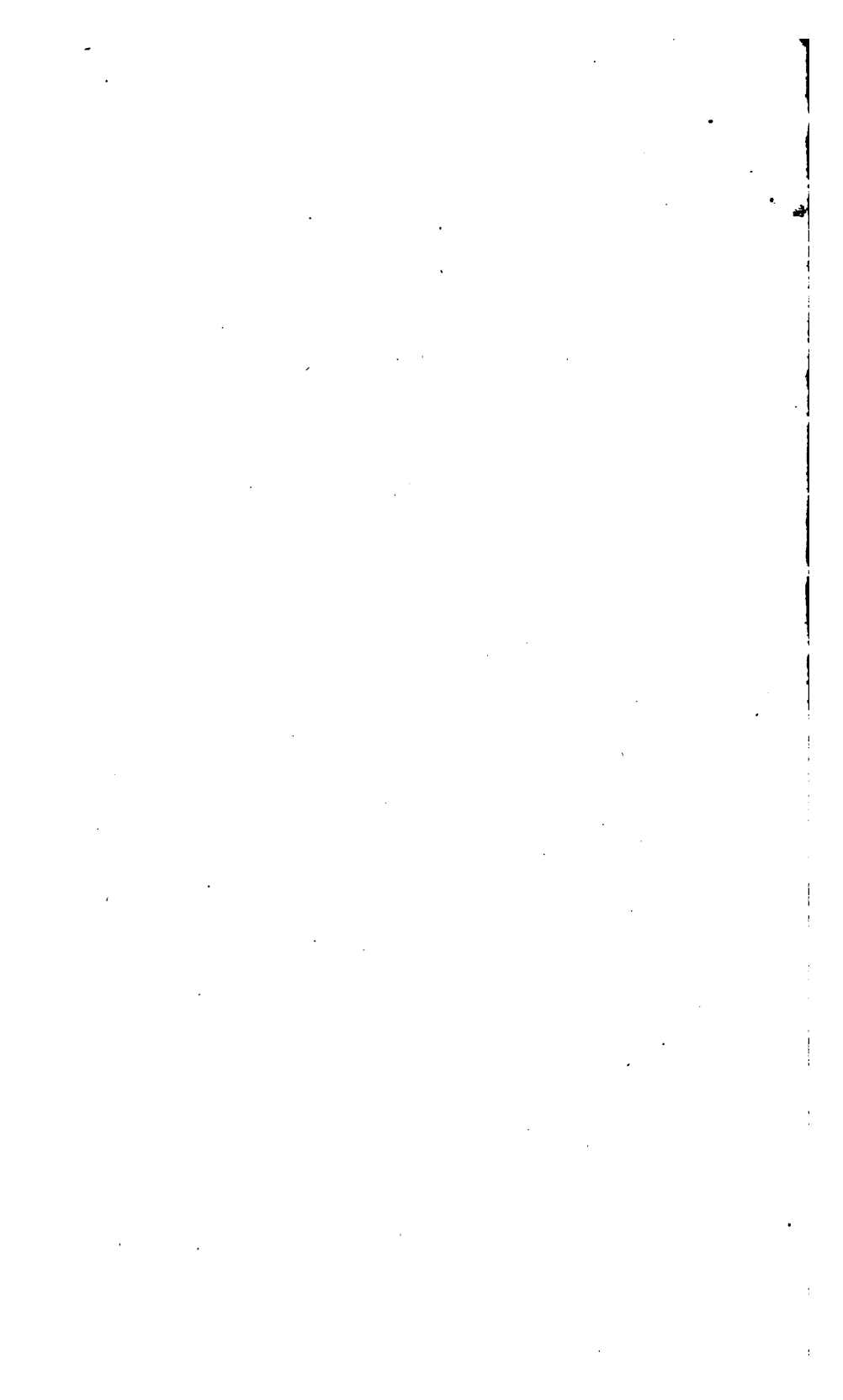
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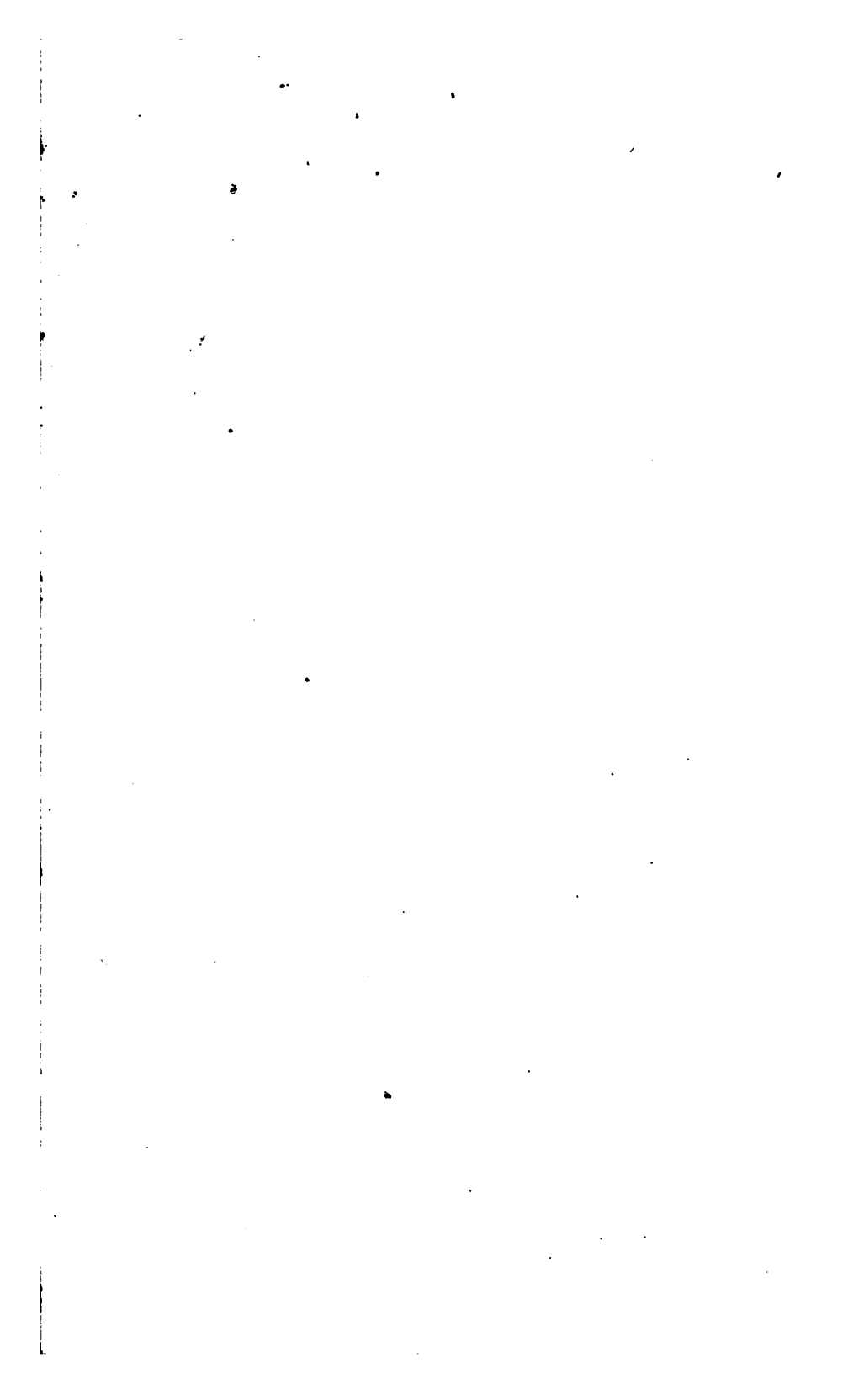














PIRENE.

*Frontispiece to Vol. 8. New Series.*

*Published Sept<sup>r</sup> 30. 1821. by J. Pittman. 13. Warwick Square. London*

THE  
SPORTING MAGAZINE  
OR  
*Monthly Calendar.*

of the Transactions of  
*The Hunt The Chase*  
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EVERY OTHER DIVERSION

*Interesting to the  
Man of Pleasure, Enterprise & Spirit.*

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J. Scott del.

# THE GOSHAWK.

*Published April 30. 1822. by J. Pittman, 18. Warwick Square, London.*

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII. N. S.

APRIL, 1821.

No. XLIII.

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## Embellished with,

THE GOSHAWK, an Engraving.—II. "TOUCH, JACK!" an Etching.

### THE GOSHAWK.

Engraved by SCOTT, from an original  
Drawing made after Nature.

*Lat. Falco asturias sive stellaris.*

*En Autour—See BUFFON'S Histoire  
des oiseaux de proie.*

THIS beautiful, but most ferocious tyrant of the air, is one of the largest of the falcon tribe. He hunts hares and rabbits, pigeons, chickens, rats, mice, weasels, &c. whom he seizes with his powerful talons, and carries, with ease and swiftness, to the hungry inmates of his airy, on the top of some old tree in the forests. He is not common here.

The bird exhibited in the engraving, which is a fac simile of

the drawing, was killed in the extensive and romantic woods of Fonthill Abbey, on the 10th of October last; and measured full twenty inches from the eye to the end of the tail; the span, from the extremity of one wing to the other, was just four feet two inches. This immense display, this *remigium alarum*, reminds us of what Pope says in a most beautiful simile at the end of the fifteenth book of the Iliad:—

"So the strong eagle, from his airy height,  
Who marks the swans' or cranes' embody'd flight,  
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,  
And stooping, darkens, with his wings, the flood."

A

Al.

Although this last circumstance is not in the original,\* it gives us an idea of the extensive shadow with which a bird of such an enormous expanse of wings overwhelms his trembling, devoted prey at the moment he pounces upon it. The sensation must be dreadful to the weak and innocent victim, overcast by a sudden darkness, and unable to fly from the imminent danger.

The general colour of the body is a glossy chestnut-brown, and each feather edged by an elegant fimbriation of deep yellow, which gives to the whole a golden appearance, when looked at in an oblique way against the light. The throat is perfectly white, and so is the breast, but sprinkled with black star-like spots. The tail exhibits transversal stripes of a deeper brown; the eye looks full and bold; the iris is of a marigold-yellow, and the lower eyelid supported by a milk-white skin, which seems to be a peculiar characteristic of the bird. From the centre of the eye to the tip of the beak, the distance was two inches and a quarter. The beak, not unlike that of a parrot in shape, is strongly attached to the head by a yellow leathery covering, in which the nostrils are placed; and runs from a tender indigo blue to a coal black at the extremity. The legs, beautifully scaled, are jonquille-colour, and the talons, most crookedly strong, are jet black and of the brightest polish. The grasp must be dreadful. This bird has been also called *palumbarius falco*, on

account of his particular fondness for wood-pigeons, a taste which, however, many of the hawk-family share with him. †

#### GREYHOUND STALLIONS FOR 1821.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.  
SIR,

AS you are now giving a list of blood stallions, I think it a good opportunity to send you a list of greyhound stallions within my circuit; viz. :—

CHAMPION, at Hungerford, in Berks, at three guineas: he was got by Tippoo, out of Mr. Terry's Teazle, the dam of Telescope, Bolter, and of Capt. Wyatt's renowned bitch and dog, Jennette and Jasper; Tippoo was got by Mr. Mundy's famous Wonder, out of Major Topham's Susan (own sister to the celebrated dog, Snowdrop), by old Snowball. The Champion blood have won eleven cups, three goblets, and a very great many matches and sweepstakes at Ashdown Park, Ilsley, Beaconhill, Bowers, Albourn Warren, &c. Champion has proved himself as good a stallion (if not better) than his grandsire, Snowball.

JASPER, at the same price and place as Champion: he is own brother to Champion, and as fine a dog as Champion in every respect, has won a great many matches at Swaffham and Newmarket, when the property of the late Captain Wyatt: he is the sire of Mr. Capel's Jasperina and several other good runners.

\* Homer only says, "As the golden eagle (*αἰετὸς αἰθρῶν*, *aquila fulgens*) pounces upon a flock of slender-necked birds, geese, cranes, swans, feeding on the banks of a river, thus Hector, &c." Pope, as well as Madame Dacier, had the good taste to reject the mention of the plebeian goose as unfit to be admitted in modern poetry.

† See Vol. VI. N. S. p. 106. Sparrowhawk and Wood-pigeon.

Any



Any gentleman wishing to see the above greyhounds may apply to Mr. John Church, Hungerford.

PLATOFF, at Southrop, near Fairford, at three guineas: he was got by Mr. Coroeckis's Contest, out of the late Rynon Jones's famous bitch, Jet. Platoff is the sire of Mr. Brown's Bet, which won the Ashdown Park puppy cup—Mr. Fielder's famous dog, that won a great match on Magdalen Hill, near Winchester—and several other very speedy greyhounds: he is strongly recommended to gentlemen having bitches of the Champion blood, to put them to Platoff.—Apply to Robert Green, Southrop, near Fairford.

AN OLD COURSER AND  
BREEDER OF GREYHOUNDS.

#### PERFORMANCES OF ECLIPSE.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

**T**O my utter surprise, I have not as yet had one friendly hint concerning the wonderful performances of Eclipse. Have my brother sportsmen ever experienced the dreadful uncertainty of a frost, before joining any crack pack of fox-hounds on the morrow? Have they ever been deceived in the expectation of a prize-fight, after having ridden a jaded beast for about thirty miles in a "drivelling rain? Or ever missed a favourite and only pointer on the thirty-first day of August? If there is any one, I say, of my brethren, who has ever experienced any one of these disappointments (which I hold to be most dear to sportsmen), he can from his own anxiety judge of mine, who after thinking I had at last unrav-

elled, or rather been the cause of unravelling to our moderns this simple question "Why was Eclipse so famous?" have been for nearly a month, subject to the most torturing suspense.

Thus far had I written full six months ago, and were it not for "A BIT OF A SHOT'S" desiring the same information, you perhaps would not have heard from me again. All this by way of preface, Mr. Editor: but I now proceed to call your attention to a crime of the greatest atrocity. If credit is to be given to the London papers, a circumstance, at which human nature would shudder, lately took place at Westminster School. It was, that a poor little boy had been forced to stuff himself, being compelled by the seniors, the result of which was his death. Now as I am far removed from London, the public papers are the general channel through which we receive our news, and indeed the only one; and this statement was subsequently refuted, but still with this difference, that it was a voluntary act of his own.\* I can only say, that if either of these two cases is true, the first makes his tormentors *worse* than brutes, and the second himself. As I was seven years at one of the first public schools myself, I can hardly credit this report, particularly since I am well acquainted how maliciously and falsely such libels are often circulated. But then it *does* appear most extraordinary, that the earliest means were not taken to contradict such a report, and bring the author of it to account for his malignity, if it was not too true.

I hope no apology is necessary

\* A gentleman (we believe a relation of the child,) called at our office to prevent the further propagation of the story alluded to by our correspondent, and he assured us the circumstances related in the papers were a fabrication, the boy's death being caused by inflammation of the bowels.—E.B.

for a digression, where humanity is so nearly concerned; and much as I wish to see Eclipse's performances, yet I would rather see a total refutation of this statement, as contained in the papers, in your next number.

By the way, Mr. Lawrence either forgot his promise, or I misunderstood him, as, though his paragraph was entitled "*Eclipse's Performances*," yet it had no more to do with them than this letter has.

How fastening a mouse alive in a gin will entice a hawk, I cannot say, but certainly the remedy ought to be very efficacious to justify the cruelty. If you are troubled with jays, magpies, &c. place a kitten in a tree, and you will soon hear a host of chatters about you, and then of course you will not forget to use your gun, the best remedy after all. Your constant reader,

CHRISTOPHER ANTICIPATION.

#### ON THE DOUBLE FOWLING-PIECE.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

I Beg to submit to you some remarks, in consequence of a certain communication in the *Sporting Magazine* for January last.

Many and various have been the comments on the component parts of the double gun (locks especially) as regarding safety, whilst few, very few, have been such urgings as seem necessary on the conduct and management of the piece, so as to obviate all apprehensions of danger.\* I presume on some small right to speak on the subject, exclusive of certain motives inducing me thereto, as I have hitherto saved my money, though I have long of-

fered two stout keen lads, my general companions in the field, a handsome reward, whenever either of them can detect me loading with a lock on the full cock, or the muzzle when in a line with any living creature, the objects of pursuit alone excepted.

A chief danger from a double gun arises from indiscreet management of the 'second lock,' if I may so term it, and a danger it is, of frequent occurrence and terrific magnitude. Did any one ask me—"Would you again trust any lock whilst in the act of loading?" I should answer "Never—never!" The best of steel in appearance may, nevertheless, have an invisible flaw in it (I have known a case in point), and not be able to stand against the improved strength and temperament of modern main-springs. The dogs too, or seers, as some call them, those especially of other than our metropolitan make, may be tempered above or beneath the precision herein required, and breaking or wearing in these most essential parts, or points rather, as productive of danger, are all but synonymous.

In some manufactories on the Continent, and not on the Continent only, I fear, it is a common custom to make the nicks or catches on a piece of steel, which is afterwards brazed to the tumbler. This abominable practice, notwithstanding the esteem in which some may hold the repairing resources of our country blacksmiths, will, I trust, never more be attempted by any English maker, who, as such, has regard to his reputation. A preparation of this sort once dropped out in my using it, by which a bye-stander met a most narrow escape. The opposite lock was on

\* The percussion gun is not here treated of.

examination found to be similarly constructed, and I conceive it my duty to add, that they were manufactured at 'St. Etienne.'

The greatest danger, and that of the most common occurrence to one who uses a double gun, is caused by a lock being, through inadvertence, allowed to remain on the "*full cock*," whilst he is in the act of loading the discharged barrel; and such, I have no doubt, was precisely the case in the late truly deplorable accident which happened to the steward of the late Lord Charles Spencer. This danger, however, may be completely guarded against, as may appear in the sequel, by those who prefer rule and method to that hurry which involves every thing, and after all, in point of execution, avails but little.

Injudicious conduct of the piece (with a lock as aforesaid) immediately on a successful discharge, and when all present are rushing to the same point, is a chief source of hazard to those who accompany the sportsman who uses a double gun, which brings us to what deserves the most pointed consideration, namely, the "*carriage*" of the piece. So injudicious, nay, so outrageously in opposition to all reason and common sense, is the conduct of many in this respect, who call themselves sportsmen, that a novice may fairly question "whether danger can proceed from the muzzle." In all countries, rough or smooth, in cover or out of cover, a loaded gun, till called into action, should be either carried horizontally, as in the case of all being clear before you, or so that the muzzle point above or beneath your companions, be they few or many, and be they ever so distant or near to you. Due allowance,

too, must ever be made for any intervening unevenness of ground, and that whether you may be sauntering at your leisure, or are in ever so great a hurry. Not to argue a moment on the practicability of this, it is what is actually complied with by many an experienced sportsman, without an occurrence to the contrary possibly in the course of a whole season.

In the event of a loaded gun being pointed against one, it is but a sorry reply on the part of the defaulter to an occasional remonstrance, that "*the piece is on the half-cock only*."—I do not see the great danger in carrying a lock on the full cock occasionally, as in expectation of a snap-shot, provided the muzzle, as aforesaid, be kept well up, for it is not in the power of one in a hundred probably, to cock the piece whilst raising it, with such address, such promptitude, as not to lose more time in so doing than can at all times be afforded. Thousands of game have I seen brought to the bag, which certainly never would have bled it but for this ready mode of proceeding. In an open country, however, indeed in all instances where sport can be had without it, the carrying a lock on the full, or as some call it, the "*last cock*," is highly reprehensible.

I knew an eccentric sort of a being, who, through a long sporting career, travelled invariably whilst beating, with both locks on the full cock, a method, however culpable, necessary to his peculiar management. Whilst raising the piece, he placed the fore-finger on the right-hand trigger, and the second or long finger on the left-hand trigger, and thus, in partridge-shooting, he would bring down at left and right, if I may so say, very handsomely,  
and

and without taking the piece from his shoulder.

The placing the left thumb on the left cock, as preparatory to putting the second barrel into a state of requisition, is coeval possibly with the introduction of the double fowling-piece. I can vouch for such practice considerably more than thirty years since. Neither of these methods (impracticable to most would be the former, awkward is the wrench to the wrist in the latter), can be in any sense advisable, because in both, a lock may remain on the full cock during loading.

All dangers from the double gun, of whatsoever denomination or character, and from whatever source arising (since with the experienced the days of "*bursting*" have long passed their meridian), I propose to obviate by the recommendation of a plan, which, added to what I have advised as to the "carriage" of the piece, ensures perfect safety. A plan nevertheless so simple in itself, that the "knowing ones" may say, "simple indeed must be the inventor of it." But no matter, Mr. Editor, for a few sarcasms, if we can prevent, without abridgment to "improved sporting," the recurrence of such dreadful accidents as make the blood run cold in the recital of them. Prior to loading, then, whether "*one*" or "*both*" barrels, ever and invariably stick the shaft of a feather, the eighth of an inch or so, into "*each*" touch-hole so tight, that the windage, as some call it, in ramming home the card, blow it (the feather) not out again; and let priming be the "*last*" thing you do. I am aware of what many may urge on this occasion; viz. that "by priming the '*first*,' instead of the last thing, a cocked lock

may be detected and rectified." To this I reply, the same will, with much greater probability take place, whilst the priming to the loaded barrel is shaking out, in order to the insertion of the feather as aforesaid. But whether so or not, the feathers fixed as directed, will ensure safety. To wipe out any feculent matter which may accumulate in the pans from a damp atmosphere, a painter's brush of the smaller size, and shortened so as to fit your waistcoat pocket, will answer every purpose. To make "sure, doubly sure," I use a take-off-top powder flask, from two instances within my own knowledge, of snap flasks being blown to atoms from fire left in the barrel after a discharge.

With unvarying adherence to the plan I have been recommending, despicable as some may suppose it, what less will be effected in point of real execution? It may happen, certainly it may, that a few shots be thus lost in the course of a season, whilst by the strict observance of it more game may be brought to the bag than any country whatever can afford, and that without any hazard, or indeed the slightest apprehension of danger, to the sportsman or his companions.

#### A FRIEND TO TWO TRIGGERS.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

#### THE PHILOSOPHER POS'D, OR HODGE TRIUMPHANT.

A Farmer, who was somewhat of a philosopher, was rather addicted to finding fault causelessly with his servants—"they were such stupid dolts," he would say, "that do what he would, he could not beat any sense into the heads of them."—Seeing one of them, on a cer-

a certain occasion, handle a sack of corn rather awkwardly, he called him idiot, and told him, "he knew nothing of the laws of gravity."—Hodge thus rated, resolved on trying for once to outwit his master, thinking if he could do so he should thereby turn the torrent of abuse, and live more peaceably. Being employed in the stable one day, he observed a straw sticking out from a nail hole in a wooden partition, which moved up and down with such regularity, as induced him to ascertain the cause of it. Having so done, he called his master, and after prefacing what he was going to do with a respectful apology, he asked him, "If, without quitting the stable, he could account for the regular and incessant motion of the straw."—"To be sure, I can," replied the master, "though it may take some time in the doing." The more he considered, however, the more was he puzzled. Still he would persevere. At length, after such pains as were worthy of a more important subject, he fairly gave in, when Hodge, with looks of triumph in his sun-burnt countenance, thus expressed himself. "An' I must explain it, I must, I suppose. You must know then, Measter, that there's a hen a zettin on her nest t'other side of these here boards, and zoo, *he, he, he*, when she do dra in her breath the stra do go up, and when she do let out her breath, then the stra do go down, and I should have thort you'd have vound out that by your laws of gravity."

A VILLAGER.

#### ON BREEDING SMALL STOCK.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

IT would be granting a great favour to a green-horn in this

part of the world, if any of your correspondents would give him the means of insuring the produce of a mare thirteen hands and half high, to become smaller than herself. A mode of starving them the first year, has been practiced, I believe, with success; but the method is too cruel, and the end not always accomplished.—I am, yours, &c.

G. B.

Canterbury, April 20, 1831.

#### EVILS OF RABBIT TRAPS.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

I Observed, about a year and a half ago, a caution one of your correspondents gave the readers of your useful and entertaining Magazine, relating to the catching of rabbits in traps, instead of with nets, or by ferreting. Finding my pheasants and hares had not increased in numbers, as I expected from the very little shooting I had partaken the two preceding years, I last autumn was determined to look to the traps myself. I accordingly rose at day-break every day, for a week, and, unknown to my keepers, walked round the coppices and examined the gins. The first day I found, in addition to a fair proportion of rabbits, one hare, a stoat, and three pheasants; the next morning, ten rabbits and two pheasants; the next day, a few rabbits only; and on the following, five hares and three pheasants, and eight or nine rabbits. Finding, at the end of the week, no game was brought in beyond the usual quantity of rabbits for the use of the house, without making any observation to my keeper, I had all the traps brought to me, and destroyed instantly; and began catching my rabbits, during the winter months,

in

in nets, giving my keeper in lieu of rabbits, more wages.

I send a large proportion of the rabbits to the farmers in the neighbourhood, and any more I may have than they or I want, I give to the poor people. If no hares are wanted, they are allowed to escape from the nets. Not shooting when rabbiting, I do not find the pheasants are much disturbed. I quite agree with your correspondent as to the cruelty in catching rabbits in gins.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully, A CONSTANT READER.

#### RACES TO COME—INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

<b>EPSOM</b> (Hunt Meeting), <i>May 2</i>	
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Epsom.....	<i>June 6</i>
Manchester.....	13
Ascot Heath.....	19
Newmarket.....	<i>July 9</i>
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Cheltenham.....	18
Durham.....	25
Knutsford.....	31
Warwick.....	<i>Sept. 4</i>
Lichfield.....	11
Shrewsbury.....	18

**NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING, 1821.**—*Tuesday*.—Mr. Udny's Barmecide, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Thornhill's Sardonix, 6st. 10lb. D. M. 200gs. h. ft.—*Friday*.—Sweepstakes of 150gs. each, h. ft. T. Y. C.:—Mr. Greville's Pacha, 8st. 7lb.; Sir J. Shelley's Ivanhoe, 8st. 7lb.; Mr. Charlton's Phoenix, 8st. 3lb.

**SECOND SPRING MEETING.**—*Monday*.—Mr. Greville's Banker,

8st. 12lb. agst Mr. Charlton's Phoenix, 8st. A. F. 200gs. h. ft.

Sir W. Maxwell has sustained a great loss in his stud, by the death of the valuable brood mare, Briliante, by Whiskey, dam by Diomed, grandam by Imperator. She was in foal with a colt to Walton.

#### ROYAL PURSES, 1821.

THE London Gazette has given the usual notification that his Majesty has been graciously pleased to give the sum of 100gs. to be run for by horses, mares, and geldings, this season, at each of the following places, viz: Newmarket (three,) York, Doncaster, Richmond (in Yorkshire), Salisbury, Ipswich, Guildford, Nottingham, Winchester, Lincoln, Lewes, Canterbury, Lichfield, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Carlise, Chelmsford, Ascot-heath, and Warwick.

#### RACING IN FRANCE.

THE races at Boulogne sur Mer commenced on Saturday, the 13th instant. The Hon. Augustus Cavendish Bradshaw, and the Hon. Mr. St. John, were selected as the stewards. The horses entered were all English, and the concourse of spectators immense. The display of female beauty and handsome equipages, was superior to what is usually seen on the Continent. The next races are fixed for the 4th of May. The French nobility and gentry derive great satisfaction from this English amusement, and many of them have expressed their determination to afford it every encouragement.

[Should our correspondent "VAGUS" be still resident at Boulogne, we hope he will favour us with some particulars of the above races.]

**BATTLE**

## BATTLE

Between COOPER and HICKMAN, for 100 Guineas a-side, on Wednesday, April 11, 1821, at Harpenden Common, 25 miles from London, and three miles distance from St. Alban's.

THIS match (although by a chance hit there was caused much disappointment) was a real sporting one, and the road to St. Alban's, Herts, the head-quarters, was lined at a very early hour. Cooper, who is a finished twelve-stone boxer, was beat by Hickman last year; but it was thought he made too light of a powerful adversary, bursting with daring courage, and received a hit in the first round, which put him into a *dose*, from which he did not recover during the fight. Both men were full of confidence, although Cooper was not so well as his friends could have wished, bad legs having prevented the necessary exercise required for real training. This battle was fought in the presence of about fifteen thousand spectators. Hickman first threw his *shallow* into the ring, and Cooper soon after saluted in the same manner. They shook hands with cordiality before stripping, and had a welcome at each other. Betting was 6 to 4 on *Gas*. The seconds were, for Hickman, Shelton and Randall, and for Cooper, Belcher and H. Harmer. Mr. Jackson informed the seconds and bottle-holders, that, upon the men setting-to, they were all to retire to the corners of the ring, and that when *time* was called, the men were to be immediately brought up to the *scratch*.

## ROUNDS.

1. On stripping, the appearance of Hickman was truly fine; and no prize-fighter ever had such attention paid to him before, being trained in a right sporting place, and

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where, also, many gentlemen belonging to the Hertfordshire Hunt had an opportunity of witnessing him. Cooper looked pale; it was evident he was not in *tip-top* condition. On setting-to, little sparring occurred; but Cooper, with much science, broke away from the furious attacks of the Gas-light Man. The latter, however, followed him, and planted two slight hits, when Cooper kept retreating; but on Hickman's rushing in furiously to plant a hit, Cooper, with the utmost severity, met him with a most tremendous left-handed hit on the left cheek, just under his eye, that *floored* him like a shot, and his knees went under him. To describe the shouting would be impossible; and several persons roared out, "Cooper for 100l.!" and "the Gas-light Man must lose it!" Even betting was offered, and some roared out 7 to 4.

2d and last. The Gas-light Man came up rather heavy; it was a *stunning* hit, his cheek was swelled, and also the claret appeared on it. He however was not at all dismayed, and went to work with the utmost gaiety, as if nothing had happened. Cooper broke ground in great style, but missed several hits; if any of which had told, perhaps might have decided the battle. Hickman followed him close to the ropes, at which, Cooper finding himself *bored* in upon by his opponent, endeavoured to put in a *stopper*, but the blow passed by the head of his adversary, when Hickman, in the most prompt and astonishing manner, put in a tremendous hit, which alighted just under Cooper's ear, that not only *floored* him, but sent him out of the ropes like a shot. Belcher and Harmer could not lift him up, and when time was called he was as dead as

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a house, and could not come to the scratch. The sensation on the spectators cannot be depicted, on seeing Cooper thus disposed of in the short space of *three minutes*. There is nothing like it on record. The Gas-light Man also seemed amazed—he was quite a stranger to the state of Cooper, and asked why they did not bring him up to the scratch. Belcher endeavoured to lift Cooper off Harmer's knee, when Cooper in a state of *stupor* immediately dropped again on it. The circumstance was so singular, that for the instant Hickman, Randall, and Shelton, seemed quite at a loss to know what to do—till recollecting themselves, they immediately took Hickman out of the ring, put him into a post-chaise, and drove off for St. Alban's. In the course of a minute or so, Cooper recovered from his *trance*, and was quite at a loss to recollect what had occurred, declaring that he did not know where he had been hit. A gentleman came forward, and offered to back Cooper for 50l. to fight the Gas Man immediately; and Cooper, with the utmost *game* appeared in the ring, but Hickman had left the ground. The Gas Man was the most punished.

Hickman has won three prize battles in *THIRTY-ONE MINUTES!!!*

He defeated Crawley in 13½ Min.

————— Cooper - 14½ Min.

————— Ditto - - 3 Min.

————— 31 Min.

As a scientific fighter, Hickman has yet much to learn; but in daring qualities he is *bang-up* to the mark. Therefore the boxer that cannot stop the Gas-light Man's *rush* has but little to hope and much to fear.

It has created considerable surprise among a few of the amateurs,

that no *mark* was left from a *blow* which effected such terrible execution; but that *surprise* must immediately cease, when it is explained in an anatomical point of view. Had the blow come in contact with the angle of the jaw, a bruise might have been perceived; but even a slight hit on the jugular vein, is capable of shaking the brain, suspending the circulation of the blood to and from the heart, and creating a sort of apoplexy. Cooper is anxious for another trial, and several gentlemen have promised to back him.

After the above extraordinary circumstance had subsided, two farriers, of the names of Collier and Evans, entered the ring for a purse of 5l. Collier was attended by Belcher and Harmer; and Evans, by Richmond and Paddington Jones. For 20 rounds it was a tremendous hammering fight, without any science, occupying 25 minutes, when victory was declared in favour of Collier. Both of the combatants were severely punished.

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#### ON THE VARIOUS BREEDS OF HORSES.

BY COUNT VON VELTHEIM.

(Continued from p. 265, Vol. VII. N. S.)

“UNWILLING as I am to enter into a literary contest, I cannot refrain from making some general remarks, which I presume, may be necessary to illustrate and confirm many points already discussed. A late German writer upon the breeding of horses, M. Professor Schwab, whose merits as a naturalist I neither can, nor would wish to diminish, by introducing my own views, in the preface to his work upon the organization of the French studs, as well as in his pocket-book upon the art of breeding horses, has laid down



down some principles, the adoption of which, according to my judgment, and the experience we have derived from other countries, in which the art has arrived at a high degree of perfection, would not only lead the horse-breeder into error, but also completely cripple all his exertions. A conviction of the essential prejudice that must arise from acting upon the Professor's views of horse-breeding, more especially in Germany, therefore compels me to state the reasons which press upon me in opposition to his theory; mine, however, are purely practical, and are as such submitted to the examination of the public.

"In the first place, he asserts, that in general the wild horses bear the strongest resemblance to the original of their kind, are the most perfect, and consequently, that the wild horses from the Deserts of Cobi, in Upper Asia, the only place in which the Professor will allow them to exist, are in themselves of the most perfect form, and superior to all the other breeds now existing.

"Secondly, that climate produces such an imperious influence upon the race of horses, as well as upon other animals, that, for example, a pure breed of Arabians transferred to any other country, would in a short time, and at the furthest within the third generation, become like those of the country into which they have been removed, and assimilate in every degree with the native horses.

"Respecting the Professor's first position, it will be equally as impossible for me to produce an unanswerable proof to the contrary, as for him to make it appear that the wild Tartar horse is the original of the species, as he came out

of the bosom of the earth, and out of the hands of the Creator, rather than the Arabian, which has hitherto been generally acknowledged as the most perfect of its kind.

"On the other hand, Professor Schwab is not able to produce an undeniable proof of his hypothesis, merely from this simple reason, that neither of us ever have seen, nor ever can see this archetype. But supposing we had the same unexpected good fortune as M. Adams, who at the mouth of the river Lena, discovered the bodies of several elephants, which being completely closed in ice, had been preserved ever since the great flood, and were provided with flesh, skin, and hair, the skeletons of which have been safely conveyed to Petersburg, where an ante-diluvian horse is deposited which was also found in the same state of perfection;—still, according to the Professor's theory, though this could not be the original horse, it might, at least, be admitted as a very near resemblance to it, and consequently a very striking copy, and we might by this means arrive at an explanation of the true state of the case.

"Further, that this case is equally as probable as that which has been referred to, viz. the mammoth of M. Adams, is apparent from the following communication of my honoured friend, Mons. Strombeck, Councillor of Appeals at Wolfenbuttel, the gentleman who has published Brerslack's German Geology, with many additions, and this is, at the same time, the oldest and most complete proof of what I have also stated at the end of this supplement, namely, that the species of the horse cannot possibly be so corrupted, as Professor Schwab imagines. M. Strombeck wrote me as follows:—'The horse exist-

ed in the ante-diluvian world, before the great revolution which formed the alluvial rocks. He existed with the mammoth, or the *Elephas primogenius* of Blumenbach. Either the individuals of these species superabounded in the new world, or, what appears more probable to me, nature reproduced the same species. The Thieder mountain, near Wolfenbuttel, no doubt contains a considerable number of fossil horse-bones, mixed with the remains of the elephant and rhinoceros, as well as of those of other kinds belonging to a former world, with those of the present, the deer, the bear, &c. These fossil horse-bones are so perfect in size and form, and so complete in their resemblance to the bones of the horses of the present age, that M. Bielung, the animal physician at Brunswick, has exchanged and mixed the fossil bones of legs, &c. with those of the present horses in such a manner, that when put together, and only disguised by the colouring, it is almost impossible to distinguish one from another. Thus, it appears, that the horse of the former world nearly resembled those of our time. Since this phenomenon has been illustrated to every one's view by M. Bielung, I have had an opportunity of being convinced by ocular demonstration, and have also remarked, that the fossil horse-bones, when put together with the modern remains of horses, very much resemble the common Polish hussar horses, and also those of the present light breed.

"But till we may be equally fortunate with M. Adams, my belief is, that we shall proceed with the most certainty, in abiding by the evidence we have before us, without perplexing ourselves with oc-

currences of more than five thousand years standing. It is to be, however, understood, that I am not speaking merely in respect to the theoretical enquirer, but particularly with a view to the interests of the practical breeder.

"These points being premised, it is really, as Professor Schwab has justly remarked, not yet decided as to what qualifications the wild horse of the desert of Cobi possessed, supposing his existence there, but even this is not yet proved; for, except Marco Polo, who visited these regions in the thirteenth century, and who says nothing on the subject, no other traveller, that I know of, has been there.

"In the meanwhile, we may at least reason analogically on the probable qualities of these unknown horses, from those with which we are really acquainted; and this, partly from the proximity of geographical situation, and partly from the mode of living nearest to theirs. But that no favourable result can follow from these premises, neither for the wild horse of Cobi, nor the wild horse in general, it shall now be my endeavour to shew.

"The different kinds of horses nearest to Cobi, geographically considered, are undoubtedly the following:—First, the Chinese: these, according to all descriptions, and to the drawings in Lord Macartney's account of his embassy to China, are some of the most ill-formed, heavy, spiritless, languid animals of the species.

"Secondly, the Kalmuck, Buratic, Tungusian, Kirgish, and Bashkir horses, partly described by Count Bennigsen, and numbers of which were seen with the Russian army in Germany, in the years 1813, 1814, and 1815, though  
more

more or less superior to the Chinese, are still far below comparison with the Arabians and other races the nearest allied to them.

"Thirdly, the Bootan and other horses of northern India, though not devoid of merit, are far exceeded by those of India, and the countries nearest to Persia and Arabia. This is accounted for in Turner's Journey to Thibet, who, in describing the Sheiks of Bootan, observes that they select the best of those breeds as the standards of excellence.

"Fourthly, there is nowhere any mention made by the eastern writers of the horses which the Mongolens of the middle ages brought with them in their devastating excursions, as being in any degree distinguished in their kind: on the contrary, these writers abound with encomiums upon the Arabian horses, and others nearest their standard.

"Abubekr Ebn el Bedr, equerry to Malek el Nasser, the seventh sultan of the Mamelukes in Egypt, who reigned in the year of Christ, 1279, in his work, Kamel el Sano-tain, or the art of riding and horse medicine, mentions a circumstance, noticed by many other writers, but upon which Count W. Rzowski, in his Notice sur le Chevaux Arabes, extracted from the Mines of the East, has enlarged the most; namely, that, among the most distinguished Asiatic and north African horses, the Mongolish excel nearly all the rest. But since the horses in all the countries round Arabia; namely, the Persian, Syrian, Egyptian, and Nubian, resemble the Arabian horses in various degrees, we have a right to expect the same proportional similitude among the horses round Cobi; and how, then, is it that all

these together exhibit so very little of this ideal excellence, which they should have inherited from their presumptive original?

"It is still more manifest that the horse, in his uncultivated state, is by no means the most perfect and desirable creature for the use of man. This is clear from all the accounts we have hitherto had of the known races of wild horses; in fact, Professor Schwab will not allow any horses to be originally wild, but those of Cobi, the rest he describes as merely uncultivated; from hence it follows that, with the exception of those of America, it will be very difficult for him to prove his position; at least he must allow that these approach the nearest, or bear the strongest resemblance, to those of his original wild state.

"Count Bennigsen gives a description of wild horses in the Steppes of Bachmuth, in the Russian government of Catherine-slav, as also of those of the Uralschen Steppes, but which does not, in any degree, support the idea that these horses possess every desirable property for the use of man. Pallas does not afford us any more satisfaction respecting the wild horses of the Daurish deserts, which are situated much nearer to Cobi than the former, and where, of course, their original wild state, even according to Professor Schwab's system, presents difficulties still greater to be removed.

"But if the imaginary wild horse of Cobi be not quite a different animal from the rest of the wild horses with which we are acquainted, or from those that have since become savage, after all, we shall be very little benefited by his discovery, and still less would a breeder wish to improve his stock with

with them. We will grant that these wild horses, for their own situation and their mode of living, are the most perfectly formed; yet, as we require horses for the various purposes of life, and not to run wild, this imaginary perfection would be of very little utility, inasmuch, as their form and shape are not only different from our uses, but, as the case stands, in direct opposition to them.

"According to these premises, the opinions hitherto entertained may be confirmed: first, that the noblest, the most beautiful, and, for the use of men in general, the most advantageous breeds are confined to Arabia, Persia, and Asiatic Turkey; here I purposely omit the European horses, as the best of these owe their origin to the former; secondly, that the horse most profitable and useful to man, as well as the most pleasing to the eye, must always be that brought up by human care and attention, and not that which is left to itself in the wilderness: this must indeed be taken for granted, being confirmed by experience.

"In fine, without indulging in any suppositions relative to the original country of the horse, I cannot help recollecting that the celebrated Michaelis, of Gottingen, has sufficiently proved, in one of his dissertations, that Egypt, at one period, had a superabundance of horses, when the species were altogether unknown in Arabia and Judea: from hence it follows, that these were first brought out of Africa, through Egypt, to Asia. Johannes Von Mullet is also of the same opinion: in his General History of Man, vol. ii. p. 50, he says, 'From the opinion that Arabia is the original country of the horse I totally dissent, as I don't suppose

this country, but rather that of the kingdom of Kuku, or else another in the south (probably Nubia), or that that part of Africa on the western boundary of Egypt, is the original country of the horse.' Mr. J. Lawrence, in his History of the Race-horse, observes, 'Mr. Pinkerton seems to think it rather probable the Arabian horses were descended from the wild horses of Tartary, the latter having passed through Persia, in order to be perfected in Arabia.' An *unfortunate* surmise, far *beneath* the standard, I hope, of his other antiquarian conjectures.

"No horse is more properly the product of human care than the noble horse of the Bedouins of the desert of Arabia, in whose tent he is born, and of whose attention he partakes in full proportion with the members of his own family.

"Respecting the decided influence of the climate and soil, I am far from asserting that either or both of these have no effect upon the animal creation, in altering the qualities of their bodies,—the contrary is rather the case, but supported by experience, the result of a great number of years in succession, and that in various countries, and under different circumstances, in consequence of having foreign breeds introduced among them, I am still persuaded that Professor Schwab has attributed too much to the influence of climate and soil, and has supposed their effects too general and of too decided a character. I must also insist that the careful man is at all times capable of obviating the baleful influence of climate, &c.; and in other cases to mitigate them, at least.

"In the first place, it appears, from the means which experience has hitherto afforded us for developing

loping the causes by which the degeneracy of foreign races have been wholly, or in part effected, under a different climate, that, very much indeed, depends upon the manner in which these horses have been transferred from the parts where they were bred into other countries.

"First, the strange race is transferred into the new climate in a complete state, as horses and mares, as is the case with the Oriental horses sent to England, or as the Spanish Merino sheep are sent to France, Saxony, or Austria; or, this breed is sent by halves, most commonly stallions, as is the case with the eastern horses sent into several parts of Europe, and very much so with the Spanish sheep.

"In the first case which I have principally in view, according to undeniable experience, the degeneracy, or, if people with Professor Schwab would rather call it, the deviation from the native horse, is not generally immediate, but very slow in its progress, and probably is never entire, because here it is completely in the power of man, with proper food and the greatest care, to guard against the epidemical influence of the climate. By a general good conduct, and especially through a strenuous prohibition of any mixture with the native horses, the degeneracy may wholly or in part be in a great measure prevented, or at least protracted for a considerable period. Whether this can be done effectually and for ever, must naturally remain hypothetical, so no proof *a posteriori* can be adduced. But if, after the lapse of a hundred or more years, some degree of degeneracy should be observed, this most probably would be very slight, and consequently removed by the refreshment of a good individual of the original race. My apology for

these assertions is this: In the first place, the English racers which, as I observed in my introduction to these letters, are a pure race, in the above-mentioned sense, but, as Professor Schwab believes, this has been by no means continually refreshed by Oriental stallions. It rather appears that since the time of the Godolphin Arabian, or during the last seventy years, with some exceptions, these refreshments have been confined to a few individuals. Notwithstanding these, from the few examples I have dwelt upon more at large, in my first letters to Mr. Lawrence, probably the unjust opinion took its rise, viz. that the new Arabians have only tended to deteriorate the English racers.

"The most esteemed families of the English racers, as the Herods, &c. good English horse breeders are careful not to mix with strange blood; and it is undeniable that the individuals of these families bear the stamp of the purest and noblest marks of their Oriental descent.

"Still that the present English race horse has in many particulars deviated from the national character, is apparent, from the consideration that his descent is partly from a number of noble racers, Asiatic and African, in some degree deviating from one another, and partly, as I have shewn in my first letters, that for several generations, particular attention was paid to some individual qualities in the horse, while others were altogether neglected; for instance, activity was wholly sacrificed to swiftness. The English also preferred the long thin neck, with the withers as lofty and as sharp as possible; these distinctions being consequently sought after, were put in a higher degree of estimation

tion than others in the Oriental race.

" Lastly, I have had some occasions to observe here and there some causes which have produced a degeneracy, and which in process of time may introduce more; but unfortunately, this in many particulars may be imputed to an unnatural mode in the breeding and treatment of the English racers, and therefore, if people were willing, these might be easily avoided.

" The Spanish Merino sheep have now been imported for more than fifty years into France, Saxony, and Austria, and since that period into other countries, mostly into the North, to Denmark, &c. and these have never degenerated in any place where care has been taken to preserve them from any mixture with the sheep of the country, and where they have been carefully and properly treated in other respects; on the contrary-wise, they have demonstrated the power and effect of human industry upon the nature of animals, when judiciously exerted in their preservation and improvement, even under the most unfavourable climate.

(*To be continued.*)

#### JACK SPIGOT'S PEDIGREE.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

HAVING lately seen an inquiry in your Magazine as to the Sire of Jack Spigot, I beg you will insert the following particulars for the satisfaction of your friend at the Hummums. Jack Spigot is a good brown, the colour of Ardrossan. In 1817, the mare, a Sister to Bourbon, was put to Marmion, and was last served by him on the 14th day of April. She was then put to Ardrossan, and was three times

served by him until the 9th of June, the last time of covering. Jack was foaled on the 4th of May, 1818. I have Mr. Powlett's authority for the above statement, and also for saying, that he has no doubt of Jack being got by Ardrossan. He has also sent the mare this year to him. From the performances of Ardrossan's stock, which have already appeared in public, it is probable that he will become a first-rate stallion.—I remain, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

A YORKSHIREMAN.

Ferrybridge, March 28, 1821.

#### QUESTIONS FOR INFORMATION ON SPORTING SUBJECTS.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

I Should be obliged to you to let me know, through your Magazine, where the best old English, heavy-tongued hounds are to be procured; likewise if you would reply to these questions:—

Who are the best painters of sporting subjects?

Where are the best sporting pictures and prints to be got?

Who are the best writers on sporting, &c.?

Which are the best books on sporting?

Where are the places to get the different species of dogs from?

Where are the best places to get the finest horses?

Which is the best place to get bows and arrows and cross-bows?

Where are the smallest hounds to be had?

Who are the best makers of guns in town, and their prices?

Are there any hawks kept now in England for hawking, and where they are to be had?

In answering these questions, you will greatly oblige a subscriber to

to your Magazine.—I am, Sir,  
yours, &c. Dr. VERNON.

SIR,

Will you have the goodness to give to your Magazine a list of the different packs of hounds kept in England, and where they hunt in the season. It will be of great use to your subscribers, who are fond of sporting, to know, when they are travelling, where hounds are kept, that they might go and see them in their kennel; and likewise where the best breed of greyhounds are to be seen.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER.

[We have inserted the queries above, and also those of our other correspondent, "A SUBSCRIBER," in the expectation that our correspondents in general will take upon them the trouble, or rather the pleasure, of furnishing satisfactory answers, each in his own particular line of sporting. In the mean time we shall act in the same way, as far as may be within our power of information.—ED.]

#### GAME LAWS.

**A**NOTHER, but feeble attempt, has been made, to induce Parliament to commence a revival of the Game Laws—with what success will be seen on perusal of the following account of the discussion which took place on the occasion:

In the House of Commons, on Thursday, the 5th of April, Lord Cranborne rose to bring forward his promised motion on the subject of the game laws. The Noble Lord said, that it was far from his intention to trench upon the privileges of any class of society; but in contemplating the effects of the game laws upon the people of this country, it was but too obvious that those laws encouraged crime, and tended to fill the gaols with the unfortunate. The Noble Lord, after some further observations, which were quite inaudible,

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concluded by moving for a Committee to inquire into the state of the game laws.

Sir J. Sebright rose to second the motion. He said that he did not know exactly what were the changes which the Noble Lord intended to make; but he was sure that any change would be for the better; a set of laws more absurd or more unjust never disgraced any country. With respect to the effects of the game laws, he had no hesitation in saying, that they tended to demoralize the people. It was his opinion, that game should be put upon the same footing as other property.

Sir J. Shelley said, no one in the House would be less willing than he was to treat with disrespect whatever fell from the Noble Lord (Lord Cranborne), but when it was recollected that a bill respecting the game laws had been brought in by the Noble Lord, late Member for Hertfordshire (Lord Dacre), and enforced by all his eloquence and popularity, and yet had failed, he did not expect much from the present motion. However, the Noble Lord had said, to use sporting language, "though Lord Dacre missed fire, I'll whip up his jacket, and have a shot at the game laws." The game laws had not been fairly treated by the Noble Lord; for there was no set of laws that might not be open to objection, if their bad effects only were considered. If the game were destroyed, the great inducement to country gentlemen to reside on their estates, would be taken away.

Sir Joseph Yorke said, that though he was not a killer of game, he was an eater of that nice article; but since the bill brought in by the Hon. Member for Corfe Castle had passed, he had never  
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been able to get a second course. (*A laugh.*) He hoped, whatever bill the Noble Lord brought in, there would be a clause in it to provide, that when a humble individual like himself was about to give a dinner, and naturally said to his wife, "My dear, let us have some game" (*a laugh*), he might not be met with the unpleasant difficulty, "where shall we get it?"

Sir W. Wynn said a few words, which were not distinctly audible in the gallery.

Mr. Bankes was glad his bill had been so effectual, as his Hon. Friend (Sir J. Yorke) had said. If that bill destroyed poaching, it would destroy the great nest of evil from which great part of the crimes in the country originated. He objected to a committee, which would take up the time of the House without adding any thing to its information. As the subject was not new, the Noble Lord might at once move for leave to bring in a bill. As to the game laws themselves, no one could deny that a great number of persons were at present in prison on account of the game laws, and nothing would be more easy than to put an end to this, by abolishing them. But this might be said of any other law. They all lamented the number of punishments for forgery. Nothing was more easy than to put an end to the laws against it. But what then became of the property of the country? So they might abolish the game laws, but what then became of the game of the country? The general permission to shoot would only make the country people ten times more vicious and indolent; and in six months the game would be destroyed, and the better classes of people would be

left without their amusement, which attached them to the country. He recommended the Noble Mover, if he wanted any information, to move that the report of 1816 be reprinted.

Colonel Wood said, he was the unfortunate individual who moved for the committee of 1816. (*A laugh.*) When he had got into that committee, he found that they would agree to nothing that he proposed. He had proposed to the committee to examine to what extent the evil of poaching had gone, and to consider a remedy. This the committee refused, and said they would take for granted there was a great deal of evil from poaching. So, after much discussion the only resolution the committee came to was this—"That it is the opinion of this committee that game should be the property of the person on whose ground it is found:" and so they reported. As for the remark of his Hon. Friend (Sir Joseph Yorke), that no one in London could get a second course, he could only say that his Hon. Friend was not so much in the confidence of the poulterers as he was. He (Col. W.) found no difficulty in getting it to any extent; and if his Hon. Friend would give them a dinner, he would undertake to buy game for him. (*A laugh.*) He could not help thinking, that it was of importance that the committee should be appointed, for he was confident that poaching now went on to as great an extent as ever it did. The poulterers were forced to encourage it, even against their own will. What they said was, "to cut off the supply altogether, or let it be legalised." As to the remedy, two courses were open. (*A laugh.*) Either they might re-tread their steps, and return



turn to the state in which they were till the latter end of the reign of George II. when the sale of game was legal, the rest of the laws remaining the same; or they might (to which he was more inclined) adopt a new course, making game the property of the occupier of the land. He recommended also a revision of the law as to qualification, which was now enforced only against the poor. The certificate might be raised to 5*l.* and all qualification, taken away. He was very anxious the country gentlemen should have every inducement to reside on their estates, but it was their interest to consider the question with liberality, and to put down an evil which filled the gaols with peasantry, and laid the foundation of so many crimes.

Mr. Douglas said poaching had not increased more than other offences. He opposed the motion.

Sir C. Burrell defended the game laws, and argued against the proposal for making game property, which would lead to more bloodshed than the present system.

Mr. Lockhart objected to the appointment of a committee, for which he saw no grounds, and in which he could expect no union of opinion. He thought much evil would arise from making game property. It was to be recollected, that great part of the country was yet in common field. In those places, also, where the country was divided into small freeholds, the law would be nugatory.

Mr. Bennett (of Wilts) thought the game laws required revision. There were very few persons, he observed, who stole sheep, who did not first begin by poaching. If game was put upon the same footing as other property, it would be the interest of the occupiers of the

land to preserve it; it was now their interest to destroy it. It might be then sold so cheap, that it would not be worth the poacher's while to sell game. It might be then sent to London cheaper than any kind of poultry.

A Member, whose name we could not learn, said, the notion of underselling the poacher was very erroneous. He objected also to the permission of selling game, as tending to degrade the character, and mixing up with the idea of gain that which they had always considered the amusement of a privileged class. The game laws, he thought, on the whole, an ill-advised and ill-organized code, but then they were so fitted and fashioned into our system, that he did not think any alteration in their structure would be of advantage, but still less such an alteration as he knew was in the contemplation of the Noble Mover.

Mr. Warre approved of the idea of making game property, and expressing his concurrence in the opinion, that as the law stood at present, the purchasers of game partook with the seller in the violation of the law, he maintained the propriety of the principle of legalizing the sale of game.

Lord Lowther spoke against the motion, conceiving the objects of the Noble Lord to be two-fold, namely, to legalize the sale of game, and to prevent poaching; he begged leave to protest against the former, especially because it would serve rather to promote than to prevent poaching.

Mr. Harbord supported the motion, thinking that its effect would be to put down poaching, which was known to be the prolific source of various crimes. It was, indeed, the school of felony; but that

school would be closed if the owners of game were at liberty to sell it. As to what had been urged upon the necessity of preserving pheasants and other game for those gentlemen who preferred a residence in the country, solely from a disposition to shooting, he should only say that for those gentlemen who had no other motive of regard for the country but a desire to kill game, the country would not lose much by their absence.

Lord Cranborne replied.

On a division, the numbers were—for the motion, 52; against it, 86. Majority, 34.

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#### PERILOUS ENCOUNTER WITH A SHARK.

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THE following article is taken from the *New South Wales Gazette*:—

“From Mr. Cosar we receive an account of the following occurrence, the truth of which he solemnly assures us of; and to the lovers of natural history it will doubtless be acceptable. Mr. C. has a farm at the Long Reef, about ten miles north of the heads of this harbour, it having a lagoon within one hundred yards of the sea beach, as large as Sydney Cove, about a mile round it. The banks of this lagoon, though several feet above the high water level at the spring tides, is forced into a communication with the sea on heavy falls of rain, as it is supplied with fresh water from a rivulet which quickly overflows with a rapid stream sufficient to force away the embankment of the lagoon, which is sandy. The depth of water in the lagoon, which is always more or less salt, never exceeds six or seven feet in the deepest parts, and is sometimes one

to two-thirds dried up on the margin, which reduces the centre to a mere pool. At a time within the present twelvemonth, when the sea and the lagoon had become united, as above remarked upon, a fine water-dog was observed to dash into the water, at an erect moving spire, which had the appearance of a shark's back fin, and he was soon perceived to be engaged with this ferocious fish; the shark, predominant in his own element, seized the dog by the nose, and disappeared with him for a minute. —This rencontre was in three feet and a half of water; and the master of the dog, overseer to Mr. Cosar, having then a long fowling-piece in his hand, went to the dog's assistance, and, striking with the butt of the piece, had a furious battle with the shark (which was about five feet long) for some minutes; when the stock flying, he continued his engagement with the barrel, the shark maintaining his ground with vigour, and by accidental change of position, intercepting the man's retreat. The courage of the dog was useless, from his wound, and to go into deeper water, would have been, doubtless, fatal. Another man, the overseer's assistant on the farm, happened fortunately to arrive at this critical instant, and heroically went with a stick to the assistance of his distressed associate; and as the shark had turned to bite at him, he pushed the stick vigorously down his throat, and was himself thrown upon his back by the superior strength of his adversary, which then made off into the deeper water, yielding up the triumph to the victor, whose courage we cannot sufficiently applaud. The same dog had, previously to the above, taken out of Mr. Ram-  
ley's

sey's lagoon, which is very spacious, a large stinger-ray, which he dragged ashore without receiving the slightest hurt."

### THE COMPLAINT OF "LE CAVALIER SEUL."

(In a Letter to the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.)

SIR,

ONE of the most pitiable objects in civilized life is a bashful man; mortification is ever at his right hand, and ridicule tracks his steps. A woman, however overcome by timidity, looks neither silly nor awkward; her fears and tremblings excite interest, her blushes admiration. Oh! that I had been born of that privileged sex, or that Nature, when she gave me a beard, had given me a proper stock of ease and assurance, by which I might support its dignity! I am fond of society; I love conversation; I enjoy dancing: but wherever I go, my confounded sheepiness goes with me, keeps me in a constant nervous flurry, and turns my very pleasures into pains. The height of a bashful man's ambition, when he enters a room full of company, is to hurry over his salutations as quickly as possible, to creep into some obscure corner, and to stay there, very quietly, as long as he is permitted. How I have hated the officious kindness, which makes tiresome old ladies, and pert young ones, notice me in my retirement, and fix the eyes of every soul in the room upon me, by fearing I am very dull, and asking if I have been to the play lately, or seen the new panorama. I believe they call this "drawing me out," and I dare say think I ought to be obliged to them for their notice. I wish I could teach

them that notice is the very thing I most earnestly desire to avoid.

One unavoidable consequence of my dislike to putting myself forward is, that I am accused of being very rude and bearish in my manners. I am never sufficiently alert in handing old ladies down to dinner, or asking their daughters to drink wine. I never ring a bell, snuff a candle, or carve a chicken, till the office is forced upon me, and all the merit of the performance destroyed by my previous incivility. Then, I have a tormenting habit of fancying myself the object of general notice, "the observed of all observers." If a girl giggles, she is laughing at me; if another whispers, she is animadverting upon my words, dress, or behaviour; and when two grave old ladies are discussing family matters, or a few steady old men shaking their heads over the state of the nation, I often imagine that my faults and follies are the occasion of so many serious looks, so many uplifted eyes and hands.

Boileau has said that

"Jamais, quoiqu'il fasse, un mortel  
ici-bas  
Ne peut aux yeux du monde etre  
ce qu'il n'est pas."

But Boileau is wrong; for I know I am supposed proud by some, cross by others, and silly by all; and yet I think I may with truth affirm, that each of these charges is false.

I learned dancing in early youth; and, while country-dances were in fashion, I could join in them with considerable comfort. Long habit had accustomed me to the performance; many persons were moving at the same time, and no extraordinary grace or dexterity was requisite in the dancers. But alas! peace came, and with it my worst

worst enemies—quadrilles. "*Ma ledetto sia il giorno, e l'ora, e l'momento.*" Gradually they encroached upon their less elegant predecessors, and at length gained complete and exclusive possession of the ball-room. Country-dances were banished to the kitchen, and I deprived of my favourite amusement. Some of my friends endeavoured to persuade me to put myself under the tuition of a dancing-master, but really this was too much to expect of a shy man. What! skip about the room in broad day-light, turn out my toes, and arrange my elbows at command? My cheeks are even now tingling at the notion.

Last Christmas I was staying at the house of an uncle in the country; my cousins danced quadrilles every evening, and at length they partly forced, partly persuaded me to stand up with them, assuring me that it was only necessary to use my old steps, and mind the figures. My cousin Ellen, too, one of the loveliest and liveliest of her sex, engaged to be my partner and instructress; and added, in her easy, sprightly manner, that she hoped we should dance together in the spring, as we used to do some years ago. This temptation, this bribe was irresistible; I suffered her to lead me to the set, and I made my *debut* in quadrille-dancing. My performance, of course, met with most encouraging praise. I was urged to persevere in my new accomplishment; and ere I came to town, I gave Ellen a parting promise that I would dance at the first ball, to which I should be invited. I did *more* than keep my word—I have danced at several; and I do verily believe that habit, all powerful habit, might in time enable me to derive more pleasure

than pain from my performance, were it not for one odious and awful figure, invented, I suppose, for the peculiar misery of modest men. In this cruel quadrille, I am positively required to dance (*horresco referens*) during eight entire bars, *alone*—yes, quite alone; it appears scarcely credible, but so it really is. I am expected to figure away by myself, while no other creature is moving. The other actors and actresses in the quadrille have nothing to do but to stare and to quiz; and three of them are ranged in a line opposite to me, in order to look as formidable as possible. Why, the strongest nerves might tremble, the wisest man look silly, the most elegant appear awkward, in such a situation; and I—what I suffer is far beyond description; and I am often tempted to exclaim, in the words of one who seems to have suffered occasionally from my wretched complaint; "Thinks I to myself, I wish I was dead and buried."

Let no one suppose that I am inclined to jest upon my sufferings. Alas! they are much too serious a subject; and I hope I have never made myself an enemy whose rapour must not subside into pity, when he beholds me preparing to submit to that tremendous sentence, "*Le Cavalier seul, en avant deux fois.*" Move I must; to stand still would be so ridiculous; but my feet seem tied together—every action is tremulous and indecisive—my ear no longer catches the tune—my eyes refuse to quit the ground—my cheeks redden into flames—and, after the dreadful task is over, I fancy I read derision in every countenance, and endeavour, in vain, to hide myself from the finger of scorn. Once, in despair, I wrote to my cousin Ellen, stated my

my distress, and asked her advice. With her usual kindness she sent me an immediate answer, and directed me, when next I danced my solo, to turn round several times. At first I found this an excellent plan; I had some definite mode of action, and I thought that the whirling motion had a sort of numbing effect, which deadened the acuteness of my feelings. But alas! I am afraid I exceeded Ellen's instructions, and turned *too often*, for I certainly used to feel very giddy; and one evening I heard a lady whisper the word "tetotum" to my partner, which put a speedy and complete termination to my rotatory movements. I have never danced a quadrille since. Ellen is come to town, but is the partner of bolder and happier men; and I can hope for no change in these vexatious circumstances, unless some little compassion is shewn towards bashful dancers, and "Le Cavalier seul" is allowed a companion. Surely, this would not be a very unreasonable sacrifice to the weakness and distress of others, and it seems a most unjust regulation to prevent a man's dancing at *all*, because he cannot make up his mind to dance a *hornpipe*.—From the observations I have made, I am convinced that nine men out of ten would rejoice in the demise of that unnatural character—"Le Cavalier seul"—and unnatural he is. Men were never intended either to live or to dance alone; and when they persevere in opposing their proper destiny, they generally become absurd or unhappy. Yet some anomalies there are in a ball-room, as in life, and instances are to be found of bachelors and of Cavaliers-seuls, who appear to take pleasures in their solitude. I have seen dancers, who would re-

gret to share their glory with another pair of feet, and who are all animation and delight at that identical period, and in those very circumstances, which to me are so appalling. Heavens! how they will skip and fly about, as if anxious to crowd as many capers as possible into the eight masculine bars. What bounding, what pirouetting, while the body is slightly bent, the arms are a little extended, the face flushed with exercise, the eyes flashing triumph! But I do not envy these performers their glory, a lurking contempt mingles with the admiration they excite, and I have often heard Ellen quote and approve the words of some wise man, who once said, "To dance too exquisitely is so laborious a vanity, that a man ought to be ashamed to let the world see, by his dexterity in it, that he has spent so much time in learning such a trifle."—These few wonderful persons excepted, however, I am quite convinced that the rest of my sex will rejoice in the permission to assume no more their solitary character.—Many, who move gracefully and easily at other times, are but awkward cavaliers-seuls; notwithstanding an air of indifference, which they attempt to put on, a lurking constraint proves them to be uncomfortable, and various are the methods to which they have recourse, in order to pass through the dancing ordeal with tolerable credit. Some perform numerous finikin steps on the same spot, while their arms have a kind of tremulous jerking motion; others move with straggling strides over the whole extent of their domain, and seem to say, "you see we are not frightened," but they cannot deceive me, well read as I am in the symptoms of my own disorder.

der. Many have recourse to the tetotum system; some appear quite undecided, and entirely at the mercy of chance; and a few miserable creatures positively stand still, cast a few puzzled glances around them, as if in ignorance of what ought to be done, then appear to awake from their fit of absence, put on a faint and forced smile, and hurry forward to take their place in the *sociable tour de quatre*.

Upon all these, and upon me, above them all, the publication of this letter will confer a considerable favour, as it may, perchance, awaken the compassionate part of the dancing public to a sense of the misery inflicted upon a few, the discomfort upon many, and the awkwardness upon nearly all, by that odious figure—"Le Cavalier seul." Upon the tender feelings and kind sympathies of the ladies, I throw myself and my companions in misery; surely they will not be inexorable to the petition of those, who thus humbly acknowledge their power and intreat their society, who have a mortal antipathy to being *single*, even for three minutes, and who feel the want of the grace of woman's presence, the comfort of woman's support, even through eight bars of a quadrille.—With every feeling of respect I am, and fear I shall always remain, your obedient servant,

A BASHFUL MAN.

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#### FIDELITY OF A DOG.

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ON the 8th of February, a cause was tried by the Court of Assize of Ain in France, in which an assassin of a man named Fleurot, was condemned on evidence not unlike that of the famous *Dog of Montargis*. The circumstances were these. The wife of Fleurot

was anxiously looking for the return of her husband, whose unusual absence filled her with fear, when about ten o'clock his dog arrived covered with wounds and stabs, especially in the belly, whence his bowels protruded. He laid his fore paws on his mistress, whined mournfully, licked her, and went to the door as if inviting her to follow him. The woman instantly conceived that her husband had been murdered, and gave herself up to the guidance of the dog, which conducted her to the place where the crime had been committed, and expired. The next morning, the hat of Fleurot was found near the Rhone. The spot where he had had his last contest with the assassin was much trodden; the traces of men and of a dog struggling were very evident; the rags with which the ground was strewn, bore testimony to the courage with which the dog had fought for his master; and his wounds and death shewed, that after having defended him at the expense of his life, this faithful animal employed his last moments in avenging him.

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#### ON THE EFFECTS OF PERNICIOUS HAY.

*From Observations on the Structure and Use of the Thyroid Glands in the Horse, and on some Diseases of that Animal. By JAMES WHITE, late Veterinary Surgeon of the 1st Royal Dragoons, &c.*

THE disordered secretion of the thyroid glands has appeared to originate from improper feeding, especially with *bad hay*, or such as is made too late; that is, after the seed has formed. The tender shoots with which grass abounds at the proper period for mowing, and which are richly supplied with saccharine juices, become then tough and fibrous, and the saccharine juice

juice that is not directed to the seed stalks is converted into fecula and neutral salts. Such hay, then, abounds with materials for forming acrimonious secretions, and is greatly deficient in nutritious matter. Besides, such hay is apt to produce a depraved and inordinate appetite, by which the horse is led to eat to excess: and hence additional means are established for the production of disorders of the respiratory organs; for the secretion of the whole of the mucous membrane of the broncheal tubes and air cells, as they are improperly named, for they are really tubes, though capable of being dilated in certain parts by injections or quicksilver, and of being made to assume an appearance which has led to this erroneous term for them: these, as well as the thyroid gland, become too abundant, and probably also morbid in quality, and thus some are plugged up and obliterated, while others are distended and ruptured, and the air is effused into the cavity of the thorax. These consequences, with a debilitated state of the muscles of respiration, are the causes of those symptoms called *broken wind*, which may be produced solely by the improper use of hay, especially of bad hay. It is commonly immediately excited by the immoderate exertions to which the animal is impelled, at a time when the stomach and bowels are loaded with food and excrements, and the air vessels replete with mucus.

Having noticed the ill qualities of bad hay, that is, hay made after the seed is formed, it may be expected I shall say something of good hay, that is, hay which is mown when the grass is breaking out into flowers, which is generally in the beginning of June; such

grass abounds with young and tender shoots, full of saccharing juices, and when dried and properly fermented in the mow, it is of a green colour, and contains various grasses, commonly called herbage. This is the hay, and this only, which should be given to horses and cattle.

Vineyards, Bath, 1821.

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#### ANTIPATHIES AND FEARS.

THE seeds of the aversion which persons often have to particular things, are usually lodged so deep, that it is in vain to search after them. Although but freaks of imagination, we see them so mixed up with the whole being of individuals, as to form what is commonly called a second nature. A still more curious circumstance is, that they extend to all sorts of objects, beautiful as well as ugly, delicious as well as disgusting. The rose is charming; and yet we read of two Cardinals, Cardona and of Garaffa; of a Venetian Nobleman of the family of Barbaragia; and of a fair lady, who was Maid of Honour to Queen Elizabeth, Lady Heneage; all of whom were in the habit of swooning away at the sight of this queen of flowers. An apple, too, is delicious, and yet there was a whole family in Aquitaine, called the *Faessii*, who had such an hereditary dislike to this fruit, that they could never see an apple without their noses falling a bleeding. Olive oil is a nice ingredient in sauces; but such was the antipathy which a certain Count d'Armstadt had to it, that though introduced in the smallest proportion into any dish presented to him, he was immediately seized with fainting fits. To be sickened to death at the sight of a beetle, of a hedgehog, of a pig, of

an eel, of a cat, of a mouse, or of a rat, all of whom have had the misfortune of being most supremely detested by very worthy individuals, is not so very extraordinary, when we consider the natural claims which they have to our aversion; but the dog, the sagacious, faithful, affectionate dog, how can we account for any person having an antipathy to so noble an animal? And yet Bartholomæ relates that there was a man in Hamia, a stout, healthy, and courageous man, who, as often as he saw a dog, no matter how small or insignificant, used to shake with terror, and to become particularly convulsed in the left arm and hand. The squirrel, too, though not a very engaging animal, has nothing particularly frightful about it. The celebrated Marquis de la Roche Jacquelin, however, who had courage enough to brave a world in arms, could never face this little harmless creature without trembling and turning pale. He would laugh at and ridicule his weakness in this respect; but all his efforts could never enable him to triumph over the physical effect which the presence of a squirrel involuntarily produced on his nerves.

#### INTERESTING CASE OF CRIM. CON.

*Tried at the Gloucester Assizes.*

Waterhouse, Esq. v. Colonel Berkeley.

**M**R. Jervis stated the case.—The plaintiff, John Waterhouse, Esq. is the son of the late Benjamin Waterhouse, Esq. of Kingston, Jamaica, who was connected with the house of Willis and Co. bankers, in London; and, in the year 1810, whilst on a visit to the Isle of Man, became acquainted with Miss Jane Lascelles Blake, eldest daughter of Captain

Blake, R. N. who was for several years a resident of Gloucester. The lady was amiable and highly accomplished; and the parties being about the same age, an attachment sprung up between them which eventually led to their union, and on the 5th of September, 1812, they were married under the sanction of the lady's parents. After remaining about three months in the Isle of Man, they visited London, whence they proceeded to Scarborough, where they lived in retirement for three years; and the happiness arising from their union was crowned by the birth of three children. In 1817 they removed to Charlton Kings, near Cheltenham, in which village Lady Wraxall, aunt to Mrs. Waterhouse on the maternal side, resided.

In the latter end of the month of March, 1819, whilst the plaintiff and his wife were on a short visit to Mrs. Probyn, widow of the late Governor Probyn, who had been intimately acquainted with Mrs. Waterhouse for many years, they were first introduced to the defendant, Colonel Berkeley, who made a morning call on Mrs. Probyn previous to her leaving Cheltenham, which she did on the next day. In the middle of April following, the plaintiff was called to London by the illness of his brother, and was absent from home till the 10th of May; and from letters subsequently found in Mrs. Waterhouse's possession, and which were admitted to be in the hand-writing of the defendant, it would appear that the particular intimacy of the parties, and the circumstances upon which this action was grounded, originated in this short interval. By the evidence of some of the domestics, it was during this period that the defendant first called



ad upon Mrs. Waterhouse; upon which occasion she gave orders that no one else was to be admitted whilst Col. Berkeley was with her. It was likewise proved that he called afterwards at different times, when similar instructions were given to the servants; and the female cook swore, that on one occasion she observed that Mrs. Waterhouse's hair and the frill about her neck were much disordered. In the July following the plaintiff went to Jersey; and soon after his return home, in August, he expressed to Lady Wraxall his distress at finding that, in consequence of some scandalous reports which had been spread abroad, Mrs. Waterhouse did not receive that attention from the ladies of her acquaintance to which she had been accustomed. This being communicated to Mrs. Waterhouse, she asserted her own innocence, and satisfying her husband and Lady Wraxall that these reports were unfounded, the plaintiff and his wife continued to live together as before. In January, 1820, the plaintiff left his family and went to Bristol, where, on the 14th of February, he embarked for Jamaica, for the purpose of visiting some estates in that island. On his return, some months afterwards, information was communicated to him which left no doubt in his mind of his having been dishonoured in the person of his wife. She was then in a state of pregnancy; and on the 11th of November following was delivered of a male child.

It might be proper here to remark, that on thus leaving his wife for Jamaica, Mr. Waterhouse left her under the same protection as he had on two former occasions, with an ample provision for her

maintenance during his absence.—From Jamaica Mr. Waterhouse returned in July; and knowing that he had had no intercourse with his wife from the 10th of January preceding, the jury might better imagine than he was capable of describing, the agonized situation in which he was thrown, on being informed of the course which she had adopted. He went to Cheltenham, but took the precaution of avoiding the abode of his wife. He remained there three days after the communication of the painful intelligence, and then left the place, determined never to see her again. His suspicions—which were, unhappily, but too well founded—were confirmed by an intercepted letter; the contents of which, as it had come from Mrs. Waterhouse, he was not at liberty to state. It was addressed to the present defendant, in language calculated to excite sensations which he would not venture to express. The letter from Colonel Berkeley to Mrs. Waterhouse was dated the 1st of May, during that absence. It was in the following terms:—

“Nothing but the fear of losing an opportunity of seeing you could induce me to write, but I am obliged to be in London on Monday, therefore I now send. To-night, at nine, I will be in the appointed spot. If you love me, do not fail me: there is no danger.”

He (Mr. Jervis) was in possession of twenty-four letters and eight notes, written by the defendant to Mrs. Waterhouse, which were obtained from that lady on the 12th December, in consequence of Mr. Waterhouse with his solicitor having gone to her lodging and obtained them by means which, under the circumstances, were not to be reprobated. From these letters he

had made a selection. At length the defendant evinced the waywardness of illicit love, and in his short and hasty notes proved that his once ardent attachment had altogether subsided. The Learned Counsel then went on to state the oral testimony with which he was provided, as to the occasional visits of the defendant to Mrs. Waterhouse—their private interviews, and the subsequent disordered appearance of the lady's dress; and, finally, made an animated and eloquent appeal to the jury, to compensate, as much as damages could compensate, the plaintiff for the injuries which he and his helpless infant family had sustained.

The witnesses were then called, and ten letters from the Colonel were put in and read.

Mr. Taunton, in a powerful speech, denied that the act of adultery had been proved; but, even if it had, concluded that the plaintiff had but little reason to complain of the loss which he had sustained, as Mrs. Waterhouse had made the first advances to Colonel Berkeley, who would have been more or less than man if he had not fallen beneath the influence of her passion. He then read the letters of the lady, the first two of which were in a disguised hand, and the last two written in her own natural character. Those letters exhibited a painful picture of the mind of a woman who had fallen from that purity and virtue which constitute the greatest ornament of her sex.

Mr. Jervis made an admirable reply, commenting upon the baseness of the defendant in betraying the secrets of her whom he had destroyed, and insinuating that the letters attributed to her had been fabricated.

Mr. Justice Park summed up the case with perspicuity and impartiality; and, at twelve o'clock at night, the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, 1000*l.*; costs, 40*s.*

The following are extracts from the letters of the lady, and the defendant, in this case, read upon the trial:—

FROM COLONEL BERKELEY TO MRS. WATERHOUSE.

May 19, 1819.

"The severity of my letter, dearest love, was produced by a feeling which ought to be gratifying to your heart. I could not bear to hear such insinuations even from an indifferent person, much less from one my soul cherishes as its dearest treasure. You must not attend to all the idle reports you may hear of me. The world is full of those who are ever ready to invent tales to the prejudice of those whose situation in life is at all singular, or above the common level. But your last letter is the sweetest I ever received, so devoid of injurious suspicion, and has endeared you to me more tenderly than before. I do forget and forgive, and love with all my soul. You are wrong, because I complain of want of time to write to you, to fancy that I do not wish to receive your letters—on the contrary, my sole regret is to be obliged to estrange myself, in the pursuit of business, from the delightful sensations which those letters are calculated to produce. The only consolation I enjoy is the prospect that, by application, I may be able to emancipate myself from my heavy shackles, become free from all ties but those of love, and hasten to press thee to my fond bosom. Are these feelings that you should complain of?—feelings which overwhelm my soul with a pleasing delirium. Farewell! I hope to be at Cheltenham next week, perhaps on Wednesday. When you write again be positive in your information. I did not comprehend whether I was

to write on Thursday, or whether my letter was to be received on Thursday. To be on the safe side I write to-day."

"Mrs. Waterhouse, Charlton."

"15th June, 1819.

"I am afraid, my dear love, that a letter of mine has been lying in the Post-office for some time. I wrote, according to orders, before I received your last. Pray tell me when the departure of part of the family takes place, as you mentioned. Nothing then shall prevent my being with you. I shall write no more till I hear whether the last, directed as this is, has arrived in safety."

"22d June, 1819.

"You are in error, if you think, because my letters are necessarily short, that I dislike to receive long letters from you. I assure you they give me the greatest delight, and are not half long enough. Write to me, love, when the departure actually takes place."

(Date torn off).—

"If you think me capable of entering into a correspondence of such a nature as the present, when I am seriously contemplating marriage with another, I must request and desire that you will not write to me again; and be assured I will trouble you with no more of my letters. I can derive no pleasure in writing to one who could for an instant suppose me guilty of such baseness, and who, of necessity, can no longer look upon me with that tender affection, that love, which she has so long professed. You little know the warmth and delicacy of that heart which you have so deeply wounded by hazarding such unworthy suspicions. If I love you at all, you will be every thing to me. I revere and know too well how to estimate a fond woman's devotion, to attempt to gratify my affection with two objects at the same time. You have had no reason to complain of my letters. They have been all the tenderest woman could wish. They have all been dictated by the sincerest truth. Do you not remember what Rousseau says of the

letter of a true lover. If you saw the multiplicity of business with which I am loaded, you would wonder how I get time to write a single line. Farewell, my still dearest Jane. Do not injure, by false suspicions, that affection which ought to be productive of the greatest mutual bliss."

"3d July, 1820.

"My dear Jane,—I am uncertain whether I shall be able to come to Cheltenham. I have some particular business to transact; but I advise you on no account to come to London. I cannot understand why you may not communicate by letter any thing which you have to say. I shall be always most happy to offer you my advice. I am, &c.

"P. S.—I must be at Cheltenham before the 4th of next month, if that will suit you."

"My dear Jane,—The box you mentioned was not reserved for any friends or even acquaintance of mine, and I have not the slightest knowledge of the persons who sat in it. How I am worried!"

"May 4, 1819.

"No unkind word shall escape from me towards you. My heart is much too tender in its vibrations to allow my lips to utter, or my hand to write, any thing which is calculated to give you pain. If in future your cruelty give me cause to complain, my sighs only shall be heard grieving for the want of love and tenderness from you. Would to Heaven I had never known you! You seem daily to have obtained an influence over me, that I deemed it impossible any woman could have arrived at. You appear to have pervaded the inmost recesses of my heart, and to have touched a chord which was destined to vibrate at no common touch. You have established a sway over me, that I did not believe any woman in England but yourself could have done. Will it not give you some little pleasure to know that my thoughts wander to the sequestered spot where you now reside? I would forego any thing this place can afford for one more meeting

ing in the lane, now so dear to my recollection; and yet at the time I almost fancied it would be our last interview. I hoped to have emancipated myself from the dangerous power which you began to exercise over me. There appeared a coldness in your manner, which did not agree with the warmth of heart with which my fancy had clothed you. You seemed to recoil from those caresses which my soul and my lips prompted me to bestow—not to love so warmly as I had hoped; and had not your tenderness revived in some degree before I quitted you, I should have torn myself from you for ever! You were unkind to have accused me of impetuosity: it is the characteristic of a true lover to be always impetuous when at the feet of her who has overwhelmed him with tumultuous emotions. If I should cease to be impetuous, you would have just cause to suppose that you had ceased to interest me. [Here there was an erasure of two lines.] Were I engaged in any ordinary concerns, I fear it would be given up for the sake of wandering by the cottage close to the church. I am in hopes that by the 22d or 23d of this month I shall be able to quit this place. Shall I then be admitted to see you under any circumstances? Can you not contrive to see me for two *real* minutes? Farewell, dear Jane.—Every happiness attend you.

“Mrs. Waterhouse, Church Cottage, Charlton.”

“10th May, 1820.

“I have merely time to write a line; but I must not omit to thank you for the prettiest, the tenderest letter that ever cheered an absent lover's heart. You do, indeed, know how to love with the most delicate ardour, and the possession of your affection must ever prove a sovereign balm for every wound. I begin to feel my solitary situation, and I am not ashamed of it. You ask me if I love music and poetry. Do you think I should deserve to be loved myself if I did not? There is nothing in modern language equal to ‘Lalla

Rookh.’ The exquisite tenderness of his heroine—of his fire worshippers—Paradise and Peri, and the veiled Prophet, only serves to make one feel more severely the want of that devoted love in real life which renders them so ardent. I must write, dearest, once a week. Once a fortnight is too seldom. Tell me, sweetest! shall I write, and whether I shall direct under the first initials—I mean those you first used. Think of any place, sweet love, most convenient to yourself to meet me in when I come to Charlton. No difficulty, no danger, nor weariness, shall keep me from your arms. Consult your own safety, and have faith in me and my devotion. “THINE.”

“To Mrs. Waterhouse,  
Church Cottage, &c.”

“My dearest Jane,—Do not alarm yourself. The reason I did not write on Tuesday last was, that I was obliged to go on that morning to see my mother, who lives about fifteen miles from London. I conceived that I should undoubtedly have returned in time for post, but unexpected business detained me. I had resolved not to write again till I heard from you, that my letters might not needlessly lie at the post-office, as you know there is some risk in writing. I am this instant going to the levee at Carlton-house, and have only time to say I love. I told you on Saturday I was under the necessity of keeping the appointment.”

The following letter, written in a feigned hand, was read in the case for the defendant:—

MRS. WATERHOUSE TO COL. BERKELEY.

“The lost, depraved wretch, who has unwillingly cherished in her bosom a guilty passion for these two years past, now adds to her guilt by confessing it to you. What fatal spell drives her to such a step her evil genius alone can tell! but if you knew half the struggles she has had during that time with an infatuation violent as unaccountable, you would pity at least as much as you would despise. In that period she has studied every method

methed to avoid being in your society; and during your stay here, has always pleaded illness as an excuse for not going anywhere to have the chance of meeting you; but alas, all in vain! and what has occurred within this fortnight, has increased her guilty passion to madness; and though (as far as the most determined resolution could go), you shall never discover who the guilty wretch is that now writes to you, yet the most tender of hearts beats for you, and that she may still look on that enchanting form, unnoticed as before. Show this to no one; it will answer no end, being so totally disguised as to render it utterly useless in discovering the writer. Oh, should you discover her, too well does she know her fate! But if she did survive that, believe her, the breath of surmise from an ill-natured world would be her death warrant;—and, it is said, the Berkeleys are not content without publishing their triumphs to that world. Can you possess such a mind? “A. F.”

“March 20th.”

(Also in a feigned hand):—

“Fold up a sheet of paper as a letter, and put ‘Yes,’ or ‘No,’ in it, meaning whether you will be at the rooms next Monday or not; direct it with the two first letters of affection, and the most wicked and most miserable of women will act accordingly. But beware of putting any thing like a name in it, as it might be my destruction and death.” “A. F.”

“April 9th.”

(Written in the natural hand of Mrs. W.):—

“I have certainly been acting a most ridiculous part in confessing an unfortunate passion, which whether I discover myself to you or not, can only raise a contempt in your bosom towards a woman who has so far forgot what is due to herself. Twelve months since, how little would I have credited any human being who had said, ‘The day will come when you will make known to its object the guilty passion that now reigns in your bosom;’ and yet, in that short time, what a sad—sad falling off of

all those good and, consequently, happy feelings I once possessed! But I know you are an impatient man, therefore I will at once declare that, silly as was my writing to you, and without any end to be answered, except possessing a few lines from you, at the time I did it, nothing could be further from my intentions than ever letting you know from whom you received that letter; and the second was written that I might avoid going to the ball if you intended being there. Do not mortify me so much as to suppose that from what I said, I was piqued at your not thinking me worth ‘a second glance.’ Oh, no; I have no claims to admiration; but, feeling as I do, I may have wished you had bestowed another on me; in that respect I will be very candid, and tell you that, further than *blue eyes* and *very white teeth*, there is nothing to admire in me; and, knowing, that perhaps, you will no longer be desirous of discovering my name,—for I cannot agree with you in thinking that, because my heart has chosen to bestow itself without your wish or my consent, on you, that I, or any other woman who is mean enough to make the first confession of her weakness, is likely to inspire ‘real love’ in a sensible man’s bosom.

“Upon the most sacred promise of secrecy for ever on the subject, to every one, I may be induced to mention one circumstance that will, perhaps, assist your discovery—that is, if you wish it, after I have told you I live very retired, and shall, probably, continue to do so for a year or two, never receive, or write a note or letter (except once a year), without a person seeing them who would not be pleased at seeing any from or to you; and, like a great many other women, do not live in Cheltenham. If you wish now to let our correspondence rest, only give me the assurance that the letters I have written, under the influence of an unfortunate and misguided passion, are no longer in existence, and have never been seen by any other eye than your own; for, from what a particular

lar friend of yours has told me, I do indeed tremble. Excuse me if I say you are much deceived in a woman to whom you have given the credit of being able to keep a secret. I cannot at present direct you to any period for answering this, as I shall be alone for some time."

"Col. Berkeley, Berkeley-house, Spring-gardens, London."

"London, 9th May, 1819.

"Now, my dear pen, be careful what you write, for I do not like to be called unkind by those I love and wish to please. Yea, a day is certainly an age in the annals of love; and it did soothe me, your saying for why you did not write on Thursday.

"You thought I should be disappointed, and I am glad you told me you did think so; but women should never interfere in the thoughts of any one, when serious business is to be attended to; and much as I must regret having lost the happiness I sigh for, by my own folly, it is lessened by knowing that you said you would have been inconvenienced; could I have wished such a thing, knowing that it would have proved that I loved myself better than I do you! Which do you think I love the best? 'Do I feel sure I love you ardently? Do I feel sure that I exist? The one is as uncertain to me as the other. Must I write again.' Think on what I have done, and never again say, if you do love? Oh! you provoking creature! You long to make me angry with you, but you shall not succeed. No, I cannot endure that you should be here and I not see you; but how, or where, is a great consideration. I think I could contrive it some morning. I might walk up that lane (but after rain it is impassable), or if you could think of any other spot I would endeavour to meet you; but, at the same time, to meet you anywhere out of a customary walk, would, if I happened to be seen by any one, consign me for ever to disgrace; and that my proud and sensitive heart would not survive.

"For the first time in my life, I feel that I love—fondly, tenderly,

and affectionately love; and when I reflect upon every thing that has nursed that passion in my bosom, for an object so long known to me only by sighs, I am convinced all exertion to conquer it would be striving against fate. And oh! it is a happiness so exquisite, such an indefinable passion, painfully pleasing, such an acute sensation of delightful agony, that I would not forego its soft pangs for any other bliss this life can afford. How much esteem two hearts often feel for each other, and fancy it love, whereas scarcely one spark of that vivifying flame may animate either of their bosoms.

"But there are hearts that will not be satisfied but by answering ones of tenderness and love, and such a heart is mine. You may write once more—answer all these questions.—Do you think I might venture to hear from you once a week, directed as when first you wrote to me, or once a fortnight, for the blank will be dreadful otherwise? Do you love music and poetry? and if you do, tell me something of both that you most admire, to charm away some weary hours. Do you admire 'Lalla Rookh'?

'Oh! there are looks and tones that dart

'An instant sunshine through the heart,

'As if the soul that minute caught

'Some treasure it through life had sought!'

"And pray do tell me if we are to be gratified by an amateur play this month. Do write to-morrow, as on Tuesday evening some one's return is positively fixed; I have just had a letter saying he will be here by eight o'clock. Farewell."

"To Colonel Berkeley, Berkeley-house, Spring-gardens."

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#### IMPROVEMENT IN HARNESS.

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To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,  
HAVING recently invented a new method of making harness for

for the purposes of single or double harness coach collars, I have been recommended by a friend to address you on the subject (it not being my intention to take out a patent); and as they tend to give ease to that animal to which your interesting work is chiefly devoted, I trust you will allow my brief account of them a small space in your pages. Many of your readers may feel disposed to try the experiment. They have been very much approved of by those gentlemen who have given them a trial, many of whom are superior in the amusements of the whip; and also by persons acquainted with mechanical powers.

They are constructed in the following manner: Instead of having iron chapes attached to the end of the tug, working in the eye of the halmes, a pivot is formed at the shoulder of the halmes, securely fixed to an iron plate with a screw nut, and by forming an angle, prevents unequal pressure at the points of a horse's shoulders, and less confinement, when drawing up hill, the bearing being more distributed on the collar—they work on their centre, in a free easy manner, with the action of the horse in the trot, preventing any disagreeable noise, and the striking of the tug-buckles against the shafts. There is some little judgment required in the fitting up, particularly in the formation of the arm of the haim, which must be made very short, with an inclination forward of about 25 degrees. I am fearful it will require some practice before a person unacquainted with their principles will be able to make them in a correct manner: it is impossible to convey a clear idea by writing.

You will no doubt agree with  
Vol. VIII. N. S.—No. 43.

me, Mr. Editor, that it is our duty to use every means in our power to alleviate in the smallest degree, the suffering of that noble animal, which most of all others adds to our amusement and comfort. Such is no doubt the feeling which animates a great proportion of your sporting readers.

W. H. HIGMAN, Saddler, &c.

Bath, March 18, 1821.

#### CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

"An individual, actuated by a compassionate regard for the sufferings of the brute species, and lamenting, in common with every benevolent mind, the wanton cruelties which are so frequently practiced with impunity on these unoffending race of God's creatures, earnestly appeals to the public in their behalf. He suggests the formation of a society, by whose combined exertions some check may, if possible, be applied to an evil, the toleration of which is as repugnant to the dictates of humanity, as it is to the spirit and precepts of the Christian religion. Persons, whose sentiments accord with those of the writer of this, and who are willing to promote the cause he recommends, are requested to address a few lines (postage free) to Clerus, No. 25, Ivy-lane, Paternoster-row."

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

THE above paragraph has lately appeared in the public papers, and the subject has been introduced in the *Monthly Magazine*. Similar attempts have indeed been made, at various periods, by compassionate and well-meaning individuals, but always without the slightest success or encouragement from the public, by any number of patrons, which might be dignified by the name of a minority, even of the smallest description. Utter neglect, not to say, almost universal contempt, has been the invariable fate of all such appeals to famed British humanity. Indeed, the unthinking and cruel treatment of animals among us, is

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one of the greatest blemishes upon the morality of this enlightened country, although much ground has been happily gained of late years in the cause of reason and humanity. It is well known to the public, that the *Sporting Magazine* has, through a number of years, taken a leading part in this just cause; and that also volumes have been published, with the view of discriminating between the fair use and abuse of brute animals, exhibiting also ample practical lessons on the subject. Ground has yet been gained by very slow degrees, the treatment of the most valuable animals is still too generally most unjust and barbarous; and even that horrible, beastly, and unnatural practice—pairing of animals chained to the stake, which has been stigmatized and compared, by a Christian bishop, to certain other unnatural gratifications, is at this moment winked at, if not encouraged by authority in England! If not intentionally encouraged, why does that authority sleep, which, with the motion of a little finger, would instantly annihilate such infamy, and in due time consign it to shame and oblivion. The reason may be discovered in a perusal of the debates on Lord Erskine's Bill, which will not cover with honour the memories of certain of the orators, in the estimation of an enlightened posterity. But interest, or its *sobriquet*, is the principle, the religion, the god of some—must we make the painful assertion?—of a majority of boastingly enlightened men.

With respect to the society recently announced or revived, nothing can be said, until their principles, intentions, and precise mode of acting shall be known; with that reserve, such societies,

throughout the country, might be rendered effective and extremely beneficial, if founded on just and practical principles; otherwise, no well-informed person could prudently commit himself in such plans. Granting them of a rational and really just and merciful description, no one would be more ambitious of co-operation than the present writer; and powerful assistance might, no doubt, be expected from the extensive influence of the *Sporting Magazine*.

But to afford the smallest chance of attaining the blessed ends alluded to, the new societies must proceed upon a very different principle and aim, to those which were formerly recommended to the public. The well-meaning individuals who aimed to establish those, had obviously neither a philosophical nor practical acquaintance with the task which they were about to impose on themselves and others, nor were apparently aware of the extreme difficulties with which it was surrounded and embarrassed; notwithstanding, such necessary information was obtruding itself daily on their notice, through the medium of the press. As a sample of the opinions of these men, it was said among them on the matter of killing animals—how can we conscientiously take away that life which we cannot give? A sentiment, as has often been explained in these pages, pregnant with as great cruelty as the greatest complained of by the conscientious professors. These gentlemen and ladies, at least a vast majority of them, fed upon healthy beef and mutton, in which case, it must be taken for granted, Mr. Butcher bore their iniquity and stood scape-goat, and yet their tender consciences would not permit a poor dog or cat, under the accumu-  
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lated tortures of want, misery, and disease, to be relieved by being tenderly and speedily put out of life. Yet, after all, they had not the resolution to join the saints in Hudibras, where Butler tells us they were—

Some for abolishing black pudding,  
And eating nothing with the blood in.

They also seriously purposed, so soon as they should be able, to proscribe horse-racing, hunting, boxing, and cock-fighting!—but they were obviously beginning at the wrong end, by attempting too great objects previously to having essayed their powers, brought their hands in, by minor attempts; *ex-empti gratia*, by cutting asunder the two isthmuses of Suez and Darien, and making a jolly wedding between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, the Pacific and the Atlantic. VOX HUMANITATIS.

#### SPORTING SUBJECTS

AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, 1821.

14. **A**THOL Highlanders returned from hunting the red deer—D. Wilkie, R. A.
15. The bird trap—W. Collins, R. A.
16. Hebe—Sir Wm. Beechey, R. A.
22. A study from nature—A. Cooper, R. A.
23. Dead game—M. T. Ward.
24. Cattle, from nature—H. Milbourn.
25. Ducks, from nature—T. Fielding.
33. The painful bite—M. T. Ward.
36. A Dutch fair on Yarmouth beach, held annually, in September—G. Vincent.
41. Venus supported by Iris

complaining to Mars, after having been wounded by Diomed: *vide Iliad*, b. v. l. 139—G. Hayter.

46. An Indian and his horse—Mrs. Ansley.

47. A farm-yard—J. Ward, R. A.

52. The horse, the cur, and the shepherd's dog—M. T. Ward.

60. Flounder fishing, scene near Battersea—C. Deane.

62. Coast scene, morning; loading a cart with fish—E. Child.

67. Pointers, to ho!—E. Landseer.

73. A hunted lion—T. Christmas.

78. A lion disturbed at his rest—E. Landseer.

84. Landscape, after sun-set; nymphs and satyrs—D. B. Murphy.

91. Wood scene, with cattle; evening—G. Barrett.

98. Promenade on the Boulevard des Italiens, Paris—G. Jones.

101. Garden at Petrous Restaurateur, Boulevard Mont Maitre—G. Jones.

102. Blacksmith's shop—Geo. Jones.

105. Preparing for a masked ball—James Green.

106. Study of a lion, &c.—J. F. Lewis.

108. Puss in danger—T. Christmas.

112. The tournament at Ashby; Rowena crowning the disinherited Knight; *vide Ivanhoe*—F. P. Stephanoff.

118. Cattle, from nature—H. Milbourn.

120. A spaniel's head—N. Chantry.

137. Spaniels—T. Christmas.

139. Dead game—B. Blake.

149. The mischievous boy—W. Carse.

164. The rival candidates—E. Landseer.

172. Wanton puppies—T. Christ-mas.

178. Meleager and Atalanta, or the destruction of the Calydonian boar—R. T. Bone.

179. Entrance to a farm-yard in Berkshire—J. J. Oulton.

186. Ploughing horses; a sketch from nature—J. F. Lewis.

187. Farm-yard: a girl playing with an infant—W. Wilkes.

196. Interior of a stable—John Ward.

203. An old gateway, with cat-tle—F. Nash.

206. The horse fair—R. B. Davis.

210. Refresh and pay, or York-shire club—T. Clater.

220. Seizure of a boat—E. Land-seer.

222. Sheep; a study from na-ture—C. Craumer.

229. Boy with cattle—E. Child.

237. Dead game—B. Blake.

241. Spofforth pepper—G. Hay-ter.

246. Boy on an ass; a girl lean-ing against the animal—Thomas Barker.

248. Lion enjoying his repast—E. Landseer.

255. The rabbit hole—M. T. Ward.

273. Cobler's bird in danger—S. Woodin, jun.

278. Cleopatra dissolving the pearl—G. Hayter.

283. Card players—J. Cawse.

293. The cattle fair; fog clear-ing off—R. B. Davis.

303. A Dutch fair at Oaster-lant, in South Beverland—A. B. Worrell.

#### REMARKS.

—*Multæ vtrum videntur omnia  
Corruptus judex.*—HOR. SAT. II. 3. viii.

THERE is a numerous set of idlers and would-be-connois-

seurs in London and every where, who, because they have left their shilling contribution, with their patent parasols, fashionable twigs, or knotty cudgels; at the doors of any public exhibition, think them-selves immediately, and *ipso facto*, initiated into the most abstruse knowledge of the objects of *virtus*; and as good judges in the high court of the fine arts as any of the deepest and long-tried *dicuntur* in the world. Their enjoyment is such that no man has a right to grudge it to them; they flutter about like half-singed butterflies in June, from one room to the other, from this piece to the next, insignificantly gazing or fingering the dangling eye-glass, at the works of inge-nuity—whispering archly, or loudly pronouncing their irrevocable ver-dicts upon any performance which has the misfortune to meet their supercilious eyes. Their most fa-miliar interjections are, "Oh, vile, execrable, shocking!" and not a single word of approbation for the comfort and *best* reward of the mo-dest artist, listening *in cog.* among the multitude. This is called *dash-ing*, and the fashion. This *nil ad-mirari* mania is not confined to male dandies (if dandies can boast a sexual existence), it extends far-ther; for "petites-maitresses," ladies-maids, milliners-prentices, and "Saint-Monday" strollers, from all the circles and columns of the fashionable sphere, contend also most strenuously for connois-seurship, and babble away their pretty nonsense to the great and due ecstasy of their admirers and ctonies. "Good gracious me, Ma, what a thing!"—"Bless me, what a daub!" and the like, whilst, on the contrary, the man of real taste, of keen discernment, and impartial judgment, walks on, composedly and

and silent; for if he ventures his opinion, it is softly and hesitatingly, to a friend or two at his elbow. However, a gentle breath of good sense and refined taste has insensibly pervaded the land of Albion, and we may congratulate ourselves that such visitors are not so few as some would imagine, and that, if we can boast of men of conspicuous talents in the liberal arts, we are far from being deficient in impartial connoisseurs and generous patrons, who encourage and reward them by all means in their power. The numerous and respectable list of governors and subscribers, at the beginning of the catalogue, will bear out the truth of this assertion.

No. 14. *Athol Highlanders returned from hunting the Red Deer*—D. WILKIE, R. A. This artist, although not always himself, and sometimes *impar sibi* (Hor.) has a zeal which he impresses on his performances, and which invariably bespeaks the master. In this little gem, though a mere sketch, the characters and national features are so exactly portrayed, that more is said to the mind than to the eye. It is not perhaps very pleasing at first sight, but if naked truth has charms, this piece is charming on that account.

No. 15. *The Bird Trap*—W. COLLINS, R. A. Were the "fowls of the air" created merely for the sport of the "lord of the creation," or for his food?—if for both, God knows how fully we enjoy the natural privilege—if they are destined only to feed us, as they themselves feed upon weaker animals, all is right—but instead of reasoning upon subjects which are above reason, let us merely say in a few words, that this small picture is worthy of attractive consideration,

and does honour to the artist who composed and coloured it. To Mr. Collins nature has imparted the pleasing mode of creating effect from untormented pigments; and from this mode alone constant brightness may be obtained.

No. 16. *Hobe*—Sir W. BRYCER, R. A. This picture has so long been admired, that we cannot repeat, or dare contradict the praise bestowed upon it. We congratulate Sir William upon having many a better claim to present and future celebrity.

No. 47. *A Farm-yard*—JAMES WARD, R. A. Birds fly in the air, fishes swim in the liquid element; Mr. Ward's chief delight is to depict these subjects, which have been long before him, the peculiar choice of Rubens, Sayders, and other great masters. But his genius is not confined to the delineation of sporting subjects, as will be seen in the grand picture of a national triumph, which will be soon exposed to public view.

No. 52. *The Horse, the Out, and the Shepherd Dog*—M. H. WARD. Dead or alive, sporting animals are equally well painted by Mr. Ward; his style is bold and free. The paintings under Nos. 23, 33, and 256, deserve a peculiar attention from the visitors to the rooms of the British Institution.

No. 67. *Pointers, to do!*—E. LANDSEER. This artist is still improving, and his performances ought to be minutely examined; for there is in them that peculiar felicity which consists in not detracting any thing from the power of effect by the labour of high finishing. *The Lion disturbed at his Repast*, No. 78, is a sufficient proof of what we have just asserted. The sudden start at the unexpected arrival of an unwelcome guest

guest, the speckled serpent of the desert, the haughty demeanour of the intruder, contrasted with the noble and fierce countenance of the host, are admirable. This picture reminds us of a comparison which is to be found in a poem of the last century:—

As when at eve the despot of the wood,  
His dreadful jaws with purple gore  
    imbued,  
Tears off the limbs of roe-bucks on  
    the sand;  
If all at once, a curling snake should  
    stand,  
And face him unappall'd, and claim  
    a share  
In the repast of blood—by pow'rful  
    glare  
Of rolling eyes; by lashings of his tail  
Upon the ground; the monarch of  
    the vale,  
Shaking his shaggy mane with all  
    his might,  
Forces the bold adventurer to flight.  
Thus godlike Marius, starting from  
    his couch  
Of wither'd rushes, &c.

*The Rival Candidates*, No. 164, and *The Seizure of a Boar*, No. 220, deserve the same praise as the above-mentioned excellent pieces.

No. 73, 108, 137, 172—T. CHRISTMAS. The performances under these numbers evince a great taste and a good management of the brush and pallet; but the last, *the Wanton Puppies*, appears to have been more carefully painted than the others, although we must confess that we find considerable merit in all the works of this artist.

No. 102, as well as 101—G. JONES, deserves our particular praise, but his *Promenade on the Boulevards des Italiens*, No. 98, is a faithful delineation of true Parisian sport.

No. 178. *Meleager and Atalanta, or the Destruction of the Calydonian Boar*—R. T. BONE. We

cannot resist the pleasure of giving encouragement to our contemporary artists who boldly attempt to walk in the noble steps of Titian, Rubens, and Nicolo Poussin; and in this circumstance we must express our hope that, though the painter still keeps at some distance from the masters whose works he has studied with no small profit to himself, he will approach them nearer if he perseveres in this style of composition. We must observe that in general the whole wants airiness and harmony, which the artist will in time acquire.

No. 241. *Spofforthpepper*—G. HAYTER. If this picture, which has a great deal of merit, is not very striking, it is most likely because it resembles nature so closely that we forget that the scene is upon canvass. The man and the horse are in actual motion. The colouring is harmonious, sober, and pleasing; it reminds us most forcibly of the style of the ancient masters, and of their schools. The picture by the same artist, under No. 41. *Venus complaining to Mars, &c.* having been exhibited last spring at Somerset-house, and taken notice of in our Number for June, 1820, we beg the liberty of referring the reader to what we gave as our impartial opinion concerning it. We sincerely regret that this clever young artist, who is so well acquainted with the colouring and bewitching style of the Italian schools, should have exhibited such an insignificant and insipid performance as we find under No. 278. *Cleopatra dissolving the Pearl*; but as the Egyptian Queen is no longer a sporting subject, we must say no more about her or her picture, to both of which we may apply the old adage: *Nil nisi bonum de mortuis*.

Several

Several, and indeed many, other performances are here exhibited, which may boast perhaps an equal claim to our criticism; but the fear of saying too much upon paintings which do not yield to the pen any peculiar point to sport upon, has induced us to confine ourselves to the few subjects mentioned in this article.

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*For the Sporting Magazine.*

**THE LATE SIR CHARLES  
BUNBURY.**

ON Saturday, the 31st of March, at his house in Pall-Mall, departed this life, Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bart. having nearly completed the eighty-first year of his age. On the following Saturday, his mortal remains proceeded towards Mildenhall, in Suffolk, in order for interment in the burial place of the family. For the memoirs of Sir Charles, and of his late brother, Henry William Bunbury, Esq. the celebrated caricaturist, father of the present Baronet, and head of the family, we refer our readers to Vol. XL. page 198, and Vol. XLI. page 94, of the *Sporting Magazine*; whilst we proceed to give such additional particulars as time has produced, or have come to our knowledge, of this celebrated sporting character.

Sir Charles, after making the grand tour, returned from the Continent and from Ireland, where he had also been engaged very early in public life. On the death of his father, the Rev. Sir W. Bunbury, and succession to the family estate, he seems to have at once fixed himself for life, both with respect to his views and avocations, and to his residence. The former consisted in his parliamentary duties, having been chosen, whilst abroad and young, to represent his

native county, Suffolk, continuing his public services to a very late period of life, and of his racing concerns; and the latter, in his constant country sojourn at the family mansion, Great Barton. His town residence was first in Privy Garden, Whitehall; during the last thirty odd years, in Pall-Mall. Quitting at once the service of Government, he became an independent Member of Parliament, generally attached to the Whig party, and to the measures of his friend, Mr. Fox. He was one of the most enthusiastic opponents of the slave trade. His life throughout was thus very fairly and equally divided between his parliamentary duties, and the avocations and amusements of the turf, to which he had the strongest attachment, and in which he ran stoutly over a long course of nearly threescore years! beating Old Frampton in count of years, and truly acquiring the title of father of the turf. He was twice married, leaving a widow of most excellent and benevolent character, and who in her youth was a singularly fine person.

Sir Charles Bunbury, with a strong predilection for the horse from his earliest youth, at the age of three and twenty, consigned himself to the tuition of his friend, Mr. Crofts, of Norfolk, the proprietor of the famous racer and stallion, Brilliant, by Old Crab. In fact, he did honour to his tutor, by the rapidity of his progress in their interesting profession; for in 1765 he possessed a considerable string of race horses; and in 1767, the compiler of these minutes first made his bow to the Baronet at the Ipswich Meeting, where upon the course and the betting stand, he was amongst the busiest, indeed the crack of the sporting gentlemen assembled. Sir Charles had pur-

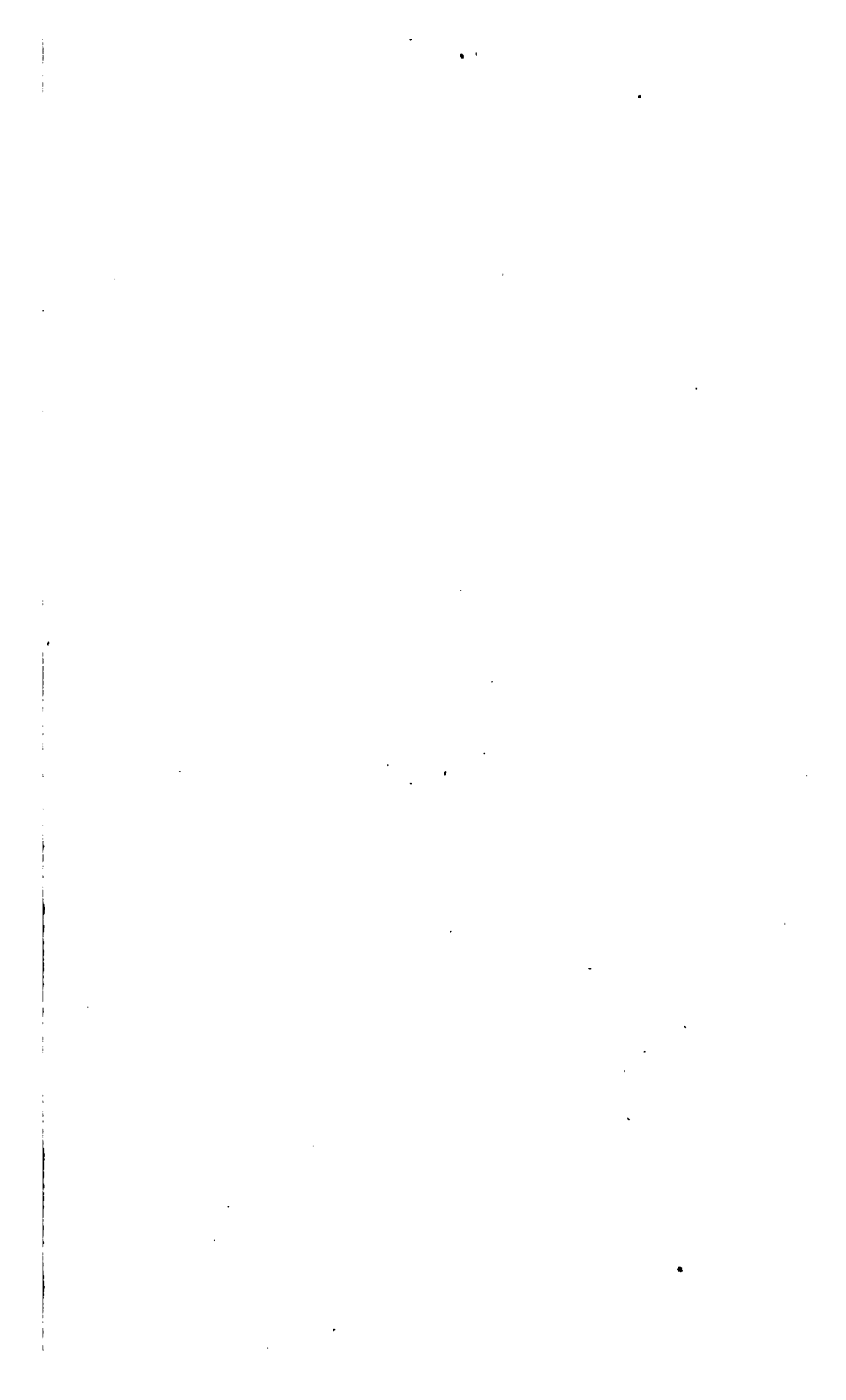
purchased Bellario, by Brilliant, of Mr. Crofts, one of the first racers of his time, and distinguished for his speed, but this, as well as other good horses, had the misfortune to be contemporary with the 'terrible terrible,' matchless, and superequine Eclipse, which, to use an old Newmarket phrase, never failed in a single instance of meeting, *to give them all their gruel*, and the need of a spy-glass to see which way he went, and how far he was off! It is a curious fact, however, that Sir Charles Bunbury, to the very last, never would seem to be convinced of the vast superiority of O'Kelly's horse, notwithstanding the evidence of his own eyes at York in 1770, and elsewhere, and the decided conviction of his own horse, his favourite Bellario. This will be regarded as one of the constitutional *bizarries*, or oddities of the Honourable Baronet, a case in which, of course, his usual sagacity did not operate.

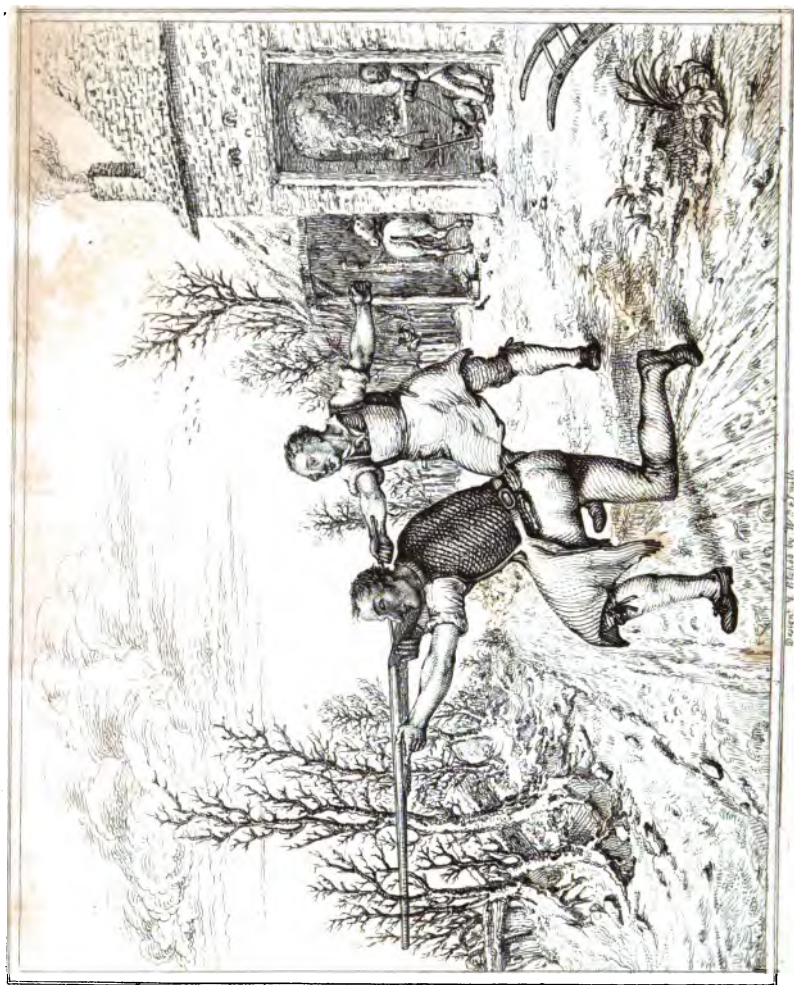
Bellario did not prove a successful stallion, the case of many capital racers, witness Mark Antony, Gimcrack, Shark, and many others. He covered at Barton until 1776, the best of his get being Mr. Carteret's Boraschna, a half-mile horse of considerable speed, short races being about that period much in vogue—Lord March's Racket gelding—and Lord Clement's Masquerade, standing first and first in that description of racers. The next favourite at Barton was Diomed, a grandson of King Herod, a powerful horse, and a good runner. Sir Charles named this horse, and his full brother Ulysses, in 1780, the first year of the Derby stakes at Epsom, which were won by Diomed. In the following year he was backed, at high odds, to win the great stakes at Notting-

ham, where he was beaten by a middling horse, Lord Grosvenor's Fortitude; but whether against his will or not, the present dependent undertakes not to say, although it be in his power to say something on a variety of such matters, from genuine original authority. Diomed soon after went out of training, and, as a stallion, Sir Charles's chief acquisition by him was Young Giantess, which proved a capital brood mare, and bred his famous mare, Eleanor, by Whiskey. This latter horse, a son of the blind horse, Saltram, by Eclipse, was next at the head of the breeding stud at Barton, Diomed having been sold to America, where he lived to nearly, or quite, forty years of age, and got much capital stock. A portrait of Diomed graces the first number of the *Sporting Magazine*.

Whiskey, the sire of Eleanor, had considerable success as a stallion, but was, at the usual period, stricken with hereditary blindness, as was also his son Young Whiskey. Eleanor not only won the colt or Derby stakes at Epsom, on their renewal in 1801, the first and only time that they have been won by a filly, but she also won the Oaks in the same week, being the second instance of Sir Charles Bunbury's success with the great sweepstakes at Epsom, which was rendered still more complete by the succeeding good fortune of Smolensko.

The next and most favourite stallion at Barton, and which survived his master, was Sorcerer, a large and powerful black horse, and capital racer. He was got by Trumpator, a grandson of Matchem, out of Young Giantess, so named from Giantess, by Babram, the dam of Diomed. Sir Charles profited





TOUCH, JACK.



sted more, in a very considerable degree, from this stallion than from any of the former. He was the sire of Thunderbolt and Smolensko, for the former of which Sir Charles refused two thousand, for the latter four thousand guineas. The unfortunate manner in which Thunderbolt was lost, will be found detailed in these pages, at the time when the accident happened; as also the extraordinary success of, and uncommon public interest excited by Smolensko, too recent to be here repeated. All that need be further said of this stud is, that it will be submitted to the hammer, in the approaching Craven Meeting. Sir Charles was the breeder of the celebrated Highflyer, but unluckily sold him a yearling, and for a very moderate sum.

The memoir of Sir Charles Bunbury in these pages already referred to, leaves little to be said in regard to his character, of which he preserved a uniformity to the last. He had his humours and peculiarities, but never was a kinder or more tender-hearted man. Such character is hereditary in his family. He was generally noticed, and with regard, by the public, and was much respected by the Royal Family, more particularly by his Royal Highness the Duke of York. The present writer cherishes his memory with affection, as an old and highly respected friend.

A BIT OF A JOCKEY.

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"TOUCH, JACK!"

*With a Plate, drawn and etched by  
MR. SMITH.*

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**F**EW, we believe, if any, are born without an innate propensity to field sports. If we recur to the earliest scenes of youth, we find

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that scarcely has a boy emerged from childhood, before he seeks the "thundering tube," which, having procured by stealth, he keeps in secrecy from the watchful eye of fearful parents. Every sportsman is pleased at the remembrance of his first attempt to take a sparrow by surprise while chirping on a twig; more skilful grown, he drops the skimming swallow—next to woods he roves, where the busy, faithful spaniel, questing every bush, anxiously anticipating his master's wish, starts the rabbit, flushes the cock, or, in the stagnant marsh, springs the snipe or mallard.

The subject of the present anecdote is a strong illustration of man's attachment to field sports, and where, having the desire without the means, he is content to enjoy it in a humble way, so that his ruling propensity be gratified. A blacksmith residing on the north east side of the county of Salop, possessed a gun-barrel, which he had bought as old iron; winter approaching, he contrived to fix his barrel into a homely stock; but, unfortunately, being short of a lock, he could not stroll after the birds, he therefore contrived to bring the game to him. Taking advantage of their necessities, when the ground was covered with snow, he laid a *shrape*, or train, of seeds and chaff in a small field opposite his shop, and when a sufficient number of birds for a pounce had collected, he sallied forth, having previously given his apprentice Jack an order to follow him with a red-hot iron whenever he saw him adjusted in sportsman-like order. Jack ran forth on the appointed signal—the word was given, "*Touch, Jack!*"—death and feathers strewed the ground—and he

F felt,

felt, perhaps, as great a pleasure in shooting a few sparrows with his uncouth musket, as any sportsman would do in killing a couple of woodcocks in October, with a Manton, Smith, Egg, or Forsyth. It should be added, that Jack always had a strong admonition, not to burn his master's nose.

#### STALLIONS TO COVER IN 1821.

*(The figures at the beginning of the paragraphs denote the age.)*

(Continued from page 249, No. 42.)

**RENOVATOR**, at King's Lynn, Norfolk, at 10gs. and a half:—by Old Trumpator, dam by Coriander (a grandson of Eclipse), grandam Lily, by Highflyer, her dam Imperatrix, by Alfred, out of Mr. Goodricke's mare, by Old England.

11. **RINALDO**, at the same place and price as Milo:—by Milo, out of a Sister to Orlando, by Whiskey.

10. **ROBIN ADAIR**, at Codford, near Heytesbury, Wilts, at 3gs. and 5s.:—by Walton, dam Camilla, by Sorcerer, out of Orange-Bud, by Highflyer.

16. **RUBENS**, at Newmarket, at 20gs. and 1g.:—by Buzzard, dam by Alexander.

8. **ST. CHRISTOPHER**, at Tadcaster, near York, at 3gs. and 5s.:—by Castrel, dam (Bradbury's dam), by Young Marsk.

7. **ST. HELENA**, at Copgrove, four miles from Boroughbridge, and six from Ripon, at 5gs.: by Strippling—Maniac.

6. **SCREVEYTON**, at Malton, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by Old Screveton, dam by Hambletonian, grandam by Coriander.

17. **SCUD**, at Riddlesworth, near Thetford, Norfolk, at 30gs.:—by Benningbrough, dam Eliza, by Highflyer.

19. **SELIM**, at Oxcroft, near Newmarket, at 12gs. and 1g.:—own Brother to Rubens and Castrel, by Buzzard.

14. **SKYMOUR**, at Otlands, near Weybridge, Surrey, at 5gs. and a half:—by Delpini, dam Bay Javelin, by Javelin.

6. **SIR GILBERT**, at Eaton stud-house, near Chester, at 5gs. and a half:—by Young Alexander, out of Aldford's dam.

21. **SIR OLIVER**, at the Bay Malton, Altrincham, Cheshire, at 10gs. and 1gs.:—own Brother to Poulton, by Sir Peter.

8. **SKIM**, at Petworth, Sussex, at 5gs. and a half:—by Gohanna, out of Grey Skim, by Woodpecker.

11. **SMOLENSKO**, at Mr. Clarke's farm, East Hardwicke, near Weybridge and Ferrybridge, at 10gs. and a half:—by Sorcerer, out of Wowski, by Mentor.

**SMUGGLER**, at Castle Park, Devonshire: thorough-bred mares, 10gs. and 1g.; half-bred, 5gs. and 10s. 6d.:—by Hambletonian, out of Maria, by Highflyer. Smuggler's performances as a racer are sufficiently known; some exceedingly-promising stock have been obtained from him out of thorough-bred and some half-bred mares.

13. **SOOTHSAYER**, at the Royal Stud, Hampton Court, at 20gs. and 1g.:—by Sorcerer, out of Goldenlocks, by Delpini.

8. **SOVEREIGN**, at Eaton stud-house, near Chester, at 10gs. and a half:—by Rubens, out of Bluster's dam.

6. **TAGUS**, at the same place as Sovereign, at 5gs. and a half:—Brother to Orontes, by Trafalgar.

14. **TEASDALE**, at Welbeck, near Worksop, Notts, at 2gs. and a half:—by Mr. Teazle, out of Storace.

7. **THE FLYER**, at Stocken-hall, between

between Stamford and Grantham, at 7gs. and a half:—by Vandyke Junior, dam Azalia, by Beningbrough.

6. **THUNDERER**, at Mr. Smallwood's, Middlesbrough, near York, at 5gs. and 5s. (any mare that has produced a winner of 50l. gratis):—by Thunderbolt, dam by Hambletonian, grandam (Langton's d.) by Highflyer (Sister to Escape), great grandam by Squirrel.

11. **TRAMP**, at Beverley, Yorkshire, at 5gs. and a half and 5s.:—by Dick Andrews, dam by Gohanna.

13. **TREASURER**, at Kirkleatham, at 10gs. and a half:—by Stamford, dam (Sister to Gold, Silver, and Platina), by Mercury.

**TRUMPATOR**, at the same place and price as Renovator:—by Old Trumpator, dam by Conductor, grandam by Herod, great grandam by Squirrel, great great grandam Sophia, by Blank, out of Lord Leigh's Diana.

13. **VANDYKE JUNIOR**, at No. 18, Ranelagh-street, Piccadilly, at 5gs.:—by Walton, out of Dabchick.

12. **VISCOUNT**, at Monreith, N. Britain, at 12gs.:—by Stamford, dam by Bourdeaux, Prophet—Saltram's dam.

22. **WALTON**, at Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, at 20gs. and 1g.:—by Sir Peter, dam by Dungannon.

11. **WANDERER**, at Petworth, in Sussex, at 5gs. and a half:—Brother to Hedley, by Gohanna.

7. **WATERLOO**, at the Royal stud, Hampton Court, at 10gs. and 1g.:—by Walton, dam Penelope, by Trumpator, grandam Prunella, by Highflyer.

6. **WELBECK**, at Hetton, near Beverley, at 5gs.:—Brother to Tiresias, by Soothsayer.

14. **WHALEBONE**, at Petworth,

Sussex, at 10gs. and 1g.:—by Waxy, dam Penelope, by Trumpator, grandam Prunella, by Highflyer.

9. **WHISKER**, at Catterick, in Yorkshire, at 15gs. and 1g.:—by Waxy, out of Penelope, by Trumpator.

13. **WILDBOY**, at Oakfield-house, near Hay, South Wales, at 3gs. and 5s.:—by Sir Peter, dam Rosalind, by Volunteer (Son of Eclipse), out of Eyebright, Sister to Conductor, by Match'em,

17. **WOLDSMAN**, at Darlington, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by Sir Peter, out of Young Rachel, by Volunteer.

12. **WOFUL**, at Newmarket, at 15gs.:—by Waxy, out of Penelope, by Trumpator.

13. **X Y Z**, at Felton Park, near Morpeth, at 10gs. and a half:—by Haphazard, dam by Spadille—Sylvia.

20. **YOUNG WHISKEY**, at Clifton Park, near Kelso, at 6gs.:—by Whiskey, out of Young Giantess.

8. **ZENO**, at Rychope, near Sunderland, at 5gs. and 5s.:—by Camillus, dam by Precipitate.

20. **ZODIAC**, at Henham Hall, near Wangford, Suffolk, at 11gs.:—by St. George, dam Abigail, by Woodpecker, out of Firetail, by Eclipse.

13. **CÆLEBS**, at Hopgrass-farm, near Hungerford, Berks, at 3gs. and 5s.:—by Beningbrough (or Sir Peter), dam Rally, by Trumpator, her dam Fancy, Sister to Diomed, by Florizel—Spectator—Blank—Childers—Miss Belvoir.

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#### COUP-DE-MAIN UPON THE GAMESTERS.

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A Very novel scene occurred late on Friday night, April 13, at the west end of the town, between the police and some of the

fashionable loungers who spend the weary night in play. The police-officers attached to the Marlborough-street office, ten in number, and a strong corps of supernumeraries, were ordered, at a late hour on the above evening, to assemble at the office, on "Service," that night, at nine o'clock precisely. They accordingly assembled agreeably to order. Plank, the officer, made his appearance at the head of the party, accounted quite at the top of the *ton*; — he wore a frock half-military coat, under which he carried his faithful cutlass and pistols, and over all was thrown a loose cloak, *en militaire*. The police followed their leader, and a few minutes brought them to King-street, St. James's, close to a fashionable house. Plank having arranged his men in due order at each side of an avenue close to the spot, advanced singly to the door of the house, and gave the sort of familiar knock, which was the wonted harbinger of admission. The porter, after some hesitation, opened the door. As Plank entered, his companions, who maintained the line of communication, pressed forward to accompany him. The impetuosity of their movement, suddenly excited the suspicion of the porter, who, in the twinkling of an eye, slapped the door forcibly back, and as it fastened upon a concealed spring, Plank found himself in a moment shut in, and his companions excluded. Plank, determined to seize upon his prey, rushed with the rapidity of lightning up stairs, and bolted into the first floor suite of apartments. In the centre was placed what is termed among gamblers a *rouge et noir* table, around which were upwards of fifty gentlemen, in the full occupation of tempting "the chances." In an iron bowl

in the centre was a heap of bank-notes, and silver counters lay piled upon different parts of the table. Those around were in all appearance gentlemen of fashion; amongst them were Members of Parliament, naval and military officers, barristers, dandies of all kinds—the gullers and the gulled; together with, as Shakespeare says, "Men of no mark or livelihood." Plank, after surveying the field of action, threw himself, all-fours upon the "Bank," and this effort was the instantaneous signal for a general and indiscriminate scramble. "*Sauve qui peut*" was the cry, and every man, player and by-stander, helped himself as well as he could in the uproar.

"Crowds charge on crowds, nor friends their friends descry."

And Plank grasped together about ten one-pound notes and some counters—

"Too mean a prize in such a dreadful strife."

The confusion was now at its height, and a general rush was made to the door, but Plank had the precaution to turn the keys and hold it, and the retreating party found their hopes of escape abruptly cut off. Hearing the uproar above, and anxious to come to the aid of Plank, his comrades forced the doors and rushed up, and commenced securing the gentlemen present.—There was at first a show of resistance manifested to the officers; but this was put down by the production of their fire arms, and several gentlemen were then taken into custody. One gentleman, named Crowther, threw up the sash of the window, jumped out, but dislocated his ancles in the fall, and was taken up in the area. Finding, by the forcible entry of so large

large a band of officers, that all escape was hopeless, many attempted to soothe, and others to bribe the officers. Two or three gentlemen, who felt poignant emotion at the disgrace of a public exposure, pressed the officers to discharge their pistols at them, or to let them do it themselves. The officers begged leave to decline all offers for escape, or consolation, and sent for coaches to change the scene of play from King-street to Marlborough-street. There were in all fifty gentlemen taken into custody, and at two o'clock on the Saturday, they were conveyed to Marlborough-street office in several hackney coaches. They were all examined before the Magistrates; and Mr. Adolphus was sent for by some of the prisoners. Plank related the particulars of his quick and brilliant enterprise: and underwent an acute cross-examination from Mr. Adolphus, who called upon him to bring home the charge of gaming to the gentlemen individually; and contended, he must do that before they could be held to bail.—Seven gentlemen were held to bail, many others gave their addresses, and others were discharged. The officers proceeded upon the information, it was said, of a person of large property, who had lately been famously fleeced at this gambling-house.

The author of a poem just published, entitled *Rouge et Noir*, introduces his subject with the following remarks on gaming in London and Paris:—

"The *Rouge et Noir* tables afford an excellent subject of study to the anatomist of the human heart: the mask which is worn in the street, at the banquet, even in the domestic circle, here falls off;

and men become transformed, as it were, into the naked passions themselves. Nor can the peculiarities of national, like those of individual character, be any where placed in stronger opposition.

"Our countrymen generally play with a flushed cheek or an anxious eye, but seldom betray beyond this their pain and disappointment. They often lose with great coolness, or rather with great endurance; but I have scarcely ever known one who possessed sufficient courage to win. Some exhibit a headstrong resolution, whilst their doubled and tripled stakes are swept from before them; and yet a change of luck in their favour will act like a panic-stroke: they pursue fortune whilst she flies; but when she turns short, and consents to indulge them, they take fright, and shrink from her caresses. Foreigners, on the contrary, are apt to lose with impatience; but, should the game take a propitious turn, they stake with as much nerve as if they had a secret whisper of assurance from the blindfold goddess herself.

"I once saw a poor-looking wretch, whose threadbare military surtout, mustachoes, and tarnished croix, denoted him a half-pay officer, deprived of nine or ten stakes successively, amounting to something about twenty-five *Louis-d'or* each: and, being reduced to his last five-and-twenty, he boldly abandoned them to their fate, till, by the repeated success of four following *coups*, they accumulated to a sum of four hundred. The under-breathed *sacré Dieu!* and the half-frantic *bah!* were frequently ejaculated during his losses; but whilst running this forlorn hope with his last stake, probably his last *franc* on earth—re-

sisting,

sisting, besides, the strong temptation which presented itself every time the increasing gold was doubled, of securing what lay already won before him—he sat with as much composure as if the money which he hazarded had not belonged to him; or as if he felt an absolute confidence in the very improbable result; and, finally, put up the whole with that *au fait* air which one assumes in doing something that might be thought uncommon, quite as a matter of course; although a summersault from the Pont Neuf, or a black bench at the Morgue, would perhaps have been the consequence of an unfavourable turn in the instance of a single card; for he was precisely the description of person who would lead one to suppose that he had come there with the desperate resolution of playing for life or death.

“In Paris the *rouge et noir* tables rifle the public to the amount of 12,000,000 francs per annum; but considerably more than half of that sum is paid to the government for its recognition. If, then, the *Parisian Administration*, as the proprietors are designated, can pay a direct tax of 8,000,000, independent of the expences of their several establishments, and make fortunes beside—to what must the *unincumbered* profits of the *London Administration* amount? for it will be necessary to apprise but few, that *rouge et noir* has found its way to England; or that *Pall-Mall* is hardly surpassed by the *Palais*

*Royal* itself in the number of its *Maisons de jeu*.

“The universal passion for play in Paris, and the facilities which attend its indulgence, are the source of incalculable calamity: life, character, and fortune, are the daily victims. Suicide is more prevalent here than in any other city of Europe—so is gaming: I shall leave these two facts to explain each other.

“One morning, in the beginning of last May, a captain of the *Garde Royal*, who occupied apartments above mine in the hotel where I resided, blew out his brains in consequence of having lost heavily at *rouge et noir*. At eight o'clock on that morning his servant entered, and found him sleeping calmly and soundly. At nine, a brother officer, who slept in an adjoining room, was startled by the report of a pistol, succeeded by a few heavy sobs; and, rushing into the chamber of his friend, found him stretched upon his back, already lifeless, with the fatal instrument clenched firmly in his grasp. His wretched father arrived the next day, just as the police had brought a mean hearse and a rough shell to bear away the body: what must have been *his* feelings at such a moment? the victim was an only son! I have given the circumstance a place here, less because it is remarkable, than on account of its having fallen within the circle of my own observation.”

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## FEAST of WIT; or, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

TWO gentlemen, who were shooting together, found an abundance of game, which they could not come near, from the forwardness of

of an unruly spaniel. The offender being at length secured, "Thomas," said one of them to his servant, "give the rascal a good beating; thrash him well, I say." Thomas went to work, when the poor animal acknowledged the weight of the chastening arm by horrid cries and yells.—"Hold, hold, you merciless wretch," cried the other gentleman, "you don't mean to kill the creature, do you?—Poor fellow, poor fellow," continued he (putting up the dog), "that's enough in all conscience for *your master*—now give him a devilish good hiding for *me*, Thomas."

THE following is a correct extract from a letter, giving account of one of our home islands:—"There are two friendly societies here, who have each an annual sermon preached to them—besides all kinds of shamle meat, hogs, and other poultry."

#### A COCKNEY CONUNDRUM.

Says Tom to Ned, the other day,  
Come tell me why a widower—pray,  
Ent'ring the marriage state again,  
Is like fresh air?  
Ned puzzled long his conjuring brain,  
Ere he the riddle could explain,  
Abundant words contriving;  
At length he rose with joyful air,  
In cockney accent did declare,  
Because he is re-wiving!! J. B. M.

A FROLICKSOME servant girl would, in spite of remonstrance, smoke a pipe which she had brought lighted from a party, who were regaling with her master in the parlour. Having swallowed a great deal of smoke, she at length bawled out, "O dear! O mercy, I'm all on fire!" and to allay it she swallowed, in addition to much water, a large mass of soapsuds, which she praised as delicious.

A ~~FABRY~~ travelling together on foot, were talking of what they had picked up on the road, in the course of their respective peregrinations: one had found this, another had found that, and most of them had picked up something or other.—"Then ye have all been more lucky than poor Patrick," cried an Irishman, "for I never found a single *farthing* in all my life but once, and that was a *sirpence*."

PROFESSIONAL PROFITS.—Two gentlemen of fortune, who had been bred as barristers, but who had exchanged the fatigues of office for the amusements of the field, were joking one day over a bottle, as to what each had made of his profession, when it came out that one of them, for an opinion, had been *promised a goose*, and the other a *turkey*.

#### EPITAPH ON A DUSTMAN.

Dust long carried here I have;  
Mine's now carried to the grave;  
The world's deceitful, who can trust?  
It's left me nothing but my dust;  
Pray lay it deep, and put on clay,  
Lest it at last be blown away,  
For doubtless destiny'd be cross'd,  
Should any of this dust be lost,  
Dust ho! dust ho! all is dust here  
below.

FALSE READINGS.—A person lately met an acquaintance who seemed to be in great wrath, and enquired the reason, "Enough to make me in a passion, I have received an *amphibious* letter, threatening my life."

A fox-hunter asked a countryman, if he had seen a fox, "Yes, Sir, master *Reynolds* passed close by me in the field there."

"Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy," read by a passenger, "Burton's *Antimony* of Melancholy."

A farmer talking of a *wit*, informed

formed his neighbour that he was full of amusing *anecdotes*, which "kept the table in a roar."

**A SINGULAR BOARD.**—In a village near Plymouth, is the following:—"Roger Tuttel, *by God's grace and mercy*, kills rats, moles, and all sorts of vermin and venomous creatures, at the shortest notice."

**A BURLESQUE PARODY ON GRAY'S EPITAPH, IN HIS ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.**

Here rests his head—upon a tub of beer,

A youth to fair sobriety unknown;  
Gay Bacchus frown'd not on his low career,

And Scottish drunkards mark'd him for their own.

Large was his draught—and thirsty was his soul,

Yet friendship was not from his bosom hid;

He gave his fellows—all he had—a bowl,

And got from them 'twas all he wish'd) a quid!

"No further seek his *merits* to disclose,

Or draw his *frailties*" now his life has flown;

But let them silent in the grave repose,

Regretted by—the *brewers* of the town!

J. R. M.

**EPITAPH ON MR. BOYLE GODFREY, CHEMIST; MADE BY HIMSELF WHEN DYING.**

Here lies, to digest, macerate, and amalgamate with Clay, in Balneo Arenæ,

Stratum super Stratum,  
The Residuum, Terra damnata, &  
Caput mortuum, of Boyle Godfrey,  
Chemist et Medicinæ Doctor.

A Man who in this earthly Laboratory pursued various Processes to obtain Arcanum Vitæ, or the secret to live; also, Aurum Vitæ.

Or, the art of getting, rather than that of making, Gold,  
But, Alchemist like,

All his Labour and Projection,  
Like Mercury in the fire, evaporated in Fume;

When it dissolved in its first principle.

He departed as poor as the last drops of an Alembic:

For riches are not always bestowed on the adepts of this world.

Though fond of News,  
He carefully avoided the Fermentation, Effervescence,

And Decrepitation of this life:  
But the radical moisture being exhausted;

The *Elixir Vitæ* spent  
And exsiccated to a cuticle;  
He could no longer be suspended in his Vehicle,

But, precipitated gradatim, per Campanam,

To his original dust.

May that light, brighter than the Bolognian Phosphorus,

Preserve him from the Athanor, Em-pyreuma, and Reverberatory

Furnace of the other world;

Depurate him from the *Fæces* and *Scoriæ* of this;

Highly rectify and volatilize his *Ætherial Spirit*;

Bring it over the helm and retort of this Globe,

And place it in a proper recipient or crystallina orb,

Among the elect of the flowers of Benjamin,

Never to be saturated;  
Till the general Resuscitation, Deflagration, Calcination, and Sublimation of all Things.

**A LOVE-LETTER.**—A *soi-disant* preacher wrote as follows to a young woman respecting her sweet-heart, of whom he did not approve: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's ass; but if thy affections are saddled upon an ass, you may be compared to a wild ass braying after her male, &c."

SPORT-



## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

## NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

**T**HIS meeting, which was honoured with the presence of a large assemblage of the first sporting characters in the kingdom, took place too late in the month for us to be able to do more than give a brief account of the sport of the first two days, which was as under:—

*Monday, April 23.*—The Craven Stakes, 10gs. each, for all ages; two-year-olds, 5st. 10lb.; three-year-olds, 8st.; four-year-olds, 8st. 9lb.; five-year-olds, 9st. 11lb.; six-year-olds, 9st. 5lb.; and aged, 9st. 7lb.—A. F.

Mr. Vansittart's ch. c. by Comus, dam by Mr. Teasdale, 2 yrs old 1  
Mr. Crockford's b. c. Sultan, 4 yrs 2  
Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. h. Allegro, 5 yrs; Lord Jersey's h. h. Master Henry, 5 yrs; Mr. Fraser's b. c. Champignon, 4 yrs; Lord Grosvenor's h. c. by Thunderbolt, out of Musidora, 2 yrs; Duke of Rutland's ch. c. Corioli, 3 yrs; Mr. Greville's bl. f. Soota, 4 yrs; Duke of Grafton's br. c. Luck, 3 yrs; Mr. Hunter's ch. e. Rasselas, 2 yrs; Mr. Bouverie's b. c. bought of Sir C. Bunbury, 2 yrs; Mr. Wyndham's b. f. Caroline, 3 yrs; Mr. Wyndham's bl. c. by Octavius, dam by Gohanna, 2 yrs; Lord Foley's ch. c. Brother to Miracle, 3 yrs; Duke of Portland's ch. c. Zedig, 4 yrs; Lord Suffield's b. c. Rosetta, 3 yrs; Mr. Benson names Mr. Neale's b. c. by Pan, 4 yrs; Mr. Udney's ch. c. by Election, dam by Stamford, 3 yrs, dr.; Mr. Prince's b. c. Ardrossan, out of Vicissitude, 3 yrs, dr.—The judge placed but two.—Ten to one agst Sultan, 6 to 1 agst Allegro, 3 to 1 agst Master Henry, 4 to 1 agst Champignon.

Mr. Udney's c. by Election, beat Lord Jersey's c. Oracle.

First Class of the Seventh Riddleworth Stakes of 200gs. each, h. ft. for colts, Ab. M. 3lb. if both 5lb.

Mr. Batson's Rosierucian, by Sorcerer, 8st. 7lb. .... 1

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Duke of Grafton's Reginald, by Haphazard, 8st. 4lb. .... 2

Mr. Rush's b. by Waxy, Mr. Bouverie's by Orville, Mr. Vansittart's by Cardinal York, and Lord Egremont's by Canopus, also started.

Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1817, and not named in the Riddleworth Stakes.

Lord Grosvenor's b. f. by Thunderbolt, 8st. 3lb. .... 1

Duke of Grafton's c. Titian, by Rubens, 8st. 4lb. .... 2

Sir J. Shelley's c. by Walton or Orville, 8st. 7lb. .... 3

Mr. Crockford's c. by Haphazard, 8st. 4lb. .... 4

Mr. Udney's Barmecide, beat Mr. Charlton's Phoenix, 8st. 5lb. each, A. F. 200gs. h. ft.

Mr. Cussans's f. by Juniper, rec. 25gs. from Duke of Portland's f. Tea (dead), 100gs. h. ft.

*Tuesday, April 24.*—Renewal of the Woodcot Green Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 4lb. fillies, 8st.—T. Y. C.

Lord Rous's b. colt, Incantator.. 1

Duke of York's br. f. by Seymour 2

Mr. Northey's br. c. by Hedley.... 3

Lord Maynard's b. c. by Woful.. 4

Second Class of Seventh Riddleworth Stakes of 200gs. each, h. ft. for fillies.—Ab. M.

Mr. Udney's Ibla, 8st. 2lb. .... 1

Mr. Batson's, by Hedley, 8st. 4lb.. 2

Lord G. H. Cavendish's, by Soothsayer, 8st. 7lb. .... 3

Mr. Walker's ch. f. by Don Cosack, 8st. 3lb. beat Mr. Tibbitt's bl. c. Phidias, 8st. 7lb. D. M. 200gs. h. ft.

First Class of the Otland Stakes of 50gs. h. ft. D. I.

Mr. Wortsley's Locksley, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. .... 1

Mr. Thornhill's Shoveller, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. .... 2

Mr. Ramsbottom's Shreckhorn, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. .... 3

Mr. West's Fitz Orville, 6 yrs, 8st. 11lb. .... 4

G

Mr.

Mr. Tibbitt's Evadne, 4 yrs, 7st. 11lb. 5

Mr. Gooch's br. f. Maiden, by Bolter, 3 yrs, beat Mr. Rous's br. g. by Sorcerer, aged, 8st. 3lb. D. I. 50gs.

*Wednesday, April 25.*—Mr. Vansittart's gr. c. Financier, won the Subscription Plate of 50l. beating Mr. Rush's Truffle, Duke of Rutland's Corioli, and three others.—The Second Class Oatlands was won by Lord Jersey's Sporust, Brother to Master Henry, beating Mr. Wyndham's Little John, and three others.—Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, for produce of mares covered in 1817—Duke of Grafton's colt, by Woful, rec. ft

**BETTINGS.**—The state of bettings on the Derby and Oaks, at Newmarket, was, on Wednesday, the 25th April, as follows:—

**THE DERBY.**

- 6 to 1 agst Gustavus.
- 7 to 1 agst Charm.
- 8 to 1 agst Jock.
- 8 to 1 agst Reginakl.
- 10 to 1 agst Rosicrucian.
- 18 to 1 agst Truth.
- 18 to 1 agst D. of York's Walton c.

**THE OAKS.**

- 7 to 2 agst My Lady.
- 5 to 1 agst Augusta.
- 6 to 1 agst Ibla.
- 8 to 1 agst Zeal.
- 9 to 1 agst Springe.

Thursday, April 19.

**DONCASTER ST. LEGER.**

- 13 to 2 agst Jack Spigot.
- 13 to 1 agst Colwell.
- 14 to 1 agst My Lady.
- 14 to 1 agst Mr. Allison's b. c. by Smolensko.
- 14 to 1 agst b. c. by Ardrossan—Remembrance.
- 14 to 1 agst Sandbeck.
- 16 to 1 agst Statesman.
- 22 to 1 agst Champagne, by Octavian.

**THE CHASE.**

On the 27th of March, the Cranbourne Chase fox-hounds found in the bushes on the top of Hambleton Hill; crossing Hod Hill, reynard instantly plunged into the Stour, and

over the vale to Elkcoombe, and broke over Bondsley, running on to the Telegraph, when he turned down wind, and they ran into him at the bottom of Shillingstone Hill, after an hour and half hard running, and the rain descending in torrents—but the scent lay remarkably high. On the 29th, they had a long day in Rushmore Walks, a great deal of running with an indifferent scent, and did not kill.

The harriers belonging to Sir Hugh Smyth, Bart. are arrived at their kennel at Ashton, Somersetshire, from Sir Hugh's seat in Wiltshire, where they have been hunting this season. They have had excellent sport, and a numerous field of sportsmen, clergy as well as laymen, and bold, dashing riders, Mr. William Cannings, of Rockley, a gentleman well-known in Wiltshire, being at their head. The hounds this season killed a poor puss on the body of the *White Horse*, near Calne, where she had taken shelter, after a long run, an event unknown in the annals of hunting in Wiltshire.—Sir Hugh Smyth having purchased the beautiful sporting manors of Rockley and Ogborne Maisey, near Marlborough, has given up his Bristol and Somersetshire country.—Sir H. has an immense tract of excellent harrier country in Wiltshire.

A bag fox was shaken at Saltford Inn, on the Bath and Bristol road, on the 5th inst. before the harriers of Norman Uniacke, Esq. After a burst of about five miles, reynard took refuge in a farm-house, where he was bagged in good style by the farmer, before the hounds came up. After being allowed an hour for refreshment, reynard was again unkenneled, and allowed seven minutes law; he ran nearly seven miles, and was so hard pressed by the hounds, as to swim the canal at Dunkerton twice, but being headed by the colliers and hallooed, he was obliged to face the bill, and the hounds run into him.—Mr. Were, of Bedminster, in an attempt to save the fox, jumped off his horse into a gully, and came against the stump of a tree, on his knee.

knee-pan, which he so much injured as to be unable to move; he was with difficulty taken home in a chaise, and was for some time unable to leave his room.—Among the sportsmen was one of the sheriffs for Bristol, who rides boldly and well for a man of great weight, being nearly eighteen stone.

Lord Derby's hounds had a glorious run on Tuesday, April 3: they turned a stag out on Keston Common, between Wickham and Bromley: he first made to the left, to Locks Bottom, when being headed, he took to the inclosures, and passing by Chipstead, near Sevenoaks, went over the high ground between Brasted and Westerham, and was taken near Penshurst, Kent, after a run of four hours and twenty minutes, twenty miles from the place where he was turned out. The ground run over was supposed to be fifty-five miles.

Lord Middleton has relinquished the Warwickshire Hunt on account of ill health, and taken a final leave of his brother sportsmen. The proprietors of the Warwickshire covers are to meet to consider of the best means of obviating the effect of his Lordship's retirement.

The Holderness, Yorkshire, fox-hounds are given up, and the country will, in future, be hunted by those of Mr. Hay, a sportsman of considerable property, from the borders of Scotland.

The Berkeley hounds have terminated the hunting season, in the course of which they killed thirty-two brace of foxes, although it has been generally considered a bad scenting season.

ROYAL HUNT.—On Easter Monday, April 23, a fine deer was turned out of a cart at eleven o'clock, at the Dolphin, near Slough. There was the greatest field of sportsmen known for many years. The deer was taken at Armsworth, after a hard run of some hours.

WINCHESTER, APRIL 14, 1821.—

The H. H. Meeting took place on Thursday last, upon Worthy Downs. The following is a correct statement

of the sport of the day, which proved excellent:

The H. H. Cup, value 120gs.—Two-mile heats.—12st. each.

Mr. Wm. Græme's b. g. Repeater, by Glendale, out of Echo, by Hyacinthus ..... 1 1

Mr. Morant's Sister to Wou-  
vermans ..... 2 2

Lord Rodney's Derwent ..... 4 3

Mr. Fleming's Haphazard ..... 3 dr.

Even betting at starting between Repeater and the mare. After the first heat, high odds on Repeater, who won with great ease. This race excited the liveliest interest, and many bets were pending. Repeater was trained by Mr. Dilly, of Littleton (our clerk of the races), and his condition was considered very superior. He was rode by Samuel Day in his usual style of excellence.

A Sweepstakes of 5 guineas each.—  
Twelve subscribers.—14st. each.—  
Gentlemen riders.—For horses not  
thorough bred, or trained.—Two  
miles:

Mr. Nune's Blemish (Capt. Bridges) 1  
The Hon. T. H. Rodney's Billy

(Colonel Onslow) ..... 2

Capt. Pryse's Scaramouch (Capt. P.) 3

Mr. Wm. Græme's Chilton (Mr.

Kingston) ..... 4

Mr. Thompson's Fyldener (Mr.

Wallop) ..... 5

Capt. Standen's Pilgrim (Capt. S.) 6

Mr. Cooke's Woodfield (Mr.

Shakespeare) ..... 7

A fine race, and won by a length.

Although the day was very unfavourable, the course boasted much company and fashion, and the judicious arrangement of the new stand and race course reflects the highest credit on Mr. Dilly.

MEYNELL HUNT RACES AND BALL.

—The very spirited hunt club, of which Mr. Meynell is at the head, held their races on the Derby Course on Thursday, the 5th April. The agreeable recollection of former similar meetings drew together a considerable assemblage of persons, and the interior of the new stand was filled with a company comprising a great portion of the elegant and fashionable society of the county and

neighbourhood. After the races (see *Racing Calendar*) sixty gentlemen dined together at an ordinary provided at the George Hotel, when sweepstakes for the next season were entered into with much liberality, and great sport is anticipated as the consequence. The Hon Captain Curzon and G. R. Hulbert, Esq. were appointed stewards. The ball in the evening given by the gentlemen of the Meynell Hunt Club was, as usual, a scene of delightful gaiety and social gratification.

CROXTON Park races, on Wednesday, April 11, were numerously attended; amongst the distinguished personages on the turf were—the Duke and Duchess, and Dowager Duchess of Rutland, Lady E. Normanby, Lady G. Manners, the Earl of Denbigh, Lord and Lady Curzon, Lord and Lady Kennedy, the Marquis of Tweeddale, Lord Apsley, Lord Robert Manners, Lord Middleton, Lord and Lady Elcho, Lord Brudenell, Lord F. Bentinck, and the Hon. Mr. Finch.—The Maiden stakes of 25gs. each, were won by Mr. Cornwall's Susan, beating Lord Kennedy's Madge and Mr. Maxe's Sabrina.—Mr. Gisbourne's Rebecca, Mr. Cross's Holiwell, Mr. Trafford's Windle, and Mr. Thorold's Whynot, were the winners of the stakes, plate, and handicap.

MONDAY, April 2, a singular race took place on Durdham Down, Bristol, between a mare, rode by J. S. Smith, Esq. of the Lancers, and a horse, by J. Moggridge jun. Esq. The course was one mile, which was to be decided in three heats, in which they were to take fifteen leaps, over hurdles placed at proper distances; the mare was the favourite on starting, but it was decided in the second heat in the favour of the horse, by the mare striking down two hurdles, when her rider pulled up, and was of course distanced. Afterwards they ran a single mile, which was won by the mare; both coming up to the starting-post in gallant style.

THE *Montrose Review* says—"It is with the greatest pleasure we announce that since it was resolved on

to re-establish the annual races here, the magistrates have spared no expence in putting the course in the best repair. Sir Alexander Ramsay, we understand, has requested chains to be placed across the course at different parts, at a sufficient height to keep off riders, &c. from destroying the turf. We learn that there are already four fifty-guinea cups down, that there will be a lady's purse and gentleman's, and some more are expected, which will make excellent sport for a few days; and our public rooms being finished, the company will have ample accommodation. It is thought the meeting will take place the week before the 12th August (which falls on Sunday this year), so as to give the gentlemen time to attend here to go to the grouse shooting, and to return to the Aberdeen meeting, which takes place on the 28th. The course being so excellent, we understand the gentlemen of the turf, in this quarter, will prefer running their young horses here, to walking them to a greater distance; and the stock is immense which is rearing by the noblemen and gentlemen in this district, and in particular by our worthy Members for Forfar and Kincardineshire, the Hon. William Maule and Sir Alexander Ramsay, Bart."

LORD Milton lately experienced a remarkable accident, and a fortunate escape from personal injury. His Lordship had been hunting, in company with Earl Fitzwilliam, in the purlieus and country on the west side of Wansford, and was riding homeward about three o'clock in the afternoon, when just as he passed the corner of the Mermaid inn, at Wansford, his horse fell dead on the road. The chase had been neither long nor severe; and the animal, which, we understand, was a valuable and favourite hunter, had not shewn any signs of illness or distress. The Noble Lord was thrown forward on the great North road with such force as completely cleared him of the falling horse, and arose immediately, not at all hurt by the extraordinary accident. He proceeded to Milton-house

house, with Earl Fitzwilliam, who was close at hand at the time.

As the Hon. G. Strangeways, an officer in the 7th Hussars, and brother to the Earl of Ilchester, was crossing a field in the parish of Purse Caundle, Dorset, with a number of other gentlemen belonging to Mr. Farquharson's hunt, his horse, by some unlucky accident, fell over a newly made trench, and pitching on the rider, caused a dreadful fracture of the thigh-bone, and otherwise greatly bruised him. We are happy to say he is recovering from the accident.

On the 6th inst. Mr. B. Portman, while hunting with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, received a severe contusion of the left leg, by his horse, at full speed, bringing him in contact with a gate-post.

We are concerned to state, that on Friday week the Earl of Kintore met with a very serious accident, while hunting with his fox-hounds. His Lordship's collar-bone was broken, but the bone having been almost immediately set, he is in a fair way of recovery.—*Dundee Paper, March 30.*

We are happy to learn that Mr. Osbaldeston, who had his leg fractured, whilst hunting with Lord Anson's hounds (*vide last No. p. 281.*) is in a fair way of recovery.

ISAIAH Nevin, Esq. one of the keenest sportsmen and best shots in Ireland, died recently at Longfield, at the advanced age of eighty-five; until within the last two years of his active life, he spiritedly continued the use of his gun.

JOHN Turpin, the feeder of the Badsworth fox-hounds, died this month, by a fatal inoculation, occasioned by a scratch of his finger, received whilst skinning a horse that died of the glanders.

JAMES Lane Fox, Esq. nephew of Lord Bingley, died this month at his seat, Bramham Park, Yorkshire, in the 66th year of his age. Mr. Fox married the daughter of Lord Rivers, by whom he has left a daughter married to the Hon. E. Stourton George, M. P. for Beverley; William, married to Miss Douglas, daughter of

the Hon. John Douglas, granddaughter of the late Earl of Harwood and of the Earl of Morton; Sackville, an officer in the Guards; and Thomas, intended for holy orders. He was a most agreeable gentleman in society, being very quick in *bon mots*, and full of anecdote. Mr. Fox was in manners extremely polished; and he was completely master of the French and Italian languages; but he rather shunned than courted society. He was not fond of field sports (speaking generally), though the fox-hounds of his part of the country had always been kept up by his uncle, Lord Bingley, and finding them, upon coming to the property, he had continued to keep up the establishment upon a very handsome plan. Within the last year, he had a pack of harriers, hoping to be able to ride with them, when the exertion of fox-hunting was beyond his strength.

On Saturday evening, April 7, an inquisition was held at the house of Mr. Cribb, the Horse and Sacks Tavern, Harrow-road, before Thomas Stirling, Esq. Coroner, on the body of Stephen Lawrence Neill, Esq. of 4, Bridge place, Harrow-road, and Little Chelsea, a gentleman of independent fortune, well known in the sporting world. A number of witnesses were examined, by which it appeared that on the Thursday morning previous, about nine o'clock, the deceased had been conversing with his brother, and left him to go to his bed-room. About a quarter of an hour afterwards the brother went to ask him a question, and just before he entered his room he heard the report of two pistols. He rushed into the apartment, and found him on the ground, quite dead. Several surgeons were almost immediately on the spot, and they found a pair of pistols lying by the side of the deceased, with a powder-flask and a quantity of loose powder and ball on the table. The deceased had fired four times. He first fired a ball into his head, which did not fracture the skull, owing to the small quantity of powder in the barrel of the pistol.

tol. He fired the second shot against his breast; but the ball turned obliquely, and only tore his waistcoat. He then went, bleeding as he was, to the cupboard, and procured ball and powder, and reloaded the pistols; and one he fired with his right hand into his brain, and the other into his heart, and fell dead. The witnesses spoke to his being recently in a nervous state, and very singular in his behaviour; but the cause of the fatal deed did not transpire, though it was strictly inquired into by the Coroner.—Verdict—"Died by shooting himself in a state of lunacy."

On Tuesday, the 27th of March, a steeple race was run by two hunters in the Brocklesby hunt, for fifty guineas, from North Thoresby to Aylesby, Lincolnshire, a distance of about ten miles, ridden by T. Brooks and F. Nicholson, Esqrs. The race was won by the former gentleman.—Many sportsmen were assembled on the occasion.

A MATCH to run and ride twenty-seven miles in two hours, was made by a gentleman, for 100gs. and was decided on the 1st of April, on the Basingstoke and Andover road, affording much sport. Mr. Prohatt had backed himself to do eight miles within the hour, on foot, over a two-mile piece of ground, which he accomplished as follows:—

	MIN.	SEC.
First two miles ....	13	50
Next in ....	13	20
Next in ....	14	10
Next in ....	15	10
	56	30

—Thus the pedestrian accomplished nearly half a mile over eight miles before he mounted a fine blood mare, and rode over a piece of ground of four miles and a half, with room to turn at each end. He did ten miles in thirty-four minutes, keeping his mare on the fret to go on. He had rather more than eight miles and a half to do in the next twenty-six minutes, and he accomplished it cleverly three minutes within time, and won a good extra stake.

A CHESNUT horse, lately belonging to the Duke of Hamilton's stud, was matched against time, on Monday, April 9, for a considerable sum, to go from Lancaster to Preston, round the market-place of the latter town, and back again, a distance of forty-four miles, in four hours, which the poor animal was on the point of winning in the highest style, having but two miles to perform in three-quarters of an hour, when the rider struck him with his whip between the ears, and both fell, but recovered in sufficient time to come to the starting spot half an hour within the time.

A MATCH was run April 18, on the Brighton road, for one hundred guineas, Mr. Manchester having backed his mare to trot sixteen miles in an hour. The mare broke into a gallop in the first mile, but she did it within four minutes after turning. Half the distance was performed in twenty-nine minutes, and the mare kept on at a winning rate, doing her miles considerably within four minutes.—She was rather fatigued in the last mile, but the match was won with twenty seconds to spare.

PEDESTRIANISM.—On Thursday, April 19, an astonishing foot-race against time took place near Doncaster: John Halton, of Stokesley, in the north riding of Yorkshire, (who beat Beal over Knavesmire) performed a match of ten miles and a quarter, within the hour, in grand style. He ran a measured mile in and out, on the north road, through Doncaster-bar to the foot of Lady Pitt's bridge. The match, we understand, was for six hundred guineas, and he won it with great ease. The performance as under:—

	MIN.	SEC.
1st two miles and a quarter, 11 ..	58	
2d two miles .....	11	10
3d ditto .....	11	38
4th ditto .....	11	51
5th ditto .....	11	51
	58	28

The pedestrian is 25 years of age.

PORTER, the Northamptonshire pedestrian, lately won a match for fifty guineas against time, of running sixteen

sixteen miles in two hours. He went ten times round the race-course at Northampton, making seventeen miles, in one hour and 56 minutes.

**SPARRING**—Belcher's benefit at the Fives-Court, on Thursday, the 12th of April, was more numerously attended than witnessed for many years, and by persons chiefly strangers in the prize ring. It had been given out that Hickman and Cooper would spar, and that, no doubt, was a great attraction, if only to see the two men. The set-to between Belcher and Eales was a master-piece of science, which drew forth tumults of applause; the hitting and parrying were as quick as thought.—Spring and Harmer made a very good and scientific set to; and Spring shewed that he was not easily to be got at with Harmer's length and science.—Bitton and Harry Holt sparred well. Cooper set to with Spring. After a scientific match, Cooper said he had lost the battle by accident, and he was willing to fight Gas again, if his friends would back him, in June; Hickman mounted the stage, and said he was ready to fight Cooper in the ring, on the 5th of June, and his money was ready to be staked at Randall's: here the matter rests.—Several of the nobility and gentry of distinction were present.

**PUGILISM**.—Hickman and Oliver are matched so fight for one hundred guineas on the 12th of May; to take place in a twenty-four feet roped ring, and to be as usual a fair stand-up fight, half minute time. A deposit of ten guineas is made; and a second deposit of forty guineas a-side, to be made good at Randall's, the Hole-in-the-Wall, on the 26th April; and the remaining fifty guineas a-side at the Castle Tavern, on the 14th of May. On the articles being signed, Oliver and Hickman shook hands together, drank each other's health, and wished the "best man might win it."

**Turner and Martin**. Fifty pounds a-side have been made good between the above boxers.

**BOXING**.—The *Sprig of Myrtle* (Browne) being matched against a

smart, active, young market man of the name of Horsham, who is seven pounds heavier than Brown, for twenty pounds a-side, the fight took place on Tuesday, April 24, at Mitcham Common, Surrey. The battle lasted thirty-five minutes, but Brown never gave his adversary a chance after the third round. The first round was a busy one, with equal advantages, and both went down after exchanging hits, and the next two were contested in the same manner. In the fourth round Brown had all the best of it, and drew first blood, and Horsham never led after. There was not a *floorer* in the fight, which took place in a twenty-four-foot ring.

An exhibition of engravings, by living British artists, is opened at No. 9, Soho-square, under the immediate patronage of his Majesty. Among those of the profession, under whose superintendence the exhibition will take place, are Bromley, Warren, Reynolds, Turner, &c.; and the works to be exhibited will be supplied by nearly all the engravers throughout the kingdom. We congratulate the public on this undertaking, and trust that the lovers of art and the admirers of genius will extend to it the encouragement it merits.

**CANOVA** has just finished a noble statue of a horse, which he prides himself upon as one of the very best works he has produced.

SEVERAL lambs belonging to J. Austen, Esq. of Fowey, Cornwall, having recently been destroyed, watch was set for the depredator, and a breeding sow was caught in the act of seizing a lamb from the side of its dam.

**LATELY** a fox entered a farm-yard at Compton Pouncefoot, near Sherborne, and seized on a hen which was following her chicken, which, being perceived by a game cock, he flew at the intruder, and with one blow of his spurs killed the fox instantaneously.—*Sherborne Journal*.

**Blindness in Horses**.—A correspondent says, "From many years' experience, I am convinced there is

no

no cause to which blindness in horses can be so justly be ascribed, as the fastidious humour of the driver to have the winkers or blinders of the bridle sit close or snug, as it is termed; by which there is unavoidably a pressure on the side of the eye, which necessarily causes heat, with much irritation, and consequently a local fever: what ensues is conclusive."

MR. EDITOR,—In your Magazine for last month you have given an etching of hunting cheta and axis deer: there are some of this species of deer, and of several other, now in the park of Sir Hugh Smyth, Bart. of Ashton Court, in Somersetshire.—Yours, &c. A SUBSCRIBER.

### SPORTING ANECDOTES.

Communications for this Department of our Work are respectfully solicited.

*Extraordinary Circumstance.*—"A hare was lately heard to cry in a hedge by a hunting party, during their hounds being at fault near Somerton, Somerset, when most of the horsemen present made for the spot. On reaching it, they found a fresh hare, apparently just taken in a wire; but what more excited their curiosity, was an old blind hare, on the other side of the hedge, which, from whatever inducement, had commenced running round and round with such determined perseverance, that nothing could stop it. This circular course was continued till nature was quite exhausted, when the poor animal sunk to rise no more."

SOME time ago, Colonel Berkeley's hounds had a very severe run after a fox, and came to a check at the Severn's side. The huntsman made a cast, to no purpose; a small boat, with no person in it, was at anchor about one hundred yards from the shore, into which Colonel B. began to think the fox must have swam to. A reward of a guinea was offered to some men to go in another boat from the shore to examine it,

which was accordingly done, and, to the surprise of every one present, reynard was discovered at the bottom of the *floating tenement*, and it having been decided that the hounds *deserved him*, he was instantly devoured by his remorseless pursuers.

*Extraordinary instance in Fecundity.*—A pointer bitch, the property of Thomas Sherwood, Esq. of Cannon Hill, Surrey, whelped in September last, nineteen puppies alive and in perfect health. These puppies were got by a smooth-haired pointer, whose sire was a thorough-bred setter; and in this instance good proof is given of breeding back, since one part of the litter possess the true character of the pointer, while the other part shew equally strong the character of the setter. It became necessary to remove some of the puppies to nurses, but eight of them are still living and becoming fine dogs.

Sir,—I should be highly obliged by your inserting the following paragraph, if considered worthy:—As Mr. Shakspeare Phillips, of Barlow-hall, near Chester, was pheasant-shooting in some preserves, near his house, he was considerably surprised at seeing a large bird of the owl species, entirely white, and much larger, than the common size of those birds, he brought it down in a double shot, and on measuring found it to be five feet eight inches from wing to wing. The face was entirely without feathers, and the skin very blue; it had short spurs, somewhat like those of the cock. The whole may be considered as a *lapsus nature*.—You may rely on the veracity of the above, as it was related by Mr. Phillips to your humble servant, A Constant Reader.

Farnham, April 24.

[Our Constant Reader being desirous of having his article inserted, we can do no less than oblige him. With respect to the pith and marrow of the thing, having consulted a friend deeply versed in *Owlology*, his opinion is, that the owl shot by Mr. Shakspeare Phillips, of Barlow-hall, in the county palatine of Chester, was either a foreigner or of the species *hoaziana*.]

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE favours of several correspondents have been laid aside, being inapplicable to our plan; but we are not the less thankful for the intentions of the writers.—Some other communications are deferred till next Number.

POETRY.



## P O E T R Y.

## THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

## THE SHARPER.

(From "*Rouge et Noir*," a Poem.)

**P**RAY, have you ever happened to  
upset

A bee-hive? if you have, no doubt;  
you feel

The stinging recollection of it yet;  
For wounds will be remembered tho'  
they heal:

But, having some experience, you  
must let

Me tell you, 'tis more perilous a deal  
To shake a hive of *black-legs* from  
their hole;

I tremble as I scribble—'pon my  
soul!

And hither swarm those prowlers  
who entice

The stranger on by specious arts,  
until

He finds, too late, his purse is made  
the prize

Of footpad principle and juggler  
skill:

But he that would the lurching sharks  
chastise

Must handle something keener than  
a quill;

Because, insensible unless you crush,  
'Twere easier far to make them  
bleed than blush.

Yet seem they fair, high-flavoured,  
candid fellows;

Apt to address you with such swim-  
ming ease,

That one can neither feel alarmed nor  
jealous:

'Tis part of their profession, and they  
please

Where many an honest fellow might  
repel us.

One such assailed me at the Tuileries;  
Vol. VIII. N. S.—No. 42.

The morning, I remember too, was  
one

I went to see guard mounted—have  
you gone?

Because, if you have not, you'd bet-  
ter go:

St. James's paired with it were *baga-  
telle*;

The French guards seeming finer  
men, for tho'

Our's win at fighting, they don't *look*  
so well:

Their blue coats barred with braid-  
ing white as snow,

Cocked hats, and epauletts, cut *such*  
a swell!

In short I think, to give the deuce  
his due,

No troops on earth can beat them—  
*in review*.

This morning which I mention in  
particular

Was one that Russia's Czar and Prus-  
sia's King

'Twas said would condescend to  
grace—those secular

Omnipotents, who manage every  
thing

*Divinely*; and whose voices, most  
oracular,

Some million souls had just done  
parcelling

To stock *crown lands*:—it followed,  
the sensation

Was very great, of course, on the oc-  
casion.

Those kings—no matter! I must now  
retread

The course from whence I've strayed  
so very far wrong;

'Twas here I met this person, as I  
said,

H

Who

Who did not chuse his wily tongue  
to bar long,  
But, with an inclination of the head,  
Began—"Pray who commands?" I  
answered, "Marmont."  
"And who is *that*, I mean the centre  
one—  
"A cut across his cheek?" "That's  
Lauriston."

With similar small-shot the siege  
began—  
His chat so broken that the true  
Vancouver  
Cement could scarce have joined the  
fragments; then  
He turned his conversation on the  
Louvre—  
O'er a round list of famed chef-  
d'œuvres ran,  
Most glibly criticising each chef-  
d'œuvre;  
Concluding with, "You've taste, one  
plainly sees—  
And so we'll look them over if you  
please."  
Now, tho' few persons less can boast  
the blessing  
Of winning friends at once, *for once*  
(*'twas this too*)  
I felt a sort of notion on me pressing  
(And really fear a common one it  
is too)  
That, after all, I must be preposses-  
sing;  
(The same mistake I'm well con-  
vinced was his too)  
Self-love, therefore, not he, became  
prime mover—  
So, arm in arm, we sallied to the  
Louvre.  
We pass whate'er is surplus: truth  
needs no  
Ingenious arabesque. My new-  
elected  
And glib companion chanced (how  
*apropos*!)  
To stumble on a friend—I nought  
suspected;  
Beside the thing was quite in keep-  
ing, so  
An introduction was, of course, pro-  
jected;  
Cards interchanged; and, ere an hour  
was o'er,

We parted like old cronies at the  
door.

Shame on those hearts (I said) that,  
like the snail,  
Can only *feel* their way! and (having  
said it)  
Toss'd off a bumper of the true *lunel*,  
And gave my friends, and self, a dea  
of credit.

Next day they left their names at my  
hotel;  
A civil note succeeded; having read it,  
I cried—"Let caution teach and talk  
as 'twill,  
This world breeds cordial, frank, good  
fellows, still!"

Thus ran the note—"December,  
*Rue d'Artois*.

Dear Sir, will you oblige myself and  
Mrs. ———

By coming to discuss a lobster's claw  
*Ce soir*? a liberty I own that this is—  
But you'll excuse it. Your's, et ce-  
tera.

P. S.—the Captain (merely) will be  
with us."

So, finding that ennui was like to  
bore me,

I went, in hopes the lobster would re-  
store me.

The cards were introduced as I got  
there:

They pressed, and I declined—but,  
*forced* to play,

I took my seat, resolved on taking  
care:

In vain! the lady's eyes were fine,  
and they

Seduced me into several blunders  
where

I should have won—(those lights  
that lead astray!)

But mischief, like ourselves, as I'm a  
true man,

Can't well be propagated without  
woman.

We played for ivory *jetous*: they  
were counted to

Us (five and twenty each) but, mark,  
without

One word upon the value they  
amounted to; [plays stout

And, if one's stake be *nothing*, one  
Of course; so that, by this time, I  
was out a few:

When

When lo! the lady, scattering her's  
about

In flirting with the captain, made him  
roar—

"Good heaven, Ma'am! they're  
each five Louis d'or!

Five Louis each? I started at the  
sound!

What have I done; oh, spoony!  
blockhead! baby!

The bright champagne, meanwhile,  
had sparkled round,

(Our sly and simpering hostess play-  
ing Hebe)

Till, Clarence-like, my brain at least  
was drowned:

But this called back my wits as soon  
as may be—

Just as you've seen, no doubt, a reel-  
ing toper

Come smack against a post, and  
straight grow sober.

In short, I now saw through the im-  
position,

And my astonishment, if not dismay,  
Had been a subject for the brush of

Titian:

But being rather timid in my way,  
I made at once a peaceable decision

Between the ills—to pistol or to pay:  
Took leave, the winners feigning

deep regret—

As heirs are happiest whilst their  
eyes seem wet.

Now for a word of moral.—Should  
you trip

At Café, Opera—no matter where—  
On one of those smooth villains who

would slip

Lithe as a viper to your breast—be-  
ware!

Distrust the glozing of a dexterous  
lip,

Nor deem all right that looks as if it  
were;

For, mark me, such have sank them-  
selves beneath

The vilest ruffian on the midnight  
heath,

The scitiff who, unshelter'd and  
unfed,

Is wrung by famine into violence,  
And every ill that maddens heart and

head—

Perhaps denied the niggard recom-  
pense

Of Adam's curse, by sweat to win  
his bread—

Hath still a mitigating plea, from  
whence

Mercy extracts a balm, so soft and  
sweet,

That justice weeps upon the judg-  
ment seat!

But they have none who play the  
*willing* knave,

Nor know those wants that urge dis-  
tress to sin.

What wrought this degradation?  
some grey slave

Of infamy, most like, first led them  
in—

Depravity's own work is to deprave:  
They lost, and, *as they lost*, resolved

to win;

Till shame or honor ceased to throw  
a bar,

And left the callous outcasts—what  
they are!

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

#### THE CART HORSE.

POOR beast, thy fate demands re-  
flection's sigh,

Thy galling stripes from pitying  
eyes, a tear;

In ev'ry season cold, hot, wet or dry,  
Thy vigorous strength is witness'd

thro' the year.

To man's hard service thou devot'st  
thy life;

Tho' oft the servant of some sense-  
less clod;

Some dolt, who breathes to wage  
eternal strife

Against humanity, and nature's  
God.

Half-reasoning creature! so thou'rt  
ever found,

In all thy acts, let fools say what  
they will;

Thy sweating toil is shewn wherever  
bound;

Thy gen'rous nature braving  
every ill.

By

By night or day, the self-same faithful friend!

Content to drudge, and drag the cumb'rous load:

Without a murmur known thy aid to lend

Thro' mire, up hill, down precipice, or road.

Thy vassal lot compassionate justice craves,

Whose driver oft-times proves thy greatest foe;

Some wretch whose nature Pandemonium braves;

Whose looks like blood-hounds, hell-fraught malice shew.

Hot from the smoky-roof of beer and gin,

The noisy, vulgar, ruffian-drunkard hies;

His outward form less foul than that within;

His first salute (poor creature), "d—n your eyes."

The mangling whip-thong cuts the blameless brute;

(The whip-lash issuing from a cowardly soul;)

His eyes speak volumes, tho' his tongue be mute,

While tears of anguish down his visage roll.

Not so the master generous and humane,

His pleas'd commands the grateful beast obeys;

One pat from him, erects his head and mane,

Creates delight, and in his eye-balls plays!

Poor horse, henceforward be *good treatment* thine!

Thy long-tried service meet with kinder care:

To mercy's dictates cold-blood hearts incline,

And bid thy drivers *cruelty* forbear.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

### HUNTING SONG,

BY ROBERT BLOMFIELD.

**Y**E darksome woods, where echo dwells,  
Where every bud with freedom swells

To meet the glorious day;  
The morning breaks; again rejoice,  
And with old Ringwood's well known voice

Bid tuneful echo play.

We come, ye groves, ye hills, we come,

The vagrant fox shall hear his doom,  
And dread our jovial train;  
The shrill horn sounds, the courser flies,

While every sportsman joyful cries  
"There's Ringwood's voice again."

Ye meadows, hail the coming throng;  
Ye peaceful streams, that wind along  
Repeat the hark away:

Far o'er the downs, ye gales that sweep

The daring oak that crowns the steep,  
The roaring peal convey.

The chiming notes of chearful hounds,

Hark! how the hollow dale resounds!  
The sunny hills how gay!

But where's the note, brave dog, like thine?

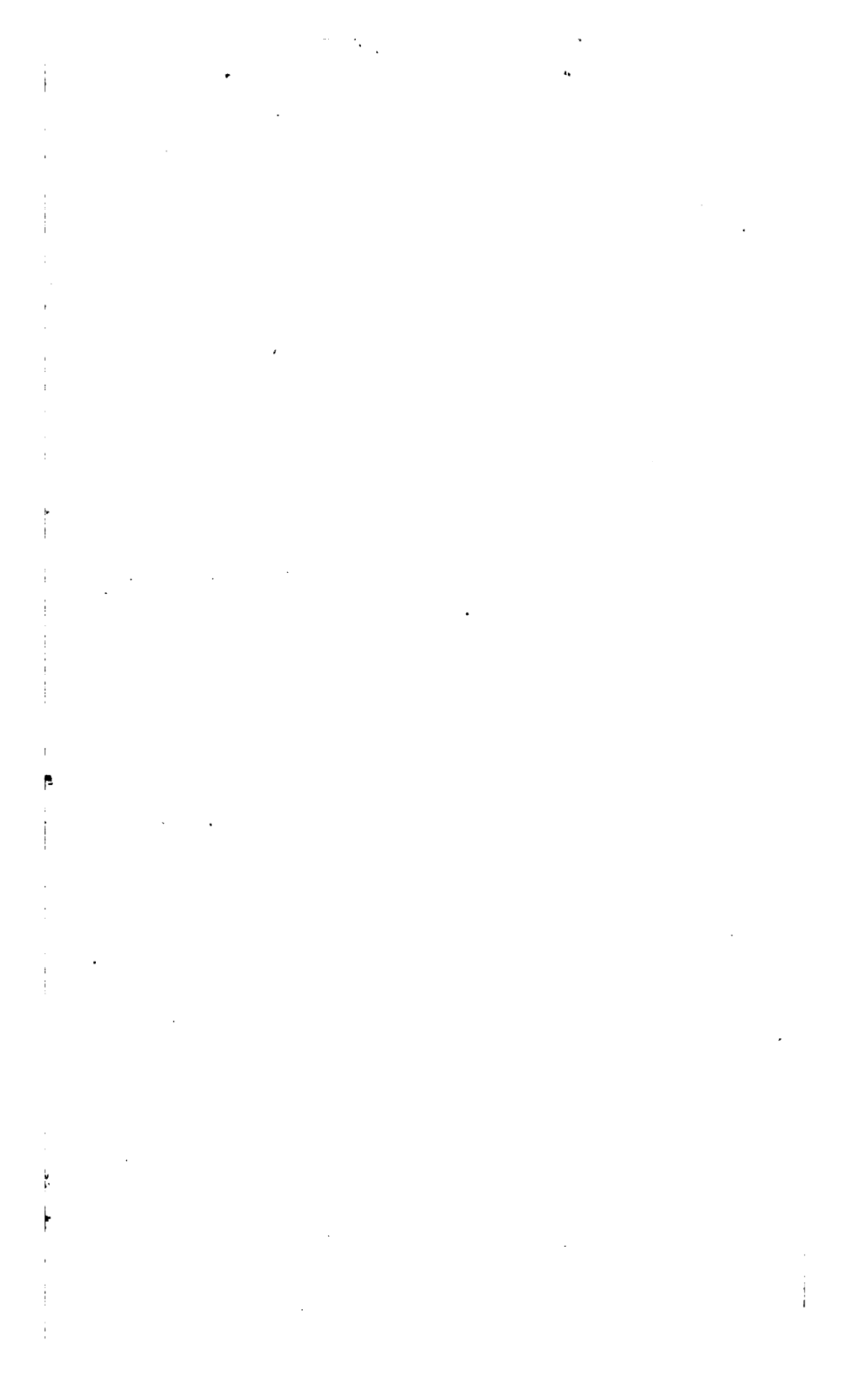
Then urge the steed, the chorus join,  
'Tis Ringwood leads the way.

### THE LOVER'S OATH.

TRANSLATED FROM KOSTROV, A  
MOORISH POET.

**T**HE rose is my favourite flower;  
On its tablets of crimson I swore,  
That up to my last living hour,  
I never would think of thee more.

I scarcely the record had made,  
Ere Zephyr, in frolicsome play,  
On his light, airy pinions conveyed  
Both tablet and promise away.





MR JOHN WHEBLE.

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# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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## Embellished with,

I. *Portrait of the late Mr. WHEBLE.*—II. *AMERICAN WOLVES, an Etching.*

### PORTRAIT OF THE LATE MR. WHEBLE.

*Engraved by Mr. FRY, after a drawing  
of J. JACKSON, Esq. R. A.*

SEVERAL ancient philosophers were of opinion that when any of their friends had been snatched off by the unsparing hand of death, the absence of their bodies reduced to dust or ashes, must of necessity have left each of them a *vacuum* in the ambient air, retaining, like an empty mould, all the *minutiae* of form, which constituted the identity of the departed being. This they called by various names—*phasma*—*umbra*—*larva*—*spectrum*; *simul acrum*; which they supposed to have frequented still

their accustomed and former haunts in this sublunary world. Thus, through lack of better means, they endeavoured to explain that gloomy sensation, that sense of regret which they experienced (as we do) in finding no longer among themselves those well-known individuals whom they were in the habit of meeting in their daily walks and transactions. This melancholy void we feel most severely when the cause of our grief is the loss of a man, whose gentle manners, frank address, and open countenance, accompanied by a strict honesty in his dealings, have entitled him to the sincere esteem and unfeigned regard of all those who knew him. For it is then, indeed, that we perceive

ceive a sad *vacuum* in the tenderest affections and dearest charities of our hearts. To this natural and amiable feeling we owe, from the earliest antiquity, the arts of sculpture and of portrait-painting, which were even in their rudest beginnings, and still continue to be, a sort of substitutes to preserve the features of our friends, and thus to compensate as much as possible, and yet in a very inadequate manner, the irreparable loss we have sustained.—Engraving, an offspring of these arts, and of modern invention, has added considerably to painting and statuary, by multiplying their works and converting individuality into incalculable numbers.

If we have ever deeply felt the privilege and advantage of the art of engraving, it is particularly at this moment, when it enables us to present our subscribers with an excellent likeness of our much regretted friend, Mr. WHEBLE, the founder, and, for a quarter of a century, the editor of the *Sporting Magazine*—with a short sketch of his life, in order to perpetuate his remembrance in the recollection of those who had the pleasure to know him, and to make him known to those with whom he had not the happiness of being personally acquainted.

Mr. Wheble, who often used to joke about his being too idle or not proud enough to search in musty records for a long line of ancestry, was born in the romantic and peaceful retreats of the Isle of Wight, in the year 1746. Gatecombe was his birth-place; and he had hardly reached his twelfth year, when he came to the Metropolis. He was apprenticed to his relative, Mr. Wilkie, the well-known bookseller and publisher in St. Paul's

Church-yard; he took a strong liking for the same line of business, and afterwards carried it on, on his own account, for the space of ten or twelve years. But steadiness and industry do not always secure the smiles of fortune, and the fickle goddess frowned upon him in spite of his skill and exertions. During the term of this business, however, he was the publisher of the "*Middlesex Journal*," a paper in considerable repute at that time; and from which originated his political connexion with the Opposition of those days, and particularly with Wilkes, Horne, and others; who, like the mighty surges of the sea, made a transient stir and a tumultuous noise, which are now almost entirely forgotten. This unlucky connexion brought Wheble into trouble, with no other advantage or reward but to have been accessory to, and to have had a considerable share in, the successful attempt to bring before the public a verbatim account of the debates in Parliament—a desideratum which had long been the object of many patriotic writers, and which we now enjoy as fully and adequately as any one can wish. The "*Middlesex Journal*" was the first vehicle used by the party. Horne published in it some satirical strictures on the speeches of certain Members in the House of Commons. The House took offence at this breach of privilege, and ordered the printer and publisher to appear at their bar. Mr. Wheble was directed by Horne not to obey; on his contumacy, the House addressed the King to issue a proclamation, with a reward for his apprehension. Wheble remained concealed for a short time; but, by a dexterous *tour d'main*, Wilkes, then an Alderman of the city of London, had him



him not only exculpated but even presented by the "Constitutional Society" with an acknowledgment of one hundred guineas. Thus ended this angry storm—in a small shower of gold.

From the above statement it might naturally be supposed that Wheble became and remained a disaffected individual—but no. He was at no time of his life a violent party man. There was a certain bent in his temper towards quietness, and he was blessed with a jocose propensity of mind which made him similar to that amiable character, of whom Horace says—

*Latus in pressis animus, quod ultra est  
Oclari curare, et amara lento  
Temper et risu* —

taking up a subject with considerable warmth, but soon dismissing it with a smile, if it proved of a bitter sort. About the year 1780, and during the military encampment in Hyde Park and on Warley Common, Mr. Wheble, being out of the bookselling business, held a situation in the Commissariat. In consequence of the return of peace, he quitted the service, and had once more recourse to his original destination as a publisher. A few years after this period, he commenced the *County Chronicle*, which has ever since succeeded so amply, and has obtained so many respectable subscribers "one hundred miles round London." He next, in conjunction with that highly respected individual, Mr. Harris, the bookseller at the corner of St. Paul's Church-yard, projected and laid down the plan of the *Sporting Magazine*, which after a while met with, and has preserved to this day, the extensive patronage of the public.

Mr. Wheble, however, was no sportsman, but, as a passive spectator, fond of sportive transactions.

His memory was well stored with anecdotes, and he used to relate them with that usual smile, which the benevolence of his heart, and the harmlessness of his mind, constantly kept upon his lips; a peculiar feature, faithfully expressed by the skilful designer, and equally able engraver of his portrait. A patriot without disguise—he was a lover of his King and country; and constantly evinced a strong predilection for the English Constitution in Church and State, on the principles of the revolution in 1688. He might be fairly pronounced a man thoroughly inclined to do his duty in that state of life in which it had pleased God to place him. He enjoyed the esteem, confidence, and veneration of his fellow citizens, to the last of his days; and was a Common Councilman for the ward of Farringdon-Within, for the space of many years.

Mr. Wheble's efforts, industry, and economy, were deservedly crowned with success; for they placed him, towards the decline of his life, in a state of comfortable independence, and enabled him to come occasionally to the assistance of some associates of former days, whom fortune had visited with the severity of her frowns. He was fond of society, and sometimes of keeping rather late hours in its enjoyments. With his watch in his hand, he seemed to chide the fleetness of time, which obliged him to retire—but he was alive to his business at all times. When the bustle of the day was fairly over, he used to repair quietly to his *ferme ornée* at Willsden Green, in Middlesex—a sweet place of retirement, where his friends were often treated with the hospitality of old times. Once a year he used to summon there the whole corps of his

acquaintance to a substantial dinner, which was followed by the exertions of the "light fantastic toe," on the green before the house, till the darkness of the night gave the signal to retire.

His last hours were in unison with the general character of his life, marked with forbearance and firmness. He died on the 22d of September, 1820, and was buried at Christ Church, in the city of London.

### OBSERVATIONS ON DOG-BREAKING.

*By WM. FLOYD, Gamekeeper to Sir John Sebright, Bart.—Price 2s. 6d.*

**A** Treatise under the above title has been published this month, in which the writer states, in plain and concise terms, the result of his experience on this interesting branch of sporting. We purpose extracting a few passages from it, and then to add some observations transmitted us by a correspondent, which appear to have been drawn forth by a perusal of the treatise in question.

"The first thing to be done with a young dog," observes the author, "is to allow him to hunt at liberty without any controul, until he is well confirmed in ranging; he will at first pursue larks, or any other birds, but in a short time he will take little notice of any thing but game. He must next be taught to lie down at command, and not to move until he is touched with the hand. For this purpose, a small cord, about twenty yards long, should be tied round the dog's neck, and the other end of it to a peg fixed firmly in the ground. When the dog is let go, particularly if he

be a little frightened, he will endeavour to run away, and will be stopped with a check when he gets to the end of the cord. He should instantly be dragged back, and made to lie down near the peg, by a check, but not touched or spoken to when he is down. He will get up as soon as you leave him, and will either creep after you, or attempt to escape, and be again stopped by the cord; in either case he must be dragged back as before, and made to lie down with a check. It is a bad way to stand near the dog when he is down, or to attempt to prevent him from rising; on the contrary walk away immediately and leave him to get up or not, as he pleases, always dragging him back, and making him lie down if he moves. After this has been repeated eight or ten times, he will lie still. You should then walk repeatedly round him, crack a whip at him, run at him, go some distance from him, and in short do every thing you can (without touching him), to induce him to get up; and if he moves but a single inch, drag him back as before. It will save much trouble and time to give this lesson so effectually, in the first instance, that nothing shall induce the dog when he is once down to move, and this may always be done in a quarter of an hour.

"Most dogs are a good deal frightened by this treatment, they should of course be checked with more or less severity according to their dispositions, but unless they are somewhat awed in the first lesson, they will never lie down well, and it is upon this that the success of this mode of breaking almost entirely depends."

The author proceeding on his system directs, that when the dog will drop at the word 'Down,'  
how-

however distant he may be from you, a cord of nine or ten feet long is to be used.

"He should now be taken to a place where there is no game, encouraged to range, and practised in dropping; he should above all be pulled back if he makes a single step after the word 'Down,' or attempts to get up before he is touched with the hand; this is a general rule never to be departed from."

We shall select a few more passages—

"A dog that drags a ten foot cord, (which will not impede his hunting), and that will lie down at command, is almost as much in your power as if you held the end of the line constantly in your hand, and inasmuch as this power is great, it should be used with discretion. It is easy to check dogs that are too resolute, but when over-awed they become difficult to manage, and very liable to blink. It is much better to correct a fault by slight punishments frequently repeated, than by too much severity at one time; the lesson will by this means be more strongly impressed on the memory of the dog, and by thus feeling your way, you will be less likely to spoil him."

"If a dog springs the birds, and then drops, but does not shew any disposition to point, you must pull him back five or six yards, and then make him lie down. If he still refuses to point, a case which will very rarely occur, you must watch for the moment when he first winds the birds, taking care not to be too far from him at the time, and running at him cry 'Down;' if he does not obey you, pull him back smartly, and make him lie down, this will soon produce its effect. It is by these means that I have taught terriers and spaniels to point, which

is very contrary to their natural inclination."

"A very absurd opinion prevails among sportsmen that by killing game to young dogs you will make them steady; it has in fact, a contrary effect, for when a dog sees birds fall in their flight, it of course encourages him to pursue them, but nothing will make them so steady as take birds to their point with a setting net, which may be easily done in the pairing season, when you may see them lying before the dog in the green corn. Having taken a bird, I tie it by the leg to the tail cord of the net, and let it flutter and run about before the dog."

"The common way of breaking pointers is to fatigue them by hard work, and to whip them when they spring or chase; well-bred dogs will generally point when subdued to a certain degree by this treatment, but many dogs would cease entirely to hunt partridges, indeed it is by these very means that hounds are made steady from feather. Dogs may be daunted by the use of the whip, but it cannot explain to them (if I may be allowed the expression) what it is they are expected to do."

"All dogs are made shy by the use of the whip, some sneak away, and are not easily caught when they have committed a fault, and others who will not bear the slightest correction, cannot possibly be managed by these means. But all dogs may be broken by the cord, it will never fail to daunt the most resolute, and may be so gently used as not to over-awe the most timid."

"I never," says the author in conclusion, "use the whip on any occasion whatever, and I have taught many dogs to bring, to go into the water, and to do tricks with cards

cards such as the showmen exhibit, by the use of the cord only. Persons unaccustomed to break dogs, expect them to make a visible progress from day to day, but animals can only be taught by a frequent repetition of the same lesson—that which is soon learnt is soon forgotten, and it is only by time and patience that an animal can be confirmed in the habits which you wish him to retain.”

The following is the communication to which we referred at the commencement:—

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

“SIR,—An Old Sportsman begs leave to dissent from the *extreme nicety* with which it is at present the *rage* to have pointers broke. He possessed both valuable pointers and setters; and of the latter had six brace, which were hunted together, and were completely steady, an undertaking which many of his sporting friends pronounced impossible to be attained, from their courage; and the difficulty of bringing that courage under subjection, when it was thus, from numbers, called into emulation; and yet these were all trained in the then usual way, during the pairing season; and by having plenty of birds killed to them when the shooting season commenced; and were the admiration of all who saw their behaviour in the field. Well-bred pointers or setters can and will be taught to do their business properly, without the *minutiae* in breaking, now deemed essential. To induce terriers or spaniels to point game, the cord, and the walk round them, when checked by it, may be effectual to restrain their natural propensity to spring the birds; but with respect to the former class of dogs, al-

though a few shots may be lost in a day's shooting, still that lively ardour which they retain, under the old mode of instruction, is, by the new method, destroyed, and the sportsman has at his heels a group of tame-spirited animals, that are so fearful of doing wrong, that they prefer doing nothing.

“As an instance of the utility of high-broke dogs, I mention the following, which occurred to the late Mr. Tyssen, of Felix Hall, Essex: he had two brace of pointers, remarkably handsome, and I was to be shewn their great steadiness and excellence. We rode, and it was fortunate we did so, for when the dogs pointed (which was very often), and we dismounted from our nags, four times out of five, we had our walk up to them to witness the rising of a lark. These were dogs broke to drop at a word, and certainly were as perfect backers as could be wished for, and most likely had been so curbed by the check string, that their conduct warranted a strong presumption, that the haunt or presence of game was with them a secondary consideration; and that the overcaution of these dogs occasioned their unlucky stoppages, whenever they came across the least particle of scent. However, from the exhibition of this day, I believe to that of his death, my friend became and remained a convert to the opinion, that a *system of terror* is not the best calculated for calling forth the exertions of either man or beast; and the dogs were accordingly ordered to be sent to another tutor to get rid of the timidity they had imbibed, and if possible to encourage them to resume the exercise of their natural faculties and boldness.

“Pointers given to chase, after  
a bird

a bird falls from the gun, ought to feel the lash, and if that, smartly and frequently applied, will not effect a cure, instead of a cord tied to a peg in the ground, let one end be fastened to the arm of a tree, and the incorrigible offender suspended at the other. The animal and his owner will be both benefited by the catastrophe.—I remain, Sir, your friend and servant, and

ONE WHO HAS SHOT  
A LITTLE."



TURKMAINATTI.

WE take the earliest opportunity of presenting to our readers, a portrait of the celebrated stallion *TURKMAINATTI*, from an original drawing in a German Stud Calendar, with which we were accommodated for that purpose, by a friend of Count Veltheim. Our sporting readers, who have perused in our pages the Count's excellent and practical work, are well aware of the high interest taken on the Continent in the breeding and improvement of the horse, and will recollect the far-famed *Turkmainatti*, who was in such high and universal estimation, as to be styled the *Godolphin Ara-*

*bias* of Germany. Vast difference will doubtless be perceived by the critical eye of the British sportsman, between the portraits of the two horses; and perhaps from the form of the German favourite, we of this country may be more inclined to suppose him a Turkish, than an Arabian horse. The two countries, however, breed for different purposes, as is explained in Count Veltheim's work, transcribed into our pages, and never was there a more successful stallion than *Turkmainatti*. The demand for English stallions and brood mares for the Continent, still continues, evincing the eager and constant desire of improvement which still subsists; as a late proof, Prince Esterhazy has purchased the celebrated *Smolensko* and his full brother, from the stud of the late Sir Charles Bunbury, price of the former, thirteen hundred guineas.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

#### NOCTES ATTICÆ.—No. VI.

(Continued from p. 117. No. 39.)

AS I was walking this afternoon on Newington Causeway, I found, near the turnpike, a poor man exhibiting for the expected, but not solicited, spontaneous contribution of a half-penny from the passengers, a cage about three feet by two in width, and two feet in height, containing a young owl, two cats, a goldfinch, and a linnet, a guinea-pig, and about a dozen of mice of all colours, in friendly and peaceful company together—the mice and birds very busy about their respective stores of food—the bird of wisdom looking stupidly at the visitors—and the two cats at each other, as if unconscious of the presence of the natural

natural object of their usual sports. Now, Mr. Editor, how is this to be accounted for? Is it because they are all prisoners, and that the want of liberty has degraded their natures? But do we not hear of felons within the walls of Newgate, and other gaols, robbing their fellow-prisoners? and has the loss of freedom a greater influence upon brutal instinct, than upon the divine emanation which we proudly style reason? If so, we are to be pitied; and the brute has, for once, at least, the advantage over the "lord of the creation." I remarked at the time, with a great degree of attention, that the biggest of the inmates in this sort of incarceration, looked much less lively than their smaller fellow-prisoners, as if the *stupor* were in direct ratio with the bulk of the individuals suffering under its influence. I have either read somewhere, or been told by somebody, that if, by chance, a lamb should drop in a pit where a wolf had fallen before him, the latter will not touch his companion in misfortune: if this assertion, which I received as probable, but cannot vouch for, is true, it becomes a confirmation of my surmise, that this friendly fellowship, among animals naturally inimical to each other, does not arise from any trick of, or perseverance in education, but only because imprisonment, or, in other words, the loss of liberty, the possible recovery of which employs the whole of their thoughts, is supported by that powerful persuasion to quietness which originates from over feeding, before the time of exhibition. This, I am confident,

is the whole mystery—so that the wonderful dwindles into a most simple result of natural feelings in those animals. A plenty of people gaze at this exhibition, with astonishment, but I am afraid, after all, that what they admire cost many sighs to the miserable objects of their attention.

(To be continued.)

### RACING QUALITIES OF ARAB HORSES.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,  
WE observe in your *Sporting Magazine* for May last, p. 62, under the head of "BENGAL TURF," a very erroneous idea regarding the racing qualities of our Arab horses. It has been found by experience that our very best Arabs have no chance whatever against the veriest weeds of your English racers. Egremont, (bought at Ladbroke's sale), by Gohanna, one of the worst English horses we have had on this turf, could have given a stone to Nimrod, our best Arab—they were both in one stable, and their relative qualifications therefore known. Your readers will not want any further refutation, when you give them, in your *Sporting Magazine*, the enclosed result of our last year's meeting.\* We can go further, however, and say, that notwithstanding the ill effects of this climate on breeding, no Arab can go the length of a post with the produce of English horses out of our Arab mares.

If these remarks are favoured with notice, you will hear further from  
A BENGALLER.

Calcutta, Nov. 1830.

\* The chief part of the races transmitted by our correspondent, appeared in our last volume, at pages 45, 46, and 61, *Rac. Cal.*

SPORT

## SPORTING WITH LIFE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THERE has long been a prejudice existing against us, that the crime of suicide is more prevalent in Britain, than in any other country. This opinion (whatever might have been its reasonableness heretofore) seems now not to be borne out by facts. Speaking on this subject, the author of that pleasant poem, "ROUGE ET NOIR," just published, says, (p. 40):—

"Here let us blot a falsehood! Why should France

Impeach our name in dull malignity,  
And toil to fix a stain from which, perchance,  
Her harden'd, heartless self is far less free?  
No land on earth could give the shrinking glance

*So deep a catalogue of blood as she!*  
O, 't is not wise to show this jealous hate,  
Yet leave such weapons to retaliate.

"We pass those days when Terror held the rein—

When earth out-went the worst we hear of hell:

From crowds we cull the solitary stain  
Wherewith they blot us—let that DEAD-  
HOUSE\* tell

How many plunge each night beneath the Seine—

For it can answer eloquently well!  
And I've been there—seen sights I would forget;

But never, never found it empty yet."

Speaking of this poem, Mr. Editor, as it is within your province, I mean as it relates to sporting, and as you gave us last month an extract from the fifth canto (which induced me to look into it), I would say that it is well worth perusing: the author, after the *Beppo* of Lord Byron, has been rather successful in the style he has chosen, and deserves much commendation for setting forth so faithfully the odious, though too prevalent crime of gambling. The work would be a good

companion to *young swells* going to Paris, and (if they would but read) might put them on their guard against the tricks likely to be played on them. Upon second thought, however, I fear the lesson will be lost on most, especially on those who are *marked down* by the author thus:—

"But *Stultz* sometimes exports a Dandy over—

Or, in more modern phrase, an *exquisite*,  
(Being delicate, they always cross by Dover),

To show us exiles *how a coat should fit.*"

These *things* are not likely to learn much, Mr. Editor.—I am, yours,

PENAW.

P. S. In the first note to *Rouge et Noir* is related the following instance of French inhumanity:—

"The frogs are brought to market alive, and there prepared for the *cuisinier*, by extracting the hind quarters (which is the only part used) with a dexterous twitch. This shocking operation seldom proves immediately fatal, owing as much, perhaps, to the *adresse* with which the amputation is effected, as to the reptile's natural tenacity of life; for they may be seen dragging themselves about the panniers in which they had been brought from the country; with the utmost seeming composure, for whole hours, after having thus been divorced from their *better half*." Your humane correspondent, "*Vox HUMANITATIS*," will join me in the hope that the author does not think lightly of this cruel practice.

There is another note in this poem, on the fatal passion for gambling, worthy of accompanying the above. "Almost every one," says the intelligent author, "has got a fa-

\* "*The Morgue*," where those who die by accident or self-murder are carried—a small building in Paris, near the Hotel Dieu and the river.

favorite 'system' of losing his money at this fascinating game: either the result of his own cleverness, after having experienced the fallacy of fifty others equally ingenious, or communicated as an important secret by some particular friend, who has, perhaps, just lost his last franc in pursuing it himself. It is scarcely possible to conceive the depth of folly and infatuation to which *this system of building systems* is calculated to reduce a rational being. The mania of play is one to which experience itself, however dearly purchased, can bring no remedy; for, unlike every other species of excitement, the most copious *bleeding* often fails to reduce it. I have known subjects, in whom the *circulation* had become quite exhausted, spend whole months in looking on; imagining, by a close observation of the progress of the game, that they might ultimately hit upon a plan of play which must succeed; invariably adapting those plans to some peculiar run of the cards, without recollecting that, in a period of perhaps ten years, they may not meet with an instance of two deals taking an exactly similar course. Many of those dreamers are as eager in the pursuit of their visionary object as if they were staking thousands; and appear, like some of our round-paunched inculcators of temperance, humility, and charity, just as much interested in the theory of the thing as they could possibly have been in its practice. Nothing is more common than, where persons have an inveterate *penchant* for any particular vice, to palliate its indulgence, at least to themselves, by encouraging a latent impression that the misfortune to which it may lead is their *destiny*. An elderly gentleman, who some time since retired

to Paris, after having lost a large fortune in the course of several years' deep play at the London clubs, seemed quite to acquiesce in this idea; although a man of high literary attainment and exquisite taste. But, by way of playing a *ruse*, as it were, upon Fate herself, so often as the pittance which had survived the general wreck of his affairs came to hand, in the shape of a quarterly remittance, he regularly handed over just so much of it to a faithful and only servant, who had been with him since his meridian, as sufficed to settle the rent of a wretched apartment in a more wretched lane, and to keep body and soul together until the return of the next pay-day. With the surplus, much the larger part, he repaired directly to the gaming table, where he lived night and day, till his last five-franc piece cast a gleam of reproach in his eyes from its perilous birth on the yellow-lined card cloth. His losses, however, seldom seemed to trouble him; for, like many about him, the moment his purse became void, he recommenced his calculations, systems, and theories; and, with an invention almost as prolific as that of a lottery contractor, had a new *scheme* for every quarter; differing, however, in one essential, from those *grand ones* which tempt both rich and poor with their black and red-ink promises from almost every gate, dead wall, or park paling, between the Lizard Point and John O'Groats, because *his* only swindled himself, whilst those do as much for the public."

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#### ON THE VARIOUS BREEDS OF HORSES.

BY COUNT VON VELTHEIM.

(Continued from page 16, No. 43. N. S.)

"IT is an undeniable matter of fact, that the best Saxon, Austrian,



Austrian, and French Merino wools, are now superior to the best Spanish, from Leon. The London Price Current for the years 1818 and 1819 states, for instance, that the best Saxon, Austrian, and French wools (the two last not in the same degree) are twenty per cent. dearer than the best Spanish from Leon.

"The Merinos brought to Saxony from Spain, in the year 1816, the descendants from the transports of 1770, still preserved in the Royal Spanish depot, are by no means equal to the present Saxon Merinos.

"The report that the sheep in Spain had been neglected during the late war, I cannot confirm, nor their consequent degeneracy, as then the same effects would have been visible in Saxony, where the war has raged in an equal degree.

"In opposition to all this, Professor Schwab still asserts, that the degeneracy of the Merinos has not only taken place already, but he predicts their complete and immediate destruction, unless new flocks are supplied from Spain. Happily this apprehension, which twenty-five years past, would possibly have spread terror and apathy among the possessors of Merino sheep, and would have tended to diminish their numbers, will now no longer produce that effect. At least I can aver that, for thirty-five years past, I have preserved a considerable number of these sheep upon my grounds, without refreshing them with others from Spain; and I am not under the least apprehension of their deterioration, as the increased price of their wool and their appearance altogether, are convincing proofs that; so far from

having degenerated, they are manifestly improved.

"Indeed Professor Schwab expressly protests against any comparisons drawn between Merino sheep and horses, as to the effects of a change of climate, so as to produce any degeneracy; he says, in reference to the Oriental horses, 'It is necessary to preserve them in the complete possession of all their properties; but it is otherwise with the sheep, of which we require nothing but the wool; and though here and there, some people have had the unexpected good luck to preserve their sheep, yet as to the properties of the animal, generally considered, these have never excited particular enquiry or attention.'

"Concerning the horse, I must now refer to what I have before asserted relative to the English racers; but as to the sheep, on the part of Professor Schwab, it will be very hard to point out the properties in these animals which have undergone such a manifest alteration. I grant that as their wool has been the principal motive with us for having them brought from Spain, we have looked to this object in preference to every other, and of course to the preservation of the animal most of all. Some alterations upon the whole there certainly have been, but they were such as we wished for, and endeavoured to promote. Any other deviations in the organization of these sheep have been matters of indifference, and have therefore perhaps passed unobserved; this, however, is the business of the Professor to examine into—still I may be admitted to draw this conclusion by analogy, viz. that if our interest had been concerned in any other property of the sheep, be-

sides the production of its wool, we should have been equally as successful in the one case as the other.

"From the horned cattle also, we have made a number of experiments upon a very extensive scale, which have proved that strange breeds, quite foreign to the natives, when preserved unmixed and supplied with good nourishment, have entirely, or in a great measure, preserved their original character. I have, for instance, in my own possession, Swiss cows from the canton of Friburg, which in their third generation, still possess the complete original likeness. In fact, my uncle, Count Lindenau, Prussian Lieutenant-General, has had horned cattle brought from the canton of Schyws, first to Saxony, and afterwards into the Marche of Brandenburg. From these some specimens were sent to Mr. Crooke, an English gentleman farmer and horse-breeder; and the famous agricultural writer, Arthur Young, remarks, that he, at least twenty years after, saw these cows in England, still retaining all their original and essential characters. I have also four head of them, which certainly cannot be distinguished from any of the Swiss cattle. But these are carefully preserved unmixed, and fed in their stalls, and, like the English full-bred foals, constantly kept in sound dry meadows, and fed with hay. But if any person should attempt to put pure Arabians in a morass or marshy ground in Holland, and suffer them to be exposed day and night to the moist and cold air, without supplying them with dry corn, in such a case a degeneracy would inevitably follow, which notwithstanding, by a rea-

sonable attention to circumstances, might have been very easily avoided.

"The more consideration we bestow upon this object, the more proofs obtrude themselves in favour of our hypothesis, namely, that besides climate and soil, there must be a certain something that operates upon the constitutions of various animals, as well as upon that of men; though hitherto we have not been in a condition to offer any theory, *a priori*, as a competent explanation of this something. Still, confining ourselves principally to the horse, we know from credible and corresponding information that, even in Arabia and in the same climate and soil, three various breeds of the horse, essentially different from each other, are produced—(see Mr. J. Lawrence's "History of the Race-horse:") for instance, Kachlani, or the noble. The families of horses that belong to this class, are in Niebuhr, and are completely described in G. R. Rzewsky's Notices.—2dly, Kadishi, or half noble, being bred out of the first and third kind.—3d. Hatike, or the ignoble. The accuracy of these statements I have found confirmed from the circumstance that in Egypt there are undoubtedly two races essentially different from each other.—In Bonaparte's stables, and in those of several of the French Marshals, and afterwards of the English officers, particularly those of the Duke of Brunswick's hussars in the English service, I have had an opportunity of having a great number of Egyptian horses pointed out; among these, especially the first mentioned, several were hard to be distinguished from the noblest Arabians, and many also among them were quite unlike

unlike each other, with *court de roins*, or hair, &c. about the fetlocks. These, if their Oriental descent had not been well authenticated, no one would have believed to have been of real Oriental descent. How then are we to account for this remarkable difference between them, if only climate and soil is concerned in forming the character of the race?

"But why do the same distinctions appear among the human race? First, the Jews, who have been removed from Asia into Europe more than fifteen hundred years, are in the make and expression of their countenances not yet become so much like Europeans, as to prevent us from distinguishing their Asiatic descent.

"Why are the Arabians or Moors, who have been removed into the interior of Africa more than a thousand years, distinguished from the negroes, by their long smooth hair, their features, and the colour of their skin?—These distinctions continue inflexible, notwithstanding these Moors and negroes have been so long together; and though in a few instances the skin of some of the former has been somewhat darker, this is very natural, from their not unfrequent connection with the female negroes.

"Thirdly, why have the posterity of the European settlers in America, in the course of three hundred years, not acquired the red copper colour and the features of the original inhabitants? These examples are, I presume, sufficient for the consideration of the unprejudiced.

"But now, supposing the case that the foreign breed is only introduced by halves, merely the

male individuals, and afterwards paired with the indigenous females; this, according to my view, is essentially a different thing. For here, in addition to the effects of the climate, is the influence of the native mother, who not only adds her part to the first matter of bastard formation, but nourishes the animal before and after the birth. And hence we derive the conviction, both from theory and practice, that no human care and prevention are sufficiently powerful to prevent an alteration or deviation in the native animals, not only in their condition, but also in the various degrees of swiftness and perfection which, sooner or later, will be sure to appear.

"Here I perfectly agree with Professor Schwab, that such mixtures never support themselves long, and this is the main reason why all attempts to improve the race of horses in France, Germany, and other countries, have so long proved fruitless, since it is customary only to form half-breeds, through the connection between the foreign stallions with the native mares, and which, by very natural degrees, approach nearer and nearer to those of the country, till at last they are quite lost in them.

"In most studs also, where Oriental or noble mares have been here and there introduced, people have been much wanting in perseverance to prevent the posterity of these excellent mares from mixing with the horses of the country, or the northern breed; and on this account the noble breeds have again disappeared. Other events, especially war, have prevented us from equalling the English in their breed, and who, of course, have followed a system exactly the reverse

verse of ours, and they have been much less disturbed by external causes.

"But even when the half-bred produce of a noble foreign horse with a native mare is again paired with another noble stallion, even if this be continued through several generations, still the blood of the first native mother will remain unextinguishable, and sooner or later introduce a degeneracy in the properties of the foreign race.

"But that the influence of climate upon these bastard breeds is not so speedy and decisive as Professor Schwab imagines, or that the degeneracy cannot be protracted by human care, is proved from what has taken place among various mixtures of sheep and horned cattle, also particularly in the Prince of Lippe Detmold's establishment of a *Senaar stud* of horses. This, according to the account given of it by Prizelius, is upwards of four hundred years standing; and though the earliest part of the history is naturally defective, still it is highly probable this was first supplied from Oriental stallions with good country mares.

"This stud, in the course of its long duration, has not experienced a mode of management quite uniform; and when it is admitted that this stud has been several times refreshed with Oriental stallions, still many intervals in which they have been wanting have occurred; neither could it be expected that these foreign stallions were always of noble and unmixed Oriental descent.

"However, among the horses brought up in this stud, it appears, from the description of them in recent and former times, that there has always been a considerable

part of the noble Oriental strongly mixed up with the Northern. Having had for nine years past an opportunity of seeing these horses, I observed a fine *goldfuchs* (chestnut) stallion, named *Resolu*, which, as I heard, was not very nearly descended from a foreign stallion, and yet in his form, his hair, his paces, and his condition altogether, shewed such a degree of noble extraction, as is not often found under more favourable circumstances. Besides, in the country of Anhalt, the *metis* (mixed) flocks, and those of the Merinos, are very hard to distinguish, not only in respect to their wool, but in other particulars. During more than thirty years past, these sheep have been in a high degree of perfection. There are also farms in these countries, where Swiss or Dutch bastard cattle have been preserved in the same manner, for a considerable period.

"These examples prove, that even among mixed breeds, a rational selection of the best individuals for continuing the breed, with proper food and protection from rain and cold weather, will add much to the preservation of the noble foreign blood, notwithstanding the influence of the climate.

"To what has been stated, permit me to add the probable results of the application of Professor Schwab's system. In the first place, for the establishment of a stud, none but horses, as much as possible of an unmixed breed, should be chosen; they may be good or indifferent, as the strangers will not only deviate again, but at the same time, contend against and throw out all the strange constituent parts. By this conflict of nature, according to Professor Schwab's system, the fruitfulness is restrained,

ed, though the produce in the end will be just the same; yet in order to draw more foals, it is better to choose horses which, if they have no strange blood in them, will be above this difficult contention of nature.

"Indeed, says Professor Schwab (see page 17 of his "Equestrian Pocket-book"), when a climate produces horses unfit for our purpose, it must be compelled by a foreign force to produce that to which it is naturally averse. Further, he says, the horses that do not possess the qualities absolutely requisite for racers, are not to be despised; on the contrary, they often have advantages, which we should seek for in vain amongst ours.

"I must, however, acknowledge that I do not know how to reconcile these two things with the Professor's system, though in other respects I cannot withhold my hearty approbation of it. It rather appears to me, that in the connection he aims at there is no point of union; for if it be the climate alone that forms the race, how shall we, in any possible way, commence in our compulsion of it to produce another race.

"Besides, if the horses that have been the object of human care, have many prevailing attractions for us, why should we take a wild race for a pattern, as the Professor would persuade us to do, which would be much less beneficial, but upon which his system seems to rest its principal foundation?

"That the wild horse is the best, is the grand basis of the Professor's system; consequently the uncultivated horse being the nearest to the original, we should always prefer the horse that is quite wild.

"But to bring these studs as

near as possible to nature, it seems that the stallions and brood mares should run together winter and summer, in order to produce the most gratifying consequences.—

Hence we are referred to various studs of this kind in different parts of Russia, Poland, and Hungary. Count Bennigsen, however, utters great complaints on this subject, especially relative to Little Russia, where this system is the most closely followed. One of the Tenneker pocket books on the subject of horse breeding, which I have not at hand, contains the description of one of these private wild studs in Hungary, the young brood of which must be very much like the wild horses at Bachmuth, as described in Count Bennigsen's work; but when a change of possession occasioned them to be offered at a public sale, they were obliged to be almost given away. Certainly, if Charles the Second of England and the landholders of his time had adopted this wild and irregular manner of breeding, that country never would have had to boast of such an excellent race of horses, so conveniently adapted to all the various wants of its inhabitants; it must also have renounced much emolument both of pleasure and profit, the latter in the great sums, which, during a hundred years past, have been and still continue to be received for horses. All these would have been lost to England, if she had followed a system, easy and economical enough, but at the same time, both tedious and unproductive. Its principal maxim then would have been, to remain quite passive and not spoil nature's handy work. I think, however, that we shall do better in adopting the English system of horse breeding, now it has had

had so long a trial, than in following a theory apparently philosophical, but which, unfortunately, as nature cannot be brought to sanction that which is apparently right to the multitude, has therefore never been reduced to practice, not even by Professor Schwab, nor will be, unless we live to obtain possession of the most perfect resemblance of the wild horse from the deserts of Cobi, with the proper marks or indications of its superior utility and beauty even to the Arabian or Nubian horse. But I have already forgotten, that even this would not essentially help us, as, according to Professor Schwab's system, in the third generation at least, our best breeds of horses would all be changed again into that of the country into which they had been transplanted.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

#### A SPORTING ACCIDENT TENDING TO SOME POINT.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

**B**EING on a visit lately to the North, and finding that an old college friend possessed a living not far from the house of the friend I was visiting, one very fine day tempted me, though somewhat plagued with the gout, to look in at the vicarage-house of ——. I had another inducement to urge me on to the journey, a fine young damsel, (and who can lose the charms of their witchery?) offered to drive me to my destination: that was enough—my gout was forgotten—and, at least, the memory of forty years ago was with me.—Strange, Mr. Editor, but (as is the case with our love of sporting) *once in love, and always so*; and though I may be laughed at for my

dotage fondness, I am as much in love with a fresh May-morning looking girl, as I am with the first day of shooting.

We went gaily on the road, a most delightful one. I am not a poet, or that fine country would certainly have given me visions that way. I don't at all wonder that *Wordsworth* deifies all nature about him, for hill and dale and wood and waterfall are so scattered around, that it is indeed an inspiring country. Well, we jogged on at an easy rate, taking the most of our time in chatting. We came to our destination, and I found my friend in good health and spirits, and more, in possession of a snug living worth 800*l.* a-year. My damsel being safely housed with the wife and daughters of my friend, after we had taken a good dinner, at which, from our ride, we played a famous part, the parson and myself were left alone over our wine. We naturally turned to older days, ran over our Oxford scenes again, and sported as we were wont to do between the times of college exercises, to which, by the bye, we did not much attend, or at least, not to much purpose. I had not seen my clergyman for some time, some twenty years perhaps: the conversation pausing awhile, I did what is usual to fill up a moment—turned over a book or two, not for the purpose of reading, but just to give the muscles time to compose. I found my friend's library not very *divine*, but he had enough of sporting matter about him; your *Magazine* lay on the table, and he evinced so great a love of sporting, that I expressed my surprise at it, remembering that though when young he loved a hunt, he was not a passionate sportsman. "I have every reason in the world," says he, "for being

being fond of sporting, I owe my fortune to it." This surprised me, as among my friends I know more who have lost than gained fortunes by that means. I called for an explanation, and he complied as follows:—

"When at Oxford, you know I was poor, and 'B.A.' found me almost without a shilling. I got ordained, as my only hope, and procured from the 'Doctor\*,' by means of a good supper and good wine, a letter of introduction to a friend of his of some weight. I took a cure in the vicinage of my new patron, and laid out my plan of future fortune, studying for this point, not books but men. I learnt the taste of the neighbouring gentry, and applied myself to the best means of hitting it. When a man studies to make 'a hit,' he not unfrequently fails—and thus wish me—for two years, though I attended all hunts, and said grace at sporting dinners, nothing turned up, save only a few introductions, which gave me an occasional dinner. But chance at length threw me in the way of fortune. The lady of my 'Patron' was fond of the chase, and rode fearlessly; of this she was proud—it was her vulnerable point, for I never knew a woman before so hard to be got at in the way of flattery. It happened one day that she was thrown after riding a sharp burst, and I, thank my horse and my stars (a horse, by the bye, I had borrowed for the day), was the only living soul near her at the time. In falling, her habit got entangled so unfortunately, that she exposed herself rather oddly—and . . . suffice it, that I rendered her all

the assistance in my power—she remounted, as if nothing had happened. I said that it was a trifling circumstance, but one not to be mentioned, for fear of alarming her husband for her safety in future. She understood me—I was still as night, and she became my friend. To be brief, I owe my living to her being unhorsed."

He ended with drinking "Success to fox-hunting;" and I left him with a promise to think of the grouse shooting season, and the vicarage-house of ———. I am, Mr. Editor, yours,  
Pshaw.

May 20, 1821.

#### ON RACING TERMINOLOGY.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.  
SIR,

IN the account of the Surrey Hunters' Meeting, at Epsom, early in the present month, there appears to be a breach in the established costume of sporting language, an innovation without improvement: such a course, if persisted in, will lead us into all kinds of dandical fancies. The established phrase upon the turf is horse, mare, or gelding, the precise meaning of which terms no one can mistake. This renders the novelty 'entire horse,' tautological; which novelty, farther and moreover, is too much in the finical and *Master Jackey* style, thence not very suitable to the course. Entire asses press instantly on the recollection. In the mean time, the cockneyism 'entire horse,' may do well enough to grace a Repository bill of fare, or to be gracefully bandied backward and forward, from the lips of Master Tom-

\* \* The Doctor was well-known at the University. He loved every thing orthodox—*orthodox wine*, and *orthodox dinners*. He was assailable by these means alone, and it appeared gave my friend a 'letter of introduction' as a return for a feasting.

my and Master Billy, in their diurnal or hebdomadal canter along Park-lane, but assuredly it is an entire expletive on the course.

A TURF GRAMMARIAN.

### ANSWERS TO CERTAIN SPORTING QUESTIONS OF LAST MONTH.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

I Here transmit you, in regular catechistical form, answers to the questions of your intelligent and ingenious correspondent, "DI VERNON," without the least doubt of being, in consequence, honoured with the thankful acknowledgments of both yourself and him; and having, besides, the honour of remaining of you both, the obedient humble servant,

A COMMON COUNSELLOR.

Question 1st—Where the best old English heavy-tongued hounds are to be procured?

Answer—In those kennels where it is still the landable custom to breed such.

Quest. 2d—Who are the best painters of sporting subjects?

Ans.—Those who copy nature with the greatest accuracy, whose execution is the most forcible, taste most exquisite, and colours most lasting.

Quest. 3d—Where are the best sporting pictures and prints to be got?

Ans.—In the shops of dealers and the houses of collectors.

Quest. 4th—Who are the best writers on sporting, &c.?

Ans.—Those who conjoin theory and practice, and who have the easiest and best method of making themselves understood.

Quest. 5th—Which are the best books on sporting?

Ans.—Those, all Change-alley to a China orange, which have been written by the best writers.

Quest. 6th—Where are the places to get the different species of dogs from?

Ans.—In those places where they are bred, each species in its proper specific place.

Quest. 7th—Where are the best places to get the finest horses?

Ans.—Arabia and England.

Quest. 8th—Which is the best place to get bows and arrows and cross-bows?

Ans.—That in which the use of them is most frequent.

Quest. 9th—Where are the smallest hounds to be had?

Ans.—Where they hunt the glove-beagle.

Quest. 10th—Who are the best makers of guns in town, and their prices?

Ans.—They who make the best guns—their prices, as much as they can obtain.

Question 11th—Are there any hawks kept now in England for hawking, and where are they to be had?

Ans.—Yes, as usual in every county in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, only with this difference, that they formerly were kept, but they now keep themselves, still they keep themselves for hawking. They are to be had wherever they can be caught, and no enquiries made.

Quest. 12th—Of the two, which is the greatest —, the querist or the respondent?

Ans.—This *ad referendum*.

*Post Scriptum.* With respect to the rational request of a "SUBSCRIBER," it would certainly be an accommodation to the readers of the



the Magazine, if every proprietor of a pack of hounds would cause an account of his pack, when and where they hunt in the season, and all necessary particulars, to be sent for publication; and if other sportsmen would contribute, in order to make up for deficiencies.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

As you have requested answers to the queries of "DI VERNON," inserted in your last number, I have to observe in respect to the first, that I am fearful "Old English heavy-tongued hounds" will be difficult to be met with. The best pictures by living artists that have fallen under my observation are those by C. Towne. And I have further to remark, that after having read most (if not all) the books published on the subject of field sports, I have little hesitation in asserting, that the 'Shooter's Companion,' a little work which not long since made its appearance, and of which honourable mention has already been made in your columns, is decidedly superior to any other as far as relates to shooting. On the subject of hunting, Beckford stands pre-eminent.—Colonel Thornton, as well as several others, I rather think, still keep hawks.  
—Yours, &c. A SPORTSMAN,  
Nottingham, May 8, 1821.

#### HUNTING THE WILD OX.

*From Notes on Rio de Janeiro, and the Southern parts of Brazil, &c. &c. By JOHN LUSCOCK. London, 1820.*

AFTER a ride of three or four miles, on a large open plain, we found about four hundred head of cattle, rode gently round to bring them into a more compact body, and made the animal which was to be chased distinctly known

to every individual of the party. Our settled object was to drive him to the house; and to render the sport as complete as possible, the *lasso* or noose was not to be used; until there was a probability that he would otherwise escape. Some of the people then dashed into the midst of the herd, attentively observing the selected animal. One half of the oxen were thus at once driven from the spot, and others which chose to do so, were permitted to follow; but wherever the victim turned, a horseman met him and stopped his career. The work was easy till the remaining group was reduced to about twenty, which then made violent attempts to join their comrades, and fiercely attacked the huntsmen who intercepted them. In a short time, four of them being hardly pressed, plunged into some watery ground about two miles from the house, and among them was the object of the chase. When driven from the water, this small number were more harrassed than before, and perceiving their danger, exerted themselves with redoubled violence. Sometimes we were obliged to ride hard, and great coolness and address were necessary to prevent their escape behind us into a wood. In this last respect, our efforts were in vain; they gained this refuge, and we could no longer act in concert. The wood was full of thick bushes of myrtle, and many trees spread their arms horizontally seven or eight feet from the ground. It was matter of high gratification, as well as wonder, to observe how our huntsmen rounded the bushes and bent under the branches, so as sometimes to hang on the sides of their horses. Though unable to follow, I soon encountered our chief, who had made an unsuccessful cast with

his *lasso*, and was disentangling it from the branch of a tree. I shall never forget the ardour and rapidity with which he afterwards darted and wheeled among the trees, nor lose the conviction fixed upon my mind, what execution such men so trained must be capable of in a country like this. My musings were soon interrupted by my reaching the beach, and seeing at a distance our young hero with the ox securely attached to his horse by the *lasso*, and leading the captive towards the house. The instrument had gone round his horns, and was fixed close to the crown of his head.

The animal thus entangled, made many ferocious efforts to gore the horse that now led him, but this wary creature kept his eye upon the ox, and pulled at the *lasso* so as to keep it always on the stretch, and himself two springs in advance. In his exertions he was greatly assisted by his rider; but the ox, convinced at length that his attempts to gore his leader were vain, became sullen, and was partly dragged onwards. Recovering his exertions, however, it became necessary to apply another *lasso* to assist in conducting the captive, who seemingly conscious that he was completely subdued, now walked along quietly. A boat had just reached the beach, and the people were still on board, when the treacherous animal, as soon as he came near enough, made an unexpected attack, and caused them to tumble over one another into the water, to the great amusement of the spectators.

Returning to the hut after a chase of three hours, milk and fruit were served to us in abundance, while the beast was taken from his former bondage, and tied

to a post, where I found him bellowing with madness, and furiously trying to disengage himself. A man now came forward with an instrument called a *facam*, resembling a carving knife and a short sword, and warning every one to be on his guard, passed near the heels of the ox, and endeavoured by a back-handed stroke to hough him. The attempt was clumsily made, and the beast, though wounded, was not disabled. Another took the instrument and used it with effect, when the ox gave a desperate kick, and snapping the tendon, fell on his haunches. A third then drew a sharp knife across his throat, when with a deep bellow, expressive of rage and agony, he yielded up his life. Immediately the people set about skinning the beast, and preparing a part of him for dinner. The skin as it was taken off, being carefully stretched upon the ground, preserved the flesh from blood and dirt. During this process fires had been kindled and burned down to clear embers; slices of flesh were then cut off from the ribs, as the choicest part for the master and his guests, and roasted at a fire apart; afterwards the attendants helped themselves as they pleased, and cooked their portion after their own mode.

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#### ON ECLIPSE AND HORSE BREEDING—DESTROYING MISCHIEVOUS BIRDS.

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To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

A Correspondent in the last number, *night* "CHRISTOPHER ANTI-CIPATION," remarks, that either Mr. Lawrence forgot his promise, or he (C. A.) misunderstood him—respecting a detail of the per-

performances of Eclipse—also that his (L.'s) paragraph in the number for February last, page 224, intitled, "Eclipse's Performances," had nothing to do with them. On a reference, nothing will be proved so clearly, as "C. A.'s" misunderstanding in the case. The head of Mr. L.'s letter was simply "On Eclipse;" and as to a *promise*, he made none; merely stating that he had repeatedly written on that famous horse, as having known him, and that he had reminded the editor of a portrait of Eclipse, long a *deficit* in the *Sporting Magazine*. It is probable to be a general sentiment among the readers of the Magazine, that the performances of Eclipse will most suitably accompany his portraiture, and assuredly they will not be forgotten.

"C. A.'s" remark on the cruelty of a *living* bait, does his reflective feeling great credit. All such silly and needless trespasses on animal feelings ought to be abolished for ever. By the bye, exposing a miserable kitten in a tree, does not much mend the matter, in any view. Formerly, when resident in Hants, my fruit garden was so terribly pestered with jays and magpies, which defied all inferior means, that, as my ultimate resort, I sat in my room with a gun ready cocked, and the window open, and frequently, ten or fifteen minutes after a discharge, the enemy would return! Kill half a dozen, and a dozen will be sure to come and *wake* them, if not with a *howl*, yet with plenty of chatter. Thus we see, though 'stone dead hath no fellow,' it has many followers; and the gun, if the most efficient remedy *save one*, has many inconveniences, and even dangers. The *radical* remedy is, *principiis obsta*,

nip the grievance in the bud, or rather in the *seed*. Pay a good price to the poor boys in your neighbourhood, for the eggs of all birds of prey, with the condition of their leaving unmolested, the nests of the smaller and the harmless.

Your correspondent, "G. B." of Canterbury, may surely be pronounced a breeder of a unique description, since his brethren seem unanimously to aim at enlargement, instead of diminution of size in their stock. The method he quotes, and justly reprobates for its cruelty, starving colts and fillies in the first year, too often a matter of necessity with the poor breeders of heath croppers, never has the precise effect at which "G. B." aims, and which, perhaps, can by no possible mean be with certainty obtained. Colts starved will yet run up high in the legs, perhaps nearly or altogether to the height of the sire and dam, but will be void of substance, ill-shapen, rickety, and worthless. With respect to those which are liberally and well managed, size is always a fortuitous matter, dependent on a variety of contingencies. The young stock may take form, size, or quality from the the sire, dam, grand-sire, or grandam, or even a degree beyond. Our great breeders, always apprehensive of degeneracy in point of size, choose the largest stallions; and the plan of the late Governor Hastings and Mr. Cline the surgeon, of superior size in the mare, has hitherto had few or no followers. It is, however, at length under experiment with a friend of mine, and the result is intended to be given in the *Sporting Magazine*. "G. B.'s" mare, although but thirteen hands one half in height, may be short legged and large carcased, whence probably her stock may

may far exceed herself in height. To ensure a produce below her own standard, there can be no possible, or perhaps very probable mean, but perhaps a poney sallion of twelve hands would be the most promising instrument.

#### A BIT OF A JOCKEY.

#### STALLIONS AND RACING WINNERS, 1820.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

IN the sixth volume of your entertaining Magazine I find, under the title of "*Stallions and Racing Winners*," an article, shewing the number of winners and

prizes won by the stock of fashionable and celebrated racing stallions, up to the year 1819. Having compiled the following account for 1820, for my own amusement, and thinking it might be interesting to some of your readers, as a companion to the above, I send it to you for insertion in your next, if you think it worth doing so.

I should feel greatly obliged to some of your correspondents, if they would favour me, through the medium of your excellent Magazine, with the laws and rules of racing, and the turf in general.—I am, Sir, yours, respectfully,

GROUSE.

Gloucester, April 27, 1821.

STALLIONS.	No. of Winners.	No. of Prizes.	Amount won. £. s. d.	
Camillus, Son of Hambletonian.....	5	11	1131 10 0	and 4 cups.
Cerberus, Son of Gohanna .....	3	10	1802 0 0	
Comus, Son of Sorcerer.....	11	29	3446 15 0	and 2 cups.
Haphazard, Son of Sir Peter.....	15	35	5757 10 0	and 4 cups.
Octavius, Son of Orville .....	4	11	1059 15 0	and 2 cups.
Orville, Son of Beningbro' .....	9	21	1866 9 0	and 2 cups.
Paynator, Son of Trumpator ....	3	13	1025 3 0	and 3 cups.
Phantom, Son of Walton .....	6	21	9093 10 0	
Poulton, Son of Sir Peter .....	5	11	1441 0 0	
Rubens, Son of Buzzard.....	20	46	3536 17 0	and 3 cups.
Selim, Son of Buzzard.....	10	29	4245 16 0	and 1 cup.
Scud, Son of Beningbro'.....	8	17	3135 5 0	and 1 cup.
Smolensko, Son of Sorcerer ....	6	19	3250 3 4	and 1 cup.
Soothsayer, Son of Sorcerer ....	10	19	2239 13 4	
Sorcerer, Son of Trumpator ....	7	16	3164 10 0	
Stamford, Son of Sir Peter.....	9	26	2034 10 0	and 4 cups.
Thunderbolt, Son of Sorcerer....	10	28	3321 5 0	
Truffle, Son of Sorcerer .....	3	14	5638 10 0	and 2 cups.
Viscount, Son of Stamford.....	4	8	627 10 0	and 3 cups.
Walton, Son of Sir Peter .....	14	32	6336 15 0	and 1 cup.
Waxy, Son of Pot8o's .....	10	18	3642 10 0	and 3 cups.
Whalebone, Son of Waxy .....	6	13	2036 5 0	and 1 cup.
Whitworth, Son of Agonistes....	3	9	940 5 0	and 1 cup.

#### HUNTING THE WILD BOAR IN ITALY.

IN a work lately published by Mrs. Graham, descriptive of a

three months' residence in the mountains east of Rome, the fair authoress gives the following account of hunting the wild boar, the chase of which forms the principal sport

sport of the people of the neighbourhood:—

“The hunting the wild boar, which begins about the fall of the leaf, is a favourite diversion of the middle and lower classes; and if a boar is taken, it is a kind of rural triumph. When a hunt is to take place, from ten to thirty hunters assemble, and appoint a chief, experienced in the chase, and whose local knowledge enables him to guess at the probable track of the game. As many dogs as can be procured are collected, and three keepers are chosen to take care of them, and set them on the scent. There are, besides, generally a number of peasants armed with sticks, who go out to beat the thickets, and assist the dogs to find the game. As soon as a boar is discovered, notice is given to the huntsman, who immediately places the hunters in stations convenient for shooting the animal as it passes, after it is roused, as is practised in our northern deer-shooting. The experience of the huntsman should enable him to place five or six of the best marksmen at the principal passes by which the boar is likely to escape. The others are placed at convenient distances between. The keepers then divide the dogs, and advance from three different points towards the boar, encouraging the dogs with their voices; and, if the cover is so thick and rough that they hesitate, they fire a few shots, which seldom fails to inspire them with courage enough to go through, and rouse the game. Once raised from his lair, the boar becomes furious, frequently kills the dogs, and seldom fails to wound them.—Overpowered by numbers, he is at length obliged to fly, and is generally shot in one of the passes

where the marksmen are stationed. Should he pass the line un wounded, there is but little hope of taking him again. The practice of surrounding the lair of the boar with nets, which appears, from the first ode of Horace, to have been occasionally used by the ancients, is never adopted by the modern hunters. Some figures engraved on the lid of a funeral vase found near Palestrina, and whose date is at least two centuries before Christ, are engaged in a boar hunt with dogs, and are armed with spears: there are also others hunting the stag, with a cloak over the left arm, which they appear to be throwing over the animal's head to blind him, while another hunter is preparing to give him a mortal wound. The head of the boar is now, as in ancient times, the prize of the successful hunter, who gives him his death-blow. As soon as he is killed, he is laid on a beast of burden, provided for the purpose, and carried home in triumph. As soon as the party come in sight of their town, they fire a volley, to let the inhabitants know of their success; young and old come out to meet them, and accompany them to the market-place, where another volley is fired, and the game is carried to the huntsman's house, where the feet being cut off, as the perquisite of the master of the beast which has brought it in, the rest is portioned out into as many sharers as there were hunters; and, to prevent jealousies, they draw lots for them.

“All this mountain district is famous for the goodness of the hams and bacon it produces. The pigs, generally called *animali neri*, are, like the wild hog of the country, black, long faced, and narrow shouldered. They are scarcely  
ever

ever put up to feed, but fatten naturally in the woods upon the acorns, mast, and roots they find. The hog is a much more dignified animal in Italy, than with us in the north; and indeed it appears from the *Odyssey*, that the swineherd was no mean personage in an ancient Greek family: here he is on the same footing as a shepherd.—We recollect a pastoral poem, by Michael Angelo, where the bringing in and folding the herd of swine is the subject. The pig is certainly an intelligent animal, and easily becomes attached to his master: we have seen them running along the high road at night, to meet the labourers returning from work, and caressing them as a dog would do. They are useful in a variety of ways, particularly in hunting for, and destroying the larvae of locusts, when turned into an infected field early in the morning. The sow, even when she has her young, is not confined to the sty, but is tethered in some shady place, where she can get at water, and graze at pleasure; and her food is assisted twice a day with milk, bran, and vegetables. This mode of treating the pig produces less fat pork and bacon indeed, than a Hampshire farmer would approve; but it gains greatly in flavor from its partially wild state."

#### SHAM QUALIFICATION TO SPORT.

*Court of King's Bench, Westminster,  
May 9, 1821.*

Potter v. Parnell.

**T**HIS was an action brought by a common informer, to recover penalties under the statute of Anne, for killing game without a licence. The cause was tried at the last Assizes for Wiltshire, be-

fore Mr. Justice Burrough; and the Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff.

Mr. Adam now moved, either that a nonsuit should be entered, or a new trial granted. The question, he said, would be, whether the defendant was, or was not, under the statute of Charles II. sufficiently qualified. The qualification set up at the trial had been an estate of 50l. per annum in freehold, and a rent charge of 100l. per annum for life; to this the plaintiff had replied, that the rent charge was merely a nominal property, fraudulently conveyed to the defendant, in order to enable him to sport. Now the fact was this: Mr. Parnell found the ravages of game from the preserves of Lord Rivers, and from other great covers in the neighbourhood of Amesbury, so ruinous, that he applied to his brother-in-law, a gentleman named Short, to give him a qualification; and from Mr. Short he obtained the rent charge of 100l. per annum.

Mr. Justice Best.—Pray what was the consideration, Mr. Adam?

Mr. Adam.—My Lord, it was ten shillings—and love and affection.

Mr. Justice Best.—Oh!

Mr. Adam.—My Lord, the conveyance is a valid one to all intents and purposes; but I should not disguise from the Court, that Mr. Short, being called by the plaintiff at the trial, did say that it was understood between him and the defendant, that he (Short) was not to be a loser by the arrangement. Parnell was not to keep the money; still it did not appear that Parnell had refunded any of the proceeds of his rent charge.

Mr. Justice Best.—When was the date of the grant?

Mr.

Mr. Adam.—It was dated in 1819. The rent was paid by a tenant to Purnell, instead of being paid to Short. Short received the rent up to Christmas, 1819, and Mr. Purnell has received it since.

Mr. Justice Holroyd.—When was this action brought?

Mr. Adam.—The hare was killed in May, 1820.

Mr. Justice Best.—What rent had the defendant received at that time, Mr. Adam?

Mr. Adam.—There was none due, my Lord; the rent was payable half yearly. The Learned Judge left it to the Jury as a fraudulent transaction.

Mr. Justice Bayley.—The object of the law is, that no man shall idle away his time in killing game, unless he has property. That must be available property.

The Lord Chief Justice.—With the propriety of the law we have nothing to do; its policy must be maintained, and therefore we must not allow parties, by collusion, to evade it. The evidence of Mr. Short is quite decisive as to the fact.

Mr. Adam would then beg leave to submit that Mr. Short had been improperly examined. Under the statute of 13th Elizabeth, that gentleman would, by his own evidence, be subjected to penalty for the share he had taken in the transaction.

Mr. Justice Best.—It is too late to shut his mouth now.

Mr. Adam.—My Lords, objection was taken at the trial to Mr. Short's being examined.

The Lord Chief Justice.—By whom?

Mr. Adam.—By me, my Lord.

The Lord Chief Justice.—Then that will not do: the objection must be taken by the witness him-

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self, and not by the Counsel, who is to suffer by this evidence.

Mr. Adam.—But, my Lord, there is now matter upon the Judge's notes against Mr. Short, which—

Mr. Justice Best.—What is on the Judge's note, Mr. Adam, will not hurt him much; what is on the notes of other people perhaps may. —Rule refused.

### BIOGRAPHY of the CELEBRATED "JOE MILLER."

JOSEPH MILLER, whose name may defy oblivion as long as wit and humour are valued and *quoted*, was born in the year 1684, probably in London, of parents in a humble line of life. He is commonly supposed, at this distance of time (and as no regular memoir of him has yet appeared), to have owed his existence to the title-page of his Jests; while others, admitting his identity, state that he was a performer of *clowns* and various low characters on the stage: both which opinions are without foundation.

Of his education we know nothing; but it certainly was not scholastic. He is said to have kept a public-house in the parish of St. Clement Danes; and to have passed much of his time with the jocular comedian Jammy Spiller;—their general place of meeting being at the Spiller's Head in Clare Market. As an actor, he attained some celebrity; but was so illiterate, that, according to Victor, he married in order to have a person near him, who was capable of reading his parts. To his performance the comedies of Congreve were in some measure indebted for their success. He was a favourite with the public as *Ben*, in "Love for Love," till the appearance of Col-

M. Ioy

Jey Cibber in that character, when poor Miller was excelled, and consequently neglected. He performed also *Sir Joseph Wittol* in the "Old Bachelor," for his benefit, for which Hogarth designed the "Ticket," representing the scene in Act 3, where *Noll* (Sir Joseph's bully) gets a severe kicking from Sharper. But the character best suited to his talents was that of *Teg*, in Sir Robert Howard's comedy of "The Committee," in which he succeeded Estcourt, and performed it from 1730 till 1735, perhaps for a longer period. As Miller was illiterate, the celebrated collection of Jests under his name was published by his friends, under the following title: "Joe Miller's Jests; or the Wit's Vade-Mecum. Being a collection of the most brilliant Jests; the politest Repartees; the most elegant Bon Mots; and most pleasant short Stories in the English language. First carefully collected in the company, and many of them transcribed from the mouth of the facetious gentleman, whose name they bear; and now set forth and published by his lamentable friend and former companion, Elijah Jenkins, Esq. Most humbly inscribed to those choice spirits of the age, Captain Bodens, Mr. Alexander Pope, Mr. Professor Lacy, Mr. Orator Henley, and Job Baker, the kettle - drummer. London, printed by T. Read, in Dogwell-court, White-Fryars, Fleet-street, 1739. (Price one shilling)." pp. 70, Jests 247.

A third edition was published in the same year, pp. 80, containing 273 Jests; and an eighth appeared in 1745, with the same title, "to which are added, choice Collections of Moral Sentences, and of the most pointed and truly

valuable Epigrams in the British tongue; with the names of the authors to such as are known," pp. 208, containing 587 Jests, exclusive of proverbs and epigrams. The ninth came out in 1747, containing 590 Jests "most humbly inscribed to those choice spirits of the age, his Majesty's Poet Laureat, Sir C. H. W. Knight of the Bath, and Job Baker, the kettle-drummer." An eleventh edition was announced in the *General Advertiser*, October 18, 1751, "inscribed to his Majesty's Poet Laureat, Mr. David Garrick," and others.

From that period the genuine copies of this work have gradually disappeared, while spurious and paltry publications have usurped the name of Joe Miller; till it is no longer known as a mark of honourable distinction!

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*Mr. RICH'S GALLOPING MATCH over the Road—The late MOTION in PARLIAMENT of R. Martin, Esq. and the Sentiments of J. A. Warre, Esq. and the Minority on the NEW POSTING BILL.*

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ON Wednesday morning, May 9, a black horse, called All-steel, the property of Mr. Rich, hatmaker in Holborn, carrying a feather, between five and six stone, ran a match of twenty-one miles within the hour, over the Croydon-road, for 200gs. which he won within seven minutes and a half of the time. He started at five o'clock, from the south end of Croydon, proceeding towards Reigate, and returning to complete the distance. In attempting to turn, the boy who rode was unable to stop the horse, and was thrown, by which accident nearly three minutes were lost.

This excellent horse, in the possession



session of which Mr. Rich may think himself fortunate, was got by Bott's Totteridge, to the best of our recollection a son of Dungan-non, by Eclipse. The dam of All-steel was a natural Persian mare, brought over to this country from Beshire, by a military gentleman. He is a capital and safe hack, and as a hunter, an uncommon ready and good fencer. He shews much foreign blood, and never was the name of *All-steel* more appropriately bestowed upon a horse. To appearance, he is about fifteen hands in height, or nearly so, and the bone under his knee measures greatly. He has performed great things both on the road and field, with '14st. upon his back; performances, however, which are never attended with impunity, although the crippling and fatal effects submitting to the spirit and hardiness of the animal, may be concealed for a time. The setting up of the lightest racing weight, is a good proof of the judgment and humanity of the proprietor and his competitor, still leaving a regret that they did not go the full length of sound discretion, and make choice of the turf, which for the sake of the horse, and from every motive of convenience and decorum, ought to be the theatre of all galloping matches. In fact, such matches on the road have long since, and with much propriety, come into disrepute, as appertaining to the old Smithfield style. We understand All-steel will cover a few mares, at 5gs. and may be expected to get capital hacks and hunters. This horse affords a fine opportunity to make trial of the plan of the late Governor Hastings and Mr. Cline—putting large roomy mares to a stallion of inferior size.

It will not be out of place here, to make a few observations on the galloping matches of past times. In the reign of James and Charles the First, as we learn from Christopher Baret, there were some smart performances of this kind, as far, as we recollect, as twenty or twenty-one miles within the hour, over the road, the horse carrying his owner's weight. Smollet, or some one of our historians, quotes the ability of the best of our English road horses to gallop twenty miles within the hour, which indeed had often been performed by such, and customarily with high weights; Mr. Lawrence's plan for setting up jockey weights, in trotting and road matches, not having been proposed till 1783, nor acted upon till 1799, Mr. Shaftoe's Merry Bachelor, according to Parkinson, in his Treatise on Cattle, ran twenty-five miles in one hour at Newmarket. The flea-bitten grey gelding, which was so infamously cut up and butchered to death in the second attempt, had previously run twenty-two miles on the Windsor road within the hour, carrying, according to the custom of that day, in all probability, ten or eleven stone. He was described by Medley, of the Sporting Coffee-house, in Roundcourt, Strand, in 1779, as about three parts bred, and as having several times before his chief performance, ran twenty miles within the hour.

When English racing was the *ton* in France, (and it seems by late accounts likely to revive), Gimcrack ran twenty miles in one hour, ridden by Jack Oakley, about eight stone, which made the Frenchmen stare, though neither the grey horse nor his jockey could think much of the matter.

Hull's Quibler, by Minor, on

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Mon-

Monday, December 4, 1786, was matched at Newmarket, carrying a feather, to run twenty-three miles in one hour, which he performed very easily in fifty-seven minutes ten seconds, nobody thinking much of it, nor much money betted: five to two upon the horse. Quibler was a strong and good country plate horse, and won the King's Plate at Canterbury. If our recollection be correct (*see the Racing Calendar*), Highlander ran twenty-four miles within the hour, over Newmarket, about fifteen years since.

It has been hitherto a point undetermined, how much a reputed and stont, that is to say, *lasting* English racer, is capable of performing in this way. We should suppose, at any rate, twenty-six miles in one hour, even with eight stone; and we judge from what has been performed on the road, by well-bred hacks. We, some years since, rode a few miles beside a poor little nag of this description, which was killed on the Romford road in a very heavy state, after having done nearly twenty-one miles within the hour, with probably nine stone on his back. Now, that horse carrying a feather, and upon the turf, would, past all doubt, have performed unhurt, one or two and twenty miles in the time, and yet how inferior must a horse of that description be, to a good racer. To draw an analogy from the trotter, he will continue the hour through, at the rate of within four or five miles per hour of the *acme* or top of his speed; that is to say, a *lasting* horse, which can trot after the rate of twenty-two miles per hour, will, with a light weight, perform eighteen miles in one hour. Now surely, if a hack can trot eighteen, a racer must be able to gallop

twenty-six miles within the hour. Again, if the trotter can, through the piece, approach within four miles of the top of his speed, a racer must also have some rule of proportion, in the similar respect. The burst of galloping speed, in a first-rate race-horse, is after the rate of full sixty miles per hour. How near, then, could Childers or Eclipse, both of them, according to all accounts, stout as well as speedy, and the latter master of the highest weights, have approached that rate the hour through? Surely within the half. Eclipse would then have galloped over the turf, with eight stone, **THIRTY MILES IN ONE HOUR.**

With respect to those great performances, to which this noble animal is by custom urged, they necessarily involve much of the uncertainty and misery of all human affairs. To our races and our trials of speed and goodness, we are indebted for that superiority in the horse, which we are universally allowed to possess over other countries. It is to be lamented, but cannot be remedied, that these trials must be too often in the hands of the most ignorant and brutal of mankind, or that which is equivalent in infamy and cruelty, of those who have no other feeling but that of interest. The only check on these excesses is shame from exposure through the public press, which has been eminently and gloriously successful. The name of Old Frampton is damned to everlasting infamy; and if the low-lived miscreants who whipped and tortured to death the old grey gelding have escaped, *they had no name*; and the country, in their day, had no law or custom of compassion to brutes. The object of Mr. R. Martin's late motion in the House

Horses of Common, is glorious, practical, and highly useful; and Mr. Warre, and the minority in the New Post Bill, deserve well of humanity and their country. The present speed of the mail and other coaches is as much—more, than animal nature can fairly support; and the country is already filled by it with disgusting spectacles of animal misery. The convenience of the mails is yet indisputable, and where good and able horses are employed, it may be said to be *honestly* obtained. Our great religionists are here addressed, and those who are laying themselves out, life, limb, and property, to make all the world holy, and to convert the heathen, and even the Jews, into good Christians. But the post-horse is already at all that he is fairly able to do, *English* though he be, and any farther exertion extorted from him, however religiously, will not be *honestly* obtained. It is not a practical opinion, for there is a vast difference in this case, between the turf and the road, that a horse with a light weight, going at the rate of eleven miles per hour, will not sustain greater injury than another with a heavy weight, going at the rate of eight. Speedy draught is the most destructive of all the labours of the horse, and he will lag on for years, comparatively uninjured, with a heavy load at a slow rate, whilst the speedy traveller, with the lightest carriage, will be torn to pieces in two or three seasons. It is not in the nature of the toughest, strongest, and best-bred post hacks, to endure such a service as that of constant road work at the rate of eleven miles per hour. All horses are capable of greater exertions with the saddle, than with the harness; yet where

are we to find saddle horses equal to constant work at the above rate?

In conclusion, we beg leave to remind the fortunate proprietor of All-steel, that were he such actually, as well as nominally, those excessive tasks which he has performed over the road and field, at the high weight of fourteen stone, or indeed with any weight, must gradually have exhausted his extraordinary powers, and rendered him, not only liable to the usual and irremediable accidents, but, in his declining years, to a state of burdensome uselessness, and of decrepitude and misery, in which it will be painful for a proprietor of consideration and feeling, to view his favourite.

#### ZOOLOGICAL EXTRACTS,

*From Fisher's Journal of a Discovery to the Arctic Regions, in his Majesty's ships Hecla and Griper, in the years 1819 and 1820.*

IT has always been a subject of astonishment that so many centuries should have elapsed before the discovery of America. The reason of it is generally attributed to the difficulty of navigating without the guide of the magnet, the directive power of which had not been long before that period, effectually applied to the purpose. But it may be observed, that a more potent cause resided in a certain apathy, and a superstitious indifference for whatever tended to enlighten the mind, or disperse knowledge among the various nations of the world. However, as the love for the fine arts and sciences awoke gradually, the spirit of discovery rose upon his mighty pinions, and embraced the greatest part of the globe within the compass of his unbounded ken. Not only round the

the globe, but nearly from pole to pole, voyages have been made so successfully, that hardly any corner upon earth can be mentioned which has not been explored. Even the Arctic regions, where a consolidated mass of ice seemed to fence them against the investigating curiosity of man, have been visited of late, and it is confidently hoped, that a communication by sea between the ancient and modern continent will be ultimately ascertained and established.

The journal from which the following extracts are presented to our readers, is pleasing for its simplicity, and interesting on account of the keen and very minute observations which the author made upon zoological subjects, many of which were but impartially known. The expedition departed from Deptford on the 10th of May, 1819.

#### EXTRACTS.

"May 16th.—We got under weigh again early this morning, and made all sail, the wind having at length sprung up right in our favour; this being the Griper's worst point of sailing, she was again taken in tow. In the course of the forenoon, divine service was performed, which almost the whole of the officers and ship's company were able to attend, the weather being so fine that their service was not required on deck. During the day, we passed several flocks of that species of diver called by Linnaeus *colymbus trale*, and commonly known to seamen by the name of loon, or willock. These birds must be very widely scattered over the northern seas; for we found them last year in great numbers in Davis's Straits and Baffin's Bay, and occasionally in different parts of the Atlantic during our passage across it."

"May 22.—Whilst in the neighbourhood of the Orkney islands, we saw a great many sea-fowls, particularly of the peterel tribe (viz. fulmar), and kittiwake gull. These islands, like St. Kilda, and other solitary rocks in this part of the world, are particularly well calculated for being the resort of sea-fowls; because, in the first place, they have around them a wide expanse of that element from which they derive their food; and, in the second place, the inaccessible precipices which here and there overhang the sea, afford them asylums to build their nests in, which the daring inhabitants, with all their intrepidity, cannot always molest."

"June 1.—Several Arctic gulls (*larus parasiticus*, Lin.) were seen to-day for the first time. This bird is commonly called by our Greenland seamen the boatswain, and sometimes dirty Allen, a name somewhat analogous to that by which it is characterized by the Danes, viz. stroudt-jager, or dung-bird. All these names have had their origin from a mistaken notion that these birds lived on the excrement of the lesser gulls, which, on being pursued, either from fear, or to relieve themselves from the prosecution of fierce enemies, voided something to satiate the voracious appetites of their pursuers, and by that means escape from further molestation at that time. The fallacy of this opinion is now, however, pretty generally known. That the Arctic gulls do pursue those of their own genus which they can master (particularly the kittiwakes) is an incontestable fact; but the object of their pursuit is not the excrement but the prey that the pursued is at that time possessed of, and which at length they are forced to drop, to secure

secure their own safety; which they effect during the time that their enemy is employed in picking it up, although that is done in a very short period, for they manage the business with such dexterity, that the object dropped is caught before it reaches the water.

"Gulls are not the only birds that disburden themselves of their prey when pursued, for I have often observed last summer that the fulmar petrel or malleumucke, when approached whilst feeding (which I have seen them always do sitting on the water), not only abandon their food, but even disgorge what they had swallowed before they would, or, as I imagined, could, take their flight. Several of them that we caught alive at different times, exhibited other proofs of the facility or power which they possess of unloading themselves of the contents of their stomachs; for whenever a person approached them suddenly, they ejected a spout of oil from their nostrils. This is considered by naturalists (which I have no doubt is the case) a means of defence for these birds."

"June 26.—In the course of the afternoon a large whale came up to breathe, in a small opening between two pieces of ice, within a few yards of the ship, and remained there for a considerable time, and would probably have stopped much longer had not the curiosity of some of the seamen induced them to go to the edge of the hole where she lay, in order to have a better view of her. My object in being so particular about this whale is, because she went down in a manner, which I understand from the fishermen on board, is very unusual for these fish to do; that is, tail foremost. It may be remarked, then, that this deviation from the usual method of

diving, evinces a considerable share of sagacity in these animals; at least it shews, that they have sense enough to depart from their usual habits to accommodate themselves to circumstances; for had this fish gone down in the way which they are accustomed to do, it is more than probable that her tail would have entangled her in the ice."

"July 5.—We passed a piece of ice this forenoon, on which was lying a large walrus, or, as it is commonly called, a sea-horse (*trichechus*, Lin.) We fired at him as the ship passed him; but if he was wounded it must have been very slightly, for he rolled himself off the ice into the water, with as much, if not greater ease, than a person could expect from his unwieldy form and size. His back appeared to be of a dark bay colour, and what we saw of the under part of his body seemed to be of the same colour, but of a lighter hue, and mottled with white spots. His two tusks, I think, were between eight and nine inches long."

"July 6.—We were more successful to-day in an attack we made on one of the same kind of animals before mentioned. About noon, we observed five of them lying on a piece of ice about a mile and a half from the ship. A boat was immediately equipped for attacking them, and on our way towards them it was agreed, that, instead of firing at the whole indiscriminately, we should all aim at one, and for the sake of convenience, and likewise to avoid having occasion to speak when we came near them, it was settled that the one which happened to be nearest to us should be our object.

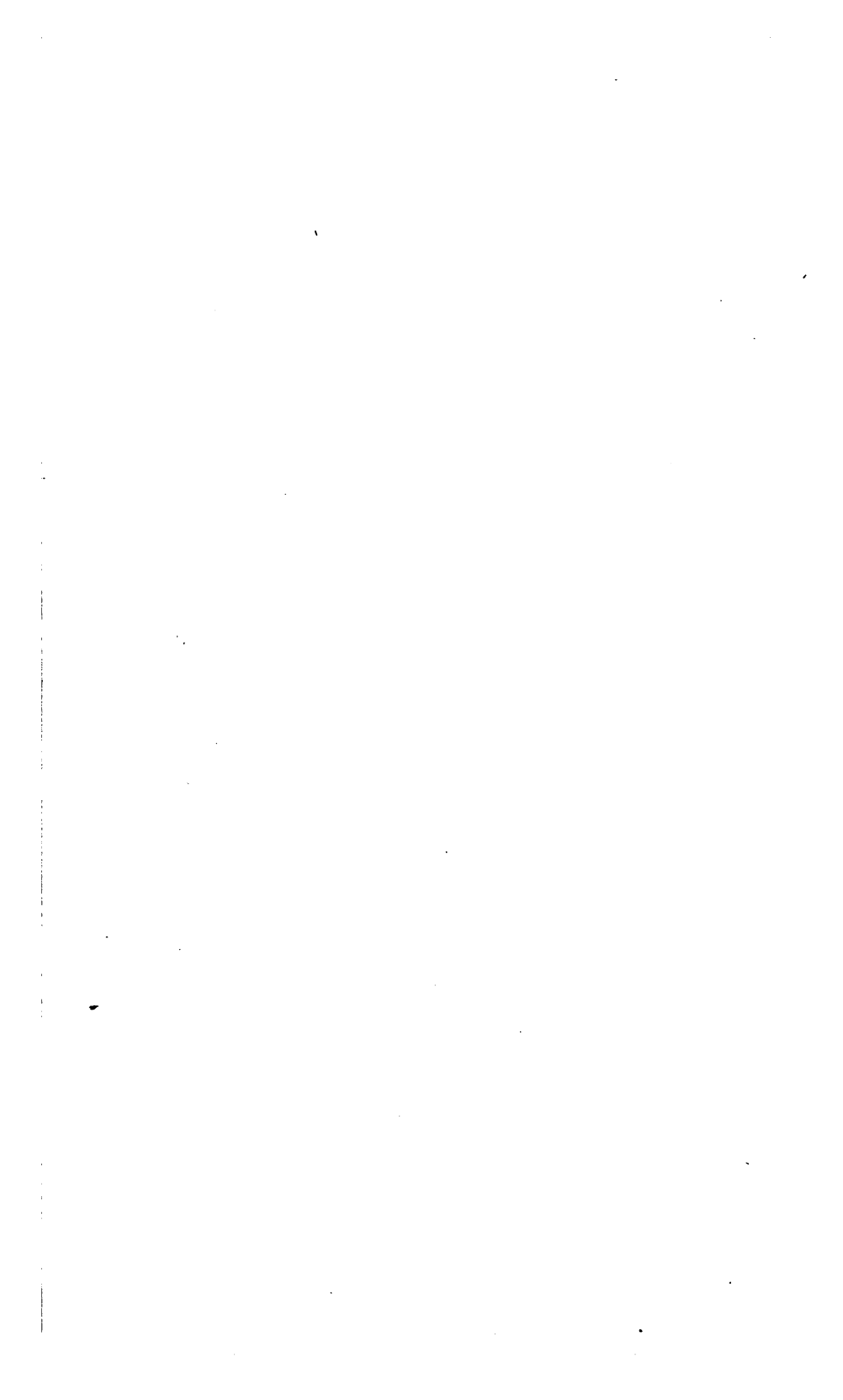
"Having every thing thus properly arranged, we pulled slowly and quietly towards them unob-

served,

served, until we were within forty yards of the piece of ice on which they lay. The one that lay in the middle, and apparently the largest, now lifted his monstrous head; and the moment he perceived us, he roused the rest of his drowsy companions that were huddled around him. We had by this time got within a few yards of them, and, according to our preconceived plan, just as they were in the act of rolling themselves into the water, we all fired at the one which was nearest to us. He was wounded so badly that he came up again instantly close to the boat, and apparently with a view of attacking it; but the rencounter, if it may be so called, was of very short duration; for the moment he appeared above water, he was pierced to the heart with a small harpoon. Notwithstanding he was thus mortally wounded, we had very nigh lost him; for in his violent struggles he broke the harpoon (part of it remaining in his body), but before he had time to sink, he was again struck, and secured. His weight, including 16lbs. for the blood lost before he was weighed, was 1400lbs. and his length, from the snout to the end of the hind flippers, 10 feet 3 inches; length of the tusks, 5 inches. In the mean time I ought to mention that the other four escaped, without attempting, as is customary with these animals, to rescue their wounded companion. We cooked the heart, which was found to be tolerably good eating; but the disgust occasioned by the offensive odour from the carcase of the animal was so great, that we could hardly rid ourselves of the idea that the heart did not partake in some degree of the disgusting qualities of the body."

"*July 11.*—As we were sailing along amongst the ice this forenoon, a large white bear was observed on a piece of it close to the ships. A boat was immediately lowered to go after him. The weather happened to be foggy, so that he did not see us until we were within about a hundred yards of him; he was walking about at the time, but immediately he perceived us he crouched down on the edge of the ice, and watched our approach very attentively, as if in expectation that we should in a short time become his prey. We were, on the other hand, no less sanguine that he should very soon be our captive, and in order to make sure of our mark, we continued to pull towards him until the boat was within about forty yards of him, when we all fired. One shot broke his right hind leg, and the rest (*viz.* three) struck him in different parts of the body. On being wounded he made a hideous roar, and grasped with his teeth at the places where he was struck. He then plunged into the water, and tried to escape in that way; but, on finding that we were gaining ground upon him, he attempted to get again on the ice; but he was by this time so much exhausted by loss of blood, that before he could get out of the water we secured him by throwing the bight of a rope round his neck. His weight was 895lb. and his length from the snout to the tail, 8 feet 2 inches; circumference round the middle, 6 feet; height from the heel of the fore-paw to the top of the back between the shoulders, 3 feet 7 inches."

"*July 31.*—We got this morning off the place that was called, last year, Possession Bay, from our having landed there and taken possession of the country. Two men





Howitt

## AMERICAN WOLVES.

*Published May 31 1821. by J. Pittman, 13, Warwick Squire, London.*



men and myself were directed to proceed up the stream which flows through the valley, with instructions to make such remarks on the nature and productions of the place as might be deemed useful. The only animals we saw during our excursion were a fox, (*Canis Vulpes*, Lin.); a raven, (*Corvus Corax*, Lin.); several ring plovers, (*Charadrius Hiaticula*, Lin.); and snow buntings, (*Emberiza Nivalis*, Lin.); a bee was also seen, from which we may infer that there is honey even in these wild regions."

#### AMERICAN WOLVES.

AN ETCHING.

THE description of this plate will be found in the following recital:—A lad was sent in the morning from a plantation about a dozen miles through the woods to a town for several articles, among which he was to bring a piece of beef; he had not hurried, seating himself several times to rest, and laying his meat on the ground by his side; on the close of evening he found himself a considerable distance from home, and as the wolf in America is never known to attack mankind, was surprised to hear the wolves behind him crying as in chase of prey; he hastened on, and whenever they seemed to come too near, he cut off a piece of his beef and threw it down; hoping to delay the pursuit. At length his beef was all expended, and they were pressing him hard when he perceived a block house close at hand, into which he ran, and climbing up the side, seated himself on some rafters which ran across the house; into which he was almost immediately followed by nine wolves, who, howling and

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leaping, endeavoured to reach him, but without effect. At that time there was a reward, I think of three dollars, given for every wolf's head. Recollecting this, and aware that the doors of these places were made to slide up and down in a groove; he crept along the timbers, let down the door, and shut them all in with him. He next proceeded to tear away the thatch sufficiently to allow him to get out upon the roof, where he sat patiently waiting the dawn of day; when at some distance, he spied a neighbour going to work; this man he sent to his father, to tell him where his son was posted, and to desire him to bring the gun and plenty of powder and ball. The father was soon on the spot, and getting up the outside of the hole, soon dispatched the nine wolves. Astonished at having so much to pay at once, the constituted authorities immediately diminished the reward.

#### ON VETERINARY PRACTICE.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.  
SIR,

YOUR correspondent "C." having some time ago, given from old writers on farriery, specimens of the ridiculous, I take the liberty of sending you another prescription drawn from the same source, for which I cannot say much on the score of humanity towards the feline race, however potent it may be in removing the complaints of the horse; and as I find the same prescription in the *ninth* edition of a work purporting to be the result of "long practice, experience, and pains," I take it to have been of some note in its day.

"A sudden cure for a knock or bruise, on the sinews:—Take a

N

live

live cat, wild or tame, and cut off her head and tail, then cleave her down the chine, and clap her hot bowels and all to the bruise, and remove it not for two days."

There is, indeed, in the last work referred to, a trifling variation, since the tail of the cat is allowed to remain, provided the legs be but cut off; and it gains in importance, by the additional directions to "serve another cat or two the same."

While turning over the leaves to find the original passages, that I might quote correctly, I noticed the following delectable "master medicine for any strain," which seems to me a fit companion for the former article from the pharmacopœia of our older farriers, provided its insertion does not intrude too largely on your columns.

"Take a fat sucking mastive whelp, slay it and bowel it, then stop its body as full as it can hold with grey snails and black snails, then roast it at a reasonable fire; when it begins to warm, bast it with six ounces of oyl of spike made yellow with saffron, and six ounces of oyl of wax; then save the drop-pings, and what moisture soever falls from it, whilst any drop will fall, keep it for your use. With this anoint the strain, and work it in very hot, holding a hot fire-shovel before it; thus do both morning and evening, till amendment."

This *must* have been a remedy, if such is meant by the word "amendment;" and provided the due proportions of grey and of black snails was hit upon; unless, indeed, the scythe of time swept off the horse, and marred by death these ingenious efforts of art. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

D.

May 19, 1831.

## BETTINGS.

STATE of the bettings for the Derby, Oaks, and Doncaster St. Leger:—

Newmarket, May 24, 1831.

### THE DERBY.

- 5 to 2 agst Gustavus.
- 11 to 2 agst Reginald.
- 6 to 1 agst Tressilian.
- 7 to 1 agst Jock.
- 100 to 6 agst c. out of Cavalip.
- 100 to 6 agst D. of York's c. by Walton.
- 100 to 5 agst Rosicrucian.
- 100 to 4 agst c. out of Truth's dam.
- 100 to 4 agst c. out of Charm.

### THE OAKS.

- 4 to 1 agst My Lady.
- 4 to 1 agst Augusta.
- 4 to 1 agst Zeal.
- 5 to 1 agst Ibla.
- 100 to 7 agst f. out of Barroosa.

### THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

- 7 to 1 agst Jack Spigot.
- 10 to 1 agst Gustavus.
- 12 to 1 agst Colwell.
- 14 to 1 agst c. out of Annabella.
- 14 to 1 agst Sandbeck.
- 14 to 1 agst My Lady.
- 18 to 1 agst Statesman.

Tattersall's, May 26,

### THE DERBY.

- 100 to 44 agst Gustavus.
- 100 to 7 agst c. out of Cowshp.
- 100 to 6 agst c. out of Jessy.
- 100 to 5 agst c. out of Belvoirina.
- 100 to 4 agst Richard.
- 100 to 2 agst Rosicrucian.

### THE OAKS.

- 5 to 2 agst My Lady.
- 3 to 1 agst Augusta.
- 5 to 1 agst Zeal.
- 12 to 1 agst Pantaliffe.

## RACES APPOINTED IN 1831.

EPSOM.....	June 6
Beverley .....	6
Manchester .....	13
Ascot Heath.....	19
Stamford .....	26
Nantwich .....	27
Bibury .....	July 3
Lancaster.....	4
Hampton .....	4
Newmarket .....	9
Bath .....	12
New.	

Newcastle-upon-Tyne .....	July 16	Nottingham .....	Aug. 7
Guildford .....	17	Barton .....	21
Cheltenham .....	18	Aberdeen, &c. ....	28
Bromyard .....	25	Warwick .....	Sept. 4
Durham .....	25	Lichfield .....	11
Winchester .....	25	Northampton .....	12
Brighton .....	25	Shrewsbury .....	18
Knutsford .....	31	Hereford .....	26
Worcester .....	31	Walsall .....	26
Swaffham .....	Aug. 1	Newmarket (1st O. M.) ..	Oct. 1

## FEAST of WIT; or, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

### DIARY OF A BACHELOR AND AN OLD MAID.

THE BACHELOR.

16. **I**NCIPIENT palpitations towards the young ladies.
17. Blushing and confusion in conversing with them.
18. Confidence in conversing with them, much increased.
19. Angry if treated by them as a boy.
20. Very conscious of his own charms and manliness.
21. A looking glass indispensable in his rooms, to admire himself.
22. Insufferable puppyism.
23. Thinks no woman good enough for him.
24. Caught unawares by the snares of Cupid.
25. The connexion broken off, from self-conceit on his part.
26. Conducts himself with much superiority towards her.
27. Pays his addresses to another lady, not without hope of mortifying the first.
28. Mortified and frantic at being refused.
29. Rails against the fair sex in general.
30. Morose and out of humor in all conversations on matrimony.

31. Contemplates matrimony more under the influence of interest than formerly.
32. Considers personal beauty in a wife not so indispensable as formerly.
33. Still retains a high opinion of his attractions as a husband.
34. Consequently has no idea but he may still marry a chicken.
35. Falls deeply and violently in love with one of seventeen.
36. Au dernier desespoir: another refusal.
37. Indulges in every kind of dissipation.
38. Shuns the best part of the female sex.
39. Suffers much remorse and mortification in so doing.
40. A fresh budding of matrimonial ideas, but no spring shoots.
41. A nice young widow perplexes him.
42. Ventures to address her with mixed sensations of love and interest.
43. Interest prevails, which causes much cautious reflexion.
44. The widow jilts him, being as cautious as himself.
45. Becomes every day more averse to the fair sex.
46. Gouty

46. Gouty and nervous symptoms begin to appear.
47. Fears what may become of him when old and infirm.
48. Thinks living alone quite irksome.
49. Resolves to have a prudent young woman as housekeeper and companion.
50. A nervous affection about him, and frequent attacks of the gout.
51. Much pleased with his new housekeeper as nurse.
52. Begins to feel some attachment to her.
53. His pride revolts at the idea of marrying her.
54. Is in great distress how to act.
55. Completely under her influence, and very miserable.
56. Many painful thoughts about parting with her.
57. She refuses to live any longer with him sole.
58. Gouty, nervous, and bilious, to excess.
59. Feels very ill, sends for her to his bedside, and intends espousing her.
60. Grows rapidly worse, has his will made in her favour, and makes his exit.

#### THE OLD MAID.

15. Anxious for coming out, and the attention of the men.
16. Begins to have some idea of the tender passion.
17. Talks of love in a cottage, and disinterested affection.
18. Fancies herself in love with some handsome man who has flattered her.
19. Is a little more difficult in consequence of being noticed.
20. Commences fashionable and dashes.
21. Still more confidence in her own attractions, and expects a brilliant establishment.
22. Refuses a good offer because he is not a man of fashion.
23. Flirts with every young man she meets.
24. Wonders she is not married.
25. Rather more circumspect in her conduct.
26. Begins to think a large fortune not quite so indispensable.
27. Prefers the company of rational men to flirting.
28. Wishes to be married in a quiet way with a comfortable income.
29. Almost despairs of entering the married state.
30. Rather fearful of being called an old maid.
31. An additional love of dress.
32. Professes to dislike balls, finding it difficult to get good partners.
33. Wonders how men can leave the society of sensible women to flirt with chits.
34. Affects good humour in her conversation with men.
35. Jealous of the praises of women.
36. Quarrels with her friend who is lately married.
37. Thinks herself slighted in society.
38. Likes talking of her acquaintance who are married unfortunately, and finds consolation in their misfortunes.
39. Ill nature increases.
40. Very meddling and officious.—  
N. B. A growing penchant.
41. If rich, as a dernier resort, makes love to a young man without fortune.
42. Not succeeding, rails against the sex.
43. Partiality for cards, and scandal commences.
44. Severe against the manners of the age.
45. Strong predilection for a Methodist Parson.
46. Enraged at his desertion.
47. Becomes desponding, and takes snuff.
48. Turns

48. Turns all her sensibility to cats and dogs.  
 49. Adopts a dependant relation to attend on dogs.  
 50. Becomes disgusted with the world, and vents all her ill humour on this unfortunate relation.  
 —*Lit. Gaz.*

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

### NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

**MONDAY.**—Mr. James's Fleur-de-Lis, beat Mr. Bouverie's Arbutus, D. M. 200gs.—Lord Jersey's Oracle, beat the Duke of Portland's Zadig, D. M. 200gs.—A handicap sweepstakes of 15gs. each, T. Y. C. was won by Mr. Crockford's Sultan, beating Mr. Wyndham's Cripple, and three others.—Sir J. Shelley's Antar, beat Mr. Prendergast's Regent, D. I. 200gs.

**Tuesday.**—Mr. Udny's Barmecide beat Mr. Greville's Pacha, D. M. 100gs.—A subscription of 70gs. R. M. was won by Mr. Udny's Pantoufle, beating Lord Jersey's Prophet, Mr. Hunter's Rasselas, and Mr. Wyndham's bl. c. by Octavius.—A handicap sweepstakes of 20gs. each, A. F. was won by Mr. Rush's Romp, beating Mr. Wortley's Locksley, and Lord Jersey's Sporus,

**Wednesday.**—Lord Jersey's Prophet, beat Mr. Greville's Prodigious, T. Y. C. 100gs.—Mr. Bouverie's Plumper, beat Mr. Thornhill's Sardox, T. Y. C. 200gs.—A handicap plate of 50l. A. F. was won by Mr. Garner's Flibbertigibbet, beating Lord Jersey's Oracle, and four others.—Mr. Greville's Prodigious, beat Mr. Bouverie's Plumper, Ab. M. 100gs.

**Thursday.**—Mr. Bouverie's Arbutus, 8st. beat Mr. James's Master Henry, 10st. D. I. 200gs. h. ft.; Mr. Ramsbottom's Shreekhorn, 8st. beat Duke of Portland's Zadig, 8st. 7lb. D. I. 100gs. h. ft.—Fifty pounds for 3 yrs olds and upwards, T. M. M. was won by Lord Suffield's b. f. by Muley, out of Aquilina, beating Mr. Bouverie's br. c. by Blucher, Mr. Wyndham's br. c. by Octavius, and seven others.

—Handicap sweepstakes of 10gs. each, New T. Y. C. was won by Mr. Thornhill's Sardox, beating Mr. Rush's b. filly, by Truffle, and two others.—Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for 3 yrs old colts and fillies, New T. Y. C. was won by Lord Suffield's Muley c. out of Black Beauty, beating Mr. Garner's Atom, and five others.—Mr. Wyndham's Little John won the Jockey Club plate of 50gs.—Lord Warwick's b. f. Selma, beat Mr. Bouverie's Paralus, 8st. 4lb. each, R. M. 200gs.; Lord Exeter's Athenian, 8st. received 50gs. from Mr. Greville's Pacha, 8st. 6lb. T. Y. C. 100gs.

Mr. Stapleton, who died in the latter part of April, was, in the prime of life, ardently attached to the turf; and in the year 1762, his bay colt, Beaufremont, by Tartar, commenced his winning career, which he continued in good form until the close of his tenth year; having, amongst many other prizes, twice won the great subscription purses at York, beating, in the year 1764, Mr. Ververs's famous mare, Yorkshire Jenny, and four others, having ran the four miles in seven minutes and fifty-one seconds. Mr. Stapleton was contemporary on the northern turf with Lord Rockingham, Lord Grosvenor, Sir Lawrence (afterwards Lord) Dundas, Sir J. L. Kaye, Sir T. Gascoigne, Mr. Wentworth, Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Ververs, Mr. Hutton, Mr. Pratt, Mr. Bethell, &c. &c. Mr. Stapleton was the breeder and owner of many good runners, and amongst the latter, of Mopsqueezer, by Match'em, bred by Mr. Fenwick, a winner of considerable note; when put to the stud, she produced Antagonist, Verjuice, Fair Barbara, &c. &c. Miss Skeggs, by Match'em,

**Match'em**, and **Tuberoze**, by **Herod**, were the joint property of **Sir T. Gascoigne** and **Mr. Stapleton**: **Miss Skeggs** had uncommon speed, and promised to be more than ordinarily successful, but, unfortunately, when running for the great subscription at **York** for four-year-olds, with nine others, she broke down, after turning the two-mile post—leading at the time, and high odds in her favour. She was afterwards put to the stud, and was the dam of **Parlington**, &c. &c. The performances of **Tuberoze**, however excellent, and consequently profitable, were eclipsed by her value as a brood mare. Towards the close of her racing period she was purchased by **Mr. Peirse**, of **Bedale**, by whom she was put to the stud, and from her have descended those highly esteemed brood-mares and racers, **Contessina**, **Constantia**, **Rosanond**, **Rosette**, **Lisette**, **Albueira**, **Thorn**, **Ebor**, **Reveler**, **Ranter**, **The Marshal**, **Wrangler**, &c. &c.

The following horses belonged to **Sir T. C. Bunbury**, **Bart.** who was justly styled the **Father of the Turf**:—**David**, **Pero**, **Hermione**, **Spangle**, **Rose**, **Nobody**, **Dragon**, **Agricus**, **Jack-a-napes**, **Gammeda**, **Virago**, **Principessa**, **Acteon**, **Dux**, **Bellario**, **Pussy**, **Midas**, **Tinetta**, **Nelly**, **Presto**, **Tetotum**, **Ringleader**, **Gimcrack**, **Raraguese**, **Cortez**, **Sly Eyes**, **Sarpedon**, **Thunder**, **The Copper Captain**, **Hannibal**, **Sultana**, **Bellino**, **Lute-string**, **Corsican**, **Giblets**, **Rosalind**, **Orlando**, **Io**, **Spoon**, **Vagabond**, **Fabius**, **Foundling**, **Jemmy**, **Trumpeter**, **Amethyst**, **Catarina**, **Lurcher**, **Lazarus**, **Smallhopes**, **Raton**, **Gertrude**, **Amphion**, **Patrician**, **Niblor**, **Pythia**, **Taster**, **Hamdrum**, **Harriet**, **Langham**, **Wolsey**, **Basilisk**, **Squirrelle**, **Giantess**, **Parthian**, **Minion**, **Protector**, **Alexis**, **Marius**, **Fair Star**, **Hurricane**, **Hylas**, **Pyramus**, **Vagrant**, **Stroller**, **Madselle Heinelle**, **Margaretta**, **Termagant**, **Counsellor**, **Philaster**, **Whirlwind**, **Glimpse**, **Knickknack**, **Hephestion**, **Mentor-Comedy**, **Troilus**, **Sweet Marjorum**, **Boots**, **Tycho**, **Una**, **Bounce-about** (afterwards **Bonnyface**), **Nymph**, **Buccaneer**, **Borascha**, **Wormwood**, **Scrub**,

**Diomed**, **Ulysses**, **Pappington**, **Blonzy**, **Fortunio**, **Nephew**, **The Alexis Filly**, **Knife**, **Volatile**, **Tityrus**, **Eliza**, **Tippo**, **Mopsus**, **Froth**, **Parliament**, **Symmetry**, **Black Cock**, **Crop**, **Barton**, **Young Tityrus**, **Playfellow**, **Swallow**, **Mrs. Jordan**, **Stroller**, **Lais**, **Glaucus**, **Maggie**, **Prince George**, **Smack**, **Skiff**, **Skureball**, **Gawkey**, **Smoker**, **Amelia**, **Overseer**, **Pamela** (by **Diomed**), **Giantess**, **Bauble**, **Robin Grey**, **Parrot**, **Adela**, **Cedar**, **Wrangler**, **Greyhound**, **Poplar**, **Combatant**, **Clarissa**, **Sofcerer**, **Pantala** (by **Whiskey**), **Gig**, **Thais**, **Eleanor**, **Froth**, **Julia**, **Orlando** (by **Whiskey**), **Whirligig**, **Tinsel**, **Prospero**, **Lydia**, **Young Whiskey**, **Snug**, **Spy**, **Rambler**, **Bull-calf**, **Agnes**, **Fair Star** (by **Whiskey**), **Jessamy**, **Overseer**, **Thunderbolt**, **Cressida**, **Rival**, **Amelia**, **Crape**, **Scout**, **Skipjack**, **Troilus**, **Muley**, **Tawney** (afterwards **Manfreda**), **Moscow**, **Romancer**, **Bonniface**, **Zero**, **Comical**, &c. &c. beside some others.

A TURF club has been established at the colony of **Sierra Leone**. In the *Freetown Gazette* of the 24th of February, are the particulars of a grand dinner given a short time previously by that club, to upwards of seventy persons: the annual races afforded much sport, and were numerously attended.

At a meeting of the **Jockey Club**, at **Newmarket**, the 23d of April, **William Taylor**, alias **Snipe**, was examined on a charge of watching a trial with a telescope, but he refused to divulge the names of his employers. It was then agreed that he should be prohibited from going on the heath grounds occupied by tenants of the **Jockey Club**, &c. and that all persons detected in similar conduct should be treated in the same manner.

The following notification has been issued:—

“**New Rooms**, **Newmarket**,  
9th May, 1821.

“We, the **Stewards of the Jockey Club**, do order and direct that, for the future, no horse be permitted to be sweated or exercised within the rails, from the **Turn of the Lands** to the

the end of the Beacon Course, at any time of the year, nor in the track of the course in any other parts of the Heath Grounds.

"That this order be published for the information of the grooms; and that the labourer on the course be ordered to report to Mr. Weatherby, for our information, every infraction of this order.

"H. A. Craven, Scott Portland, J. R. Udry, Stewards."

**HAMPTON RACES.**—Frederick Fitzclarence, Esq. is chosen one of the stewards for the present year.

The Hambledon Hunt will, we understand, be revived next season, with the most brilliant prospects of sport, under the management of Sir Bellingham Graham, Bart. who has left the Pytchley Hunt, in Northamptonshire, and is about to take up his residence at Hill Place, late the residence of R. Goodlad, Esq. where the hounds will be kept. Mr. Chaworth has undertaken to hunt the Althorp and Pytchley countries.

Mr. Kirby, at the Newmarket Caven Meeting, purchased of Mr. Tibbits, the brown horse, Pericles; the chestnut mare, Evadne, by Haphazard, out of Dodona; and the black colt, Phidias, by Pericles, out of Petronilla.—Mr. Kirby has also purchased, to send to Russia, Raphael, by Rubens, out of Iris, by Brush; and Paralus (late Mr. Payne's), was purchased for 440gs.

Mr. Mytton has purchased Mr. Jackson's ch. colt, Rector, for 660gs.

There are already fifty-five horses named to start for the Gloucester Stakes, to be run for at the ensuing Cheltenham Meeting, and to which there are sixty-four subscribers.

The Earl of Stamford and Warrington, in consequence of the death of his daughter, Lady Maria Grey, withdrew the horses his Lordship had entered to run at the Chester races.

The Hon. Cavendish Bradshaw, and the Hon. Mr. St. John, have been selected as the stewards of the races at Boulogne-sur-Mer, which were to commence on Friday, the 18th instant.

The officers of the army and navy,

at St. Helena, assume themselves with horse racing and theatrical representations. On the last third day's sports, no less than six hundred and twenty dollars were contended for, in two sweepstakes, five matches; in one instance twelve horses started. Adm. Lambert was one of the stewards.

Mr. Higman has applied for a patent for his improvement in the construction of harness for harness, and is willing to allow a trial of them to any gentleman visiting Bath.

**TURNER AND MARTIN.**—The latter hero is in training in Hertfordshire, and according to report, is taking great care of himself; but the knowing ones *boast* it as a certainty, that Turner must win the battle. The odds continue 6 and 7 to 4 agst Martin.

**OLIVER AND THE GAS-LIGHT MAN.**—Both of these pugilists are in active training; Oliver in Surrey, and the Gas in Hertfordshire.

**KENDRICK**, the Black pugilist, was brought up to Bow-street last month, for riotous conduct in the house of the Champion Cribb. The Magistrate required bail, which *blackey* not having at hand, he was put into the turnkey's *boudoir*.

On the 8th inst. Randall had a good sparring benefit at the Fives Court. The gallantry of the "Knights of the Fives" were put to the test on the occasion, as the sports, we are told, "were attended by some elegant females."

*Memory and Affection in Animals.*  
—In the menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, was a crane, which Mons. Valentin brought from Semeval. This bird was attended by that merchant, during the voyage, with the most assiduous care; but, upon landing in France, it was sold, or given, to the Museum of Natural History. Several months after its introduction, Valentin, arriving in Paris, went to the menagerie, and walked up to the cage in which the bird was confined. The crane instantly recognized him; and when Valentin went into its cage, lavished upon him every mark of affectionate attachment. That animals possess parental

parental and filial affections, friendly dispositions, and generous sympathies, is known even to superficial observers. The artifices which partridges and plovers employ to delude their enemies from the nests of their young are equally known. The hind, when she hears the sound of dogs, puts herself in the way of her hunters, and, choosing her ground, takes an opposite direction to that in which she left her fawns. The love of this animal, too, for its native haunts, is not unfrequently exemplified. A farmer at Mount Vernon, in the state of Kentucky, having domesticated a female deer, lost her during the whole spring and summer. After an absence of several months, however, she returned with a young fawn by her side; and, on her arrival, seemed to take great pleasure in shewing her young. Grief, too, works, in a lively manner upon animals. I remember (observes Mr. Bucke) a dog that died through the loss of its master; and a bull-finch that abstained from singing ten entire months on account of the absence of his mistress. On her return it resumed its song. Lord Kaims relates an instance of a canary, which, in singing to his mate, hatching her eggs in a cage, fell dead. The female quitted her nest, and finding him dead, rejected all food, and died by his side. Homer was not so extravagant as some may be inclined to esteem him, when he makes the proud horses of the proud Achilles weep for the loss of their master; for horses can regret, and their countenances frequently exhibit evident marks of melancholy. The seal weeps, and the turtle mourns.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, WESTMINSTER, MAY 14.

*Lord Brudenell v. Webster, Esq.*—This was an action brought on the warranty of a horse sold by the defendant to the plaintiff. The horse was found, on the first day's hunting, to have been lame, and notice was accordingly given to the defendant, who denied any lameness prior to the sale, and therefore refused to return

the price.—The case was tried at the late Assizes for Leicester, before Mr. Justice Holroyd, and the question was, whether the lameness had been prior to the sale of the horse. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff for 120*l.*—Mr. Clarke moved this day, for a rule *nisi* to set aside that verdict, and have a new trial granted. The application was founded, first, on the circumstance that the person on whose evidence the lameness of the horse chiefly rested, was introduced to the judge and jury as a respectable farmer, who kept a hunter of his own; whereas, in fact, as was soon discovered, he was the groom of the agent of Lord Cardigan, the plaintiff's father; and if that had been known at the trial, the jury would undoubtedly have given their verdict for the defendant. Secondly, a person was taken out of the crowd at the trial, who stated himself to have been a farrier, and to have heard all the evidence given that day on the subject, from which, it was his opinion, the lameness had been prior to the sale. To the examination of this witness, he (Mr. Clarke) had protested at the trial, and had not the benefit of his cross-examination, the Learned Judge having over-ruled his objection, and taken the examination of witnesses on himself. For these reasons the Learned Gentleman submitted that a new trial ought to be granted.—The Court granted a rule to shew cause; and on Monday, the 21st, Mr. Denman, in behalf of Lord Brudenell, requested that the case might be argued in the present term: Lord Brudenell conceived that opinions unfavourable to his character might be produced by the statement which had gone forth to the public. Mr. Denman added, that Lewen, the groom, might at the trial have been mistaken for a farmer, but that he had never so described himself.—Mr. Morgan, for the defendant, said that his notes were at variance with Mr. Denman's statements.—The Court ordered that notice be given to Mr. Clark, and that the matter should come on forthwith.

A NEXT-



A MEETING of many of the county gentlemen, friendly to the sports of the field, took place at the Warwick Arms in Warwick, on Tuesday morning, the 1st instant, concerning the Warwickshire Hunt, which has lately been relinquished by Lord Middleton, in consequence of ill health.—Nothing, we understand, has been definitively agreed upon, and we have been informed that another meeting will take place on the subject early in July.—*Birmingham Chronicle.*

ON Tuesday, April 24, the gentry and yeomanry in the neighbourhood, who had hunted during the season with the hounds of Sir Jacob Astley, Bart. met to dine at the Shire Hall, Holt, Norfolk, Sir Jacob Astley in the chair. This meeting has given great pleasure to the inhabitants of that part, for it is a revival of the custom of days now long gone by, the recollection of which has made them forget for a season the pressure of the present times. Hunting is considered by many to be no unimportant advantage to the country in which it is fostered; because it is a social sport—it brings men in various situations of life together, and unites them in the pursuit of the same object—it teaches the humbler portion to pay respectful attention to their superiors, and induces gentlemen to become acquainted with the character of those beneath them, to take an interest in their welfare, and to feel the advantages arising from their support and attachment—because, in fine, it tends to restore that chain of communication between the different orders of society which the events of late years have burst so widely asunder, and to re-create that reciprocity of interest which is so essential to their mutual happiness. In addition to these sources of congratulation, the conduct of Sir Jacob Astley has been so distinguished by urbanity and condescension, as to ensure him the esteem of all those who have attended him in the field. When a party meets under impressions like these, it is needless to describe the

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pleasure of the feast. Talent of every description was there, political feeling was carefully suppressed, and the hilarity and good humour of the meeting will be long remembered by every one present. Upwards of seventy gentlemen sat down to dinner, which was exceedingly well served from the Feathers Inn.

THE ancient, manly, and healthy exercise of archery is, we hear, rapidly reviving; the Toxophilite Society, which some years ago used to practise in the fields behind Gower-street, have now established themselves at Bayswater; other societies in various parts of the country are following their example.

THE silver bugle horn, given by the Royal Company of Edinburgh Archers, was shot for lately in Lord Hopetoun's Park, and was won, after an excellent contest, by Captain Robert Hay, of the Royal Navy.

TROTTING MATCH.—*Match to trot One Hundred Miles in Twelve successive Hours.*—This match, made by Captain Beareley, of Iver, to do the above distance with two riders, the owner (who rides twelve stone) the first fifty miles, and feather weight the next fifty, took place over a ten-mile piece of ground on the Ipswich road, on the 24th April, for 200gs.—The mare to perform the task was under fifteen hands, but showed much strength and blood. She was backed at six to five to win. She performed twelve miles in the first hour, and within two hundred yards of the same distance in the second hour, before the bit was drawn. The first fifty miles were performed in five hours and five minutes. Here the mare was rubbed down, she fed well, and started again after halting half an hour. She next carried little more than seven stone of weight, and travelled on very pleasantly at the rate of ten miles and a half an hour, which covered loss of time and stoppages. She won cleverly, with twenty minutes to spare. One in the morning was the starting time.

PEDESTRIANISM.—*A Match to do Fifty Miles in Eight Hours.*—A young

young man, of the name of Benningborough, from the northern part of Staffordshire, undertook, on the 30th of April, to perform this great undertaking. The pedestrian was backed for 100gs. and the race took place over a five-mile piece of ground, at Eiken, near Dunstable, Herts. He did each five miles as follows:—

	Min.	Sec.
1st five miles.....	37	20
2d.....	36	—
3d.....	35	14
4th.....	35	50
5th.....	50	40
6th.....	59	14
7th.....	51	22
8th.....	53	59
9th.....	54	20
10th.....	50	54

Total—seven hours, 52 minutes, 53 seconds.—The match was won with much difficulty; and although the pedestrian had one hour and more than seven minutes to do the last five miles, he was so much fatigued, that time was backed at 5 to 4. He performed half the distance in three hours, 13 minutes, and 34 seconds, which gave him time to rest at intervals. This is more than Rainer performed in eight hours, against Capt. Barclay's man.

Mr. Prendergast, a yeoman in Oxfordshire, undertook, on the 17th of May, to perform a match of 100 miles in twenty-four hours. The pedestrian had trained for the match during the last month; the ground over which he travelled was a circle of five miles from Woodridge, Oxon, of turf and road: he started at four o'clock in the morning, and performed the first five miles in forty-eight minutes; he continued to mend upon his pace, until he did twenty-five miles in ten minutes under four hours; he halted an hour, ate a hearty breakfast of chops, and then proceeded on at between five and six miles an hour, until he had done forty miles, when he halted about two hours; and at two o'clock he had gone a mile over half the distance. He kept on steadily, and did the next twenty miles in four hours,

when he again took refreshment and slept; he had seven hours to do the remaining thirty miles, and kept on at the rate of five miles an hour, until he had completed ninety miles, when he fell lame; he had something under three hours to do the next ten miles in, but could only reach the ninety-second mile, when he was obliged to resign the Herculean labour. It was even betting on the event.

Rainer, the Kentish pedestrian, started on Thursday, May 10, on the Woodford road, Essex, to perform the undertaking of fifty miles in seven hours and a half, for a considerable bet: he went off well, and was backed at odds to win, but he was beat at thirty-six miles; he kept on the whole time when he was four miles from home, and lost the match.

CANINE SAGACITY.—During the gale which proved so fatal to the Thomas and Mary, and the crew, on the 14th of April, three boats were seen in Chiswell Cove, with the crews in most imminent danger from the fury of the waves, which, rising in terrific majesty, frustrated every attempt of the people on shore to render them assistance. At this critical juncture, a dog of the Newfoundland breed, but born in the island, plunged into the water, and, surmounting the tossing billows, succeeded in reaching the nearest boat. The crew immediately put a line into his mouth, and the sagacious and brave animal returned with it in safety to the shore! This line was eagerly grasped by the sailors on the beach, a rope was fastened to it, and by dint of great exertions and presence of mind, as well in those in the boat, as from those on the land, all the three boats were safely pulled on the beach, one by one, the boats having a communication with each other, by means of a long rope. This is not a solitary instance of the vast utility of the dogs bred in Portland, in cases of marine distress.—*Weymouth Gazette.*

The practice of vaccinating dogs, for the purpose of preventing distemper,

temper, has been adopted in many cases with success. The operation is performed when the dogs are from six weeks to two months old, and the matter has always been inserted on the inner surface of the ear, in a part as free from hair as possible.

GLASGOW.—Last week, a female eagle was shot whilst coming off her nest, which was situated near the head of Loch Fine. It is of uncommon size, and said to be one of the true Scottish tribe! From the bill to the tip of the tail it measures three feet eleven inches, between the tips of the wing seven feet three inches, round the neck nine inches, round the leg nine inches and a half; even the hind claw is two inches and a half in thickness.—*Scots Paper*.

A SHORT time ago, while working a piece of converted timber in the Plymouth dock-yard, for a first futtock rider of his Majesty's ship Kent, of 74 guns, the workmen had to take off about three inches from one of the ends, in which a small hole was discovered, and on cutting it out with a mallet and chissel, a bird, called the willow-wren, was found in a perfect state of preservation. There was not the least appearance of defect in the wood, until the three-inch piece was cut off.

BULL-BAITING.—A petition has been presented to the House of Commons, from certain magistrates, gentlemen, clergy, merchants, and other inhabitants of the town and parish of Rochdale, in the county palatine of Lancaster, praying the House to turn its attention to the evils resulting from the cruel and injurious practice of bull-baiting.

THE cocking match fought the first week this month at Norwich, between Norwich and Cambridge, was won by the former, by seven battles in the main and two in the byes. The victory was very complete, and the Cambridge men went back empty.

CHESTER COCKING.—During the races, a main of cocks was fought between the gentlemen of Cheshire, (Gilliver, feeder), and the gentlemen of Lancashire (Potter, feeder), con-

sisting of thirty mains and twelve bye battles:—

CHESHIRE. M. B.		LANCASHIRE. M. B.	
Monday	...3 1	.....	2 1
Tuesday	...3 2	.....	2 0
Wednesday	7 4	.....	3 0
Thursday	..2 1	.....	3 1
Friday	....2 1	.....	3 1

THERE is now in the possession of a sportsman near Oswestry, a cock which weighed nearly 9lbs! and which has tried his courage with a brother nearly of the same weight.

THE township of Dore, in Derbyshire, was lately so much infested with moles, that in the course of three weeks, 250 dozen of those destructive creatures were destroyed by two mole-catchers.

A FEW days ago, a woodcock's nest, containing four eggs, was found in a wood upon one of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire's estates, in the East Riding of Yorkshire. The old bird was taken, and the eggs were brought home by the gamekeeper, and deposited in a cupboard, by the fire side. The next morning three young woodcocks were found to have broken their shells, but are since dead.

On the 9th of May, a fine plump half-grown woodcock was killed by the gamekeeper of Joshua Crompton, Esq. in Buck Wood, about half a mile from Esholt Hall. It was one of a brood from a pair which had before been seen there lately, and it is probable that this singular fact has been owing to the fine mild weather in January and February, and that these birds found themselves disposed to breed before the usual time of leaving this country.

CARTER and Sutton are now in Ireland on a pugilistic tour. They lately visited Cork, and the following is a copy of one of their advertisements:—"A Card.—Messrs. Carter and Sutton return their best thanks to the Committee of the Cork Scientific and Literary Society, for the kind offer of their hall, Falkiner's-lane, and beg to announce to the nobility and gentry, that a course of lectures will be delivered at the above hall, on

the evenings of Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday next, by Mr. John Carter, with practical illustrations. *The upper seats will be exclusively appropriated to the ladies.* Tickets for the course, half-a-guinea; single tickets, two-and-sixpence."

**ORIGINAL ENGLISH GAMES.**—Pall-Mall was a pastime not unlike goff; but, if the definition of the former given by Cotgrave be correct, it will be found to differ materially from the latter, at least, as it was played in modern times. "Paille-maille," says he, "is a game wherein a round box ball is struck by a mallet through a high arch of iron, which he that can do at the fewest blows, or at the number agreed upon, wins." It is to be observed that there are two of these arches, one at either end of the alley. The game of mall was a fashionable amusement in the reign of Charles the Second; and the walk in St. James's Park, now called the Mall, received its name from having been appropriated to the purpose of playing at mall, where Charles himself, and his courtiers, frequently exercised themselves in the practice of this pastime. The denomination *mall*, given to this game, is evidently derived from the mallet, or wooden hammer, used by the players to strike the ball.

### SPORTING ANECDOTES.

Communications for this Department of our Work are respectfully solicited.

A GAME hen, the property of J. H. Hunt, Esq. of Compton-Pauncefoot, Somerset, lately took possession of an old magpie's nest, on the top of a fir tree, wherein she hatched nine fine chickens, which have been safely landed from their aerial birth-place.

A MAN went to a late fair to purchase a horse; he soon found one likely to answer his purpose, which

he tried and purchased for 31l. In about two hours he met a neighbour of his; "Thomas (says he) I have bought a horse, but as I am not much of a judge, will you be so good as look to him for me?" "With all my heart;" so they went to the stable. "John, you have not bought *this* horse, I expect." "But I have, and paid for him also." "Why (says Thomas) he is *blind*!"—which was the case. It would have been in vain to have returned the horse, as the jockey was not the most respectable, and had *got the money*! But an idea struck him; he went to the jockey, and said he had either paid him 32l, or lost a 1l. note. The jockey insisted he had only received 31l. and after some altercation laid down the money, saying, "Count it; that is just as you paid it to me." John counted it, found it right, and then said, "the horse you sold me is blind; you may fetch him back again; you have your horse, and I have my money!"

A SHORT time ago, a hawk pursued a pigeon belonging to the dove-cote of Mr. Rickett, at Lolham-mills, Lincolnshire, and pounced upon and brought his prey to the ground: one of Mr. R.'s millers, named Lewis Ridlington, an excellent marksman, instantly fetched a gun, and without doing the smallest apparent injury to the pigeon, rescued it from its impending death, by shooting the hawk dead on the spot; the pigeon instantly flew to its home in safety.

A NOBLEMAN'S assistant game-keeper, in the vicinity of Gravesend, was lately watching two crows on the ground, when a young rabbit came out of a burrow, which the crows instantly seized. The cries of the young rabbit brought the old one to its assistance, and while fighting with the crows, the man fired and killed both crows and both rabbits.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"AN AMATEUR" would have been acceptable but for the stipulation annexed to his letter.

A Portrait of Highflyer is in the engraver's hands.

POETRY.

## POETRY.

## THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*ODE TO BACCHUS.  
A DITHYRAMBIC, OR DRINKING  
SONG.*Imitated from Horace, O. XIX. B. 2.  
Bacchum in remotis carmina ripibus  
Vidi decentem.*

**M**IDST craggy rocks, I saw, en-  
throned on high,  
(Believe my tale, posterity,)   
With blushing garlands crown'd,  
To madd'ning phrenzy wound,  
Exulting Bacchus tune his lyre;  
And, as he lent the quivering chords

his fire,  
Aërial Dryads hover'd near,  
And goat-hoof'd Satyrs throng'd to  
hear  
The keea vibration thrill each echo-  
ing sound.

Drench'd with rich juice—huaza!—  
my tingling frame  
Boars on extatic wing of flame;  
Oh spare, red God of wine,  
A votary of thy shrine:  
The honied oak, the purpled spring,  
And thy dread Tyraus Ivy-twined I  
sing.

I chant the soft, milk-flowing stream,  
The bickering torches' angry gleam,  
And thy loose orgies round the blaz-  
ing pine.

Ocean and River at thy magic force  
Stay their mad billow-rolling course;  
With venom'd reptiles, charm'd  
And of their stings disarms'd,  
Thou dost twin'st the viperous knot  
To bind thy priestess' hair in sylvan  
grot;

And when proud giants scal'd the  
sky,

Thy lion-rear was heard on high,  
And Rhoetus fled thy flashing eye-  
ball's glare.

But when grim Pluto's realms by  
panthers drawn  
You enter'd, deck'd with golden  
horns,

The foaming dog of hell  
Felt thy restless spell,  
And joy'd thy near approach to hail:  
He fawn'd, and crouch'd, and wagg'd  
his bristly tail;—

And when returning from afar,  
He view'd thy cluster-shaded car,  
With triple tongue he lick'd thy ten-  
der feet. E. D.

*May 17, 1821.*

## LES NOUVEAUX D'AMOUR.

**H**OW to get married is easy and  
plain,  
But hard, as I hear, to get single  
again;

So great the expence is to pass  
through the Lords,  
'Tis a luxury exclusive that greatness  
affords;

But yet there's a way, which the ri-  
gid abuse,  
By which it is cheap to get out of the  
neose.

A Curate in Wales, 'tis related as  
fact,  
Had brought to the altar a pair to be  
tack'd:

The knot being tied, the man sulky  
became,  
And seem'd much inclin'd to get rid  
of his dame:

For better or worse so alarm'd his  
poor brain,  
He ask'd if he couldn't untie it again?  
The Curate, a wag (tho' 'twas strange  
he should jeer,

With six children, a wife, and a score  
pounds a year!).  
Said, "Why, no, my good friend,  
you must swallow the pill,  
I can't

I can't let you loose—but you may if you will."

"Ah!" Benedict cried, "by what method I pray—

I'll pay double fees if you'll shew me the way."

"In vain, for relief, at *this* end is your search,

But you'll find it," said he, "t'other end of the Church—

You've nothing to do, but step under the spire,

The bell-rope will give you the cure you desire!"

#### MORAL.

The spear of the Greek, as the poets have said,

Alone cured the wounds that before it had made;

So the knot of the Parson, that causes such pother,

Can only beloesen'd by tying another!

#### THE LAST TIME WE MET.

(By the Author of "*Rouge et Noir*.")

OH! how brilliantly sparkled the bowl

The last night which together we passed;

And when each came resolved in his soul

To enjoy it—although 'twas the last!

I know not what fortune intends,

Nor whether she'll smile on me yet;

But of this I am certain, my friends,

I'll remember the last time we met!

I'll remember how often that eve

In the midst of our frolic and whim

Each heart paused a moment—to grieve—

And was full, like each glass, to the brim:

I'll remember what kind things were said,

And their worth whom I long shall regret:

Yes, till friendship—till feeling be dead,

I'll remember the last time we met!

Tho' the present be cheerless and chill,

And the future frown on till the last,

It is something, my friends, if we still

Can look back with delight on the past.

But I'll cherish the hope in my soul,

Tho' divided and far, we may yet

Meet together once more round the bowl,

And be blest as the last time we met.

#### THE LION HUNT.

(From Poems by Thomas Medwin.)

WHAT mean those tents in that deep jungle placed?

And what does man in such a lonely waste?

Hist! hark! the faoo's faint and dismal cry\*

Proclaims their object of pursuit is nigh;

And loud, and nearer now, his screamings shake

The wild wood, echoing from his thorny brake.

The camp is roused, the darkness adds to fear,

All panic-seized, exclaim "the faoo's near!"

Amid their voices, instant stilled to hear,

High o'er the rest, 'tis Oswald's meets the ear.

"Let numerous fires be kindled, that their light

May scare the lions from our camp to-night;

And quickly lead my favorite Arab here;

He knows my voice, and will repress his fear:

And further, Ajhum, it were best to string

\* The faoo is an animal whose species is at present unknown or undecided among oriental sportsmen; who however all agree in considering its cry as indicative of the tiger's approach. The natives are very superstitious with respect to the faoo: some declare the cries to proceed from a jackall following the tiger: others are more inclined, and with greater probability, to attribute them to the tiger itself.

The camels in the centre of the ring."

Early inured to hardihood, when a boy,

Hawks, and the chase, had been his constant joy :

But, with maturer years, a worthier aim

Awaked his passions, and a nobler flame.

Not his, to mingle with the motley crew

Who drive the fox, or worse—the hare pursue.

To rouse the lion from his sullen lair,  
To hear his deep-mouthed thunders read the air;

To see the tigress stand at dreadful bay,

Or turn enfrenzied at her rescued prey,

Provoke her fury, rush the charge to meet,

And lay the monster gasping at his feet :

Such were his sports—yet Oswald few believe

Lured by those joys the chase *alone* can give :

Some minds in war's rude cradle seek repose,

And in the din of conflict rock their woes :

Some—when the weltering surges wildest sweep

The crazy bark, amid the shrouds can sleep ;

Man has no scorpion like inglorious rest :

Unfed—the worm will feed upon the breast.

The morn is up; in eastern pomp a band

Of followers and of ready horsemen stand,

A hunting cavalcade, above the rest  
Doorga appear'd, the noblest and the best

Of Oswald's favorite elephants, her name

She took from one immortal as her fame,

And all have read, who Indian legends know,

Of Doorga's conflict with the centaur foe.

Twelve stately elephants a front combine

In mimic war, a formidable line ;

Two move in trappings rich, the rest appear

With padded backs the vassal throng to bear.

Some to their belted waist the sabre slung,

And some the match-lock o'er the shoulder flung,

And bows were seen, and javelins too were there,

Weapons that more for show than use they wear :

And thus disposed in custom'd order sweep

Through that wild forest measureless and deep.

—With measured steps, and trunks that feel their way,

The elephants advance ; their route now lay

Where thorny brakes, and complicated boughs

Athwart the defile stretched, their track oppose ;

Whose rock-worn sides and deeply-channelled course

Betray how vast the rain-swoln torrent's force.

Now on the edge precipitous and steep

Of jagged ravines, crumbling, dark, and deep,

Is traced the tiger's foot-fall.....

As slowly onward to the bounds they passed

Of that lone jungle, once a watery waste,

Slinks forth the jackall, who with yell of fear

Startles the twilight's dull reposing ear ;

And shaggy wolf, oft turning round to gaze

With look of fearless fierceness in the face.

And those gaunt brutes whose felon eyes betray

Their loathsome trade, that shuns the light of day,

To rifle dead men's mouldering bones, and steal

The

The refuge of the glutton vulture's meal.

There too, the nyl-ghou bounds, or stops to view

If that strange route her timid steps pursue;

How soft! how exquisitely dark the hue

Of her large, languishing, and tender eyes,

Seen through their long and fringed canopies,

The silken bars of man's caged soul; and well

Did Persia's poet feel their master-spell,

The all of passion speaks in the Gasselle!

Move on the phalanx; slowly they combine

Their scattered force in equi-distant line.

Yet, ere they reach that thicket, it is clear

Some cause is nigh to wake instinctive fear:

Their restive motions, trunks that snort in air

Rouse all our hopes, Shabash! Shabash! beware!

Fired at that word, with ardors like our own

The intrepid Doorga plunges madly on:

Starts at those coming elephants and men

A lion—starts amazed—and quits his den,

Shakes his loose tangled mane, one bound—no more—

He breaks the covert with a deafening roar.

Stands forth the lion with enquiring stare,

His tail wild waving, and his head in air;

His flowing mane a majesty displays

That ranks him as the monarch of his race,

Lord of the desert! stands, as the he viewed

Some proud usurpers on his reign intrude.

Senseless—extended—gaping on the plain,

Life ebbing fast from many a streaming vein,

Yet! yet! his blood-shot eyeball's deadly fire

Gleams with a fell unintermitted ire;

And his stretched paws, in act of conflict, still,

Though lost their power to slay, retain the will;

Or if a leaf but rustle, feebly close

Their fangs, in fancied clutching of his foes.

Then does a fiercer frenzy light his eye,

And long deep growls express an ecstasy

Of savage joy, no pangs can e'er abate

His lordly nature overmastering fate;

And when the blood in suffocating tide

Rushed upward, and the rattling throat denied

Their farther utterance, inward groans expressed

That thoughts of baffled vengeance marred his rest.

He dies! his terrors e'en outlive his breath;

And all the lion shows itself in death.

#### SONG.

(By the Author of "*Rouge et Noir*.")

**A**WAY with regret! why remember  
Our griefs when the goblet's so  
boon?

We have all felt the blast of December,  
Let this be the sunshine of June!

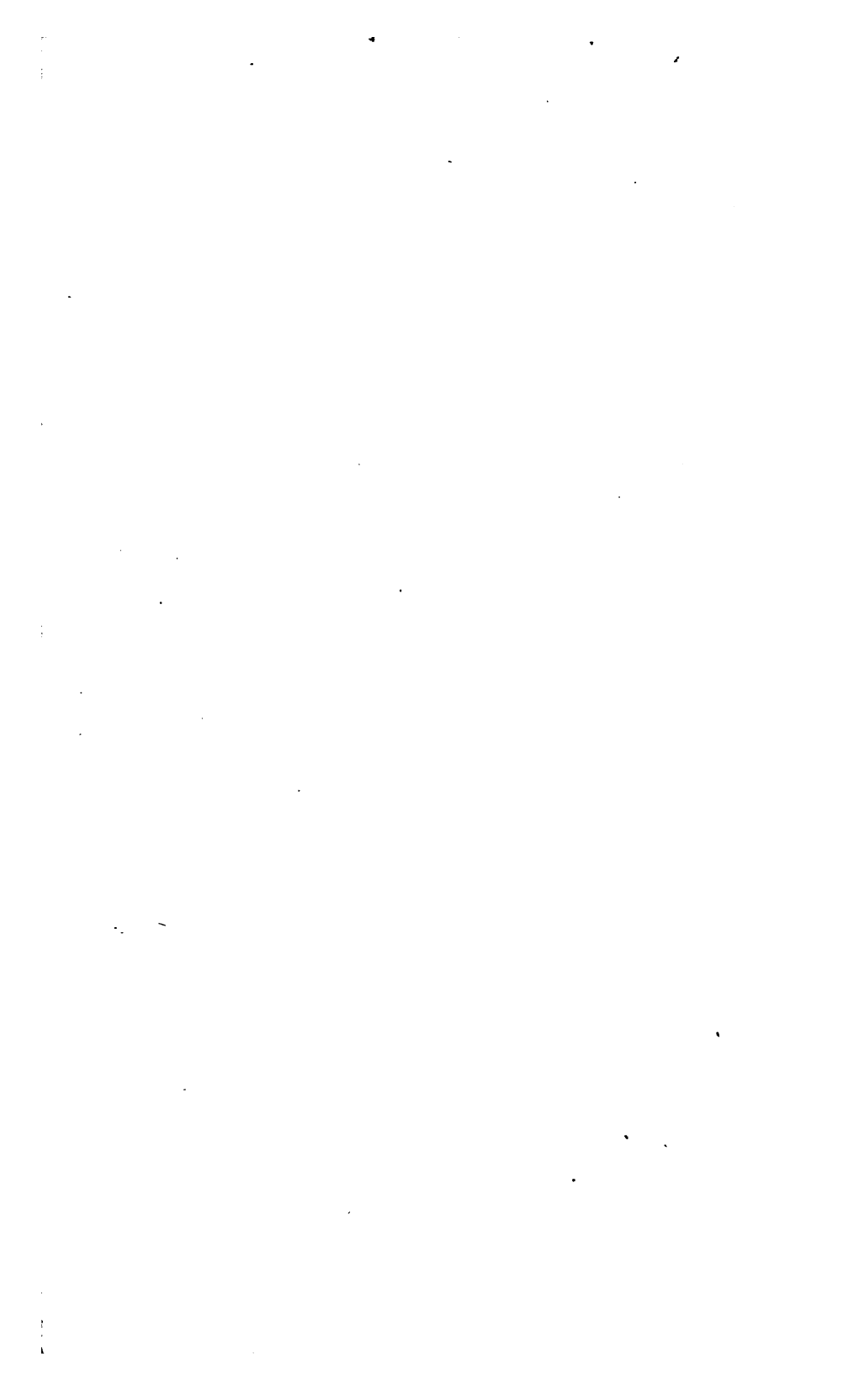
I see by the flash of each eye, boys,  
There's none in a humour to whine:  
But if care should presume to draw

nigh, boys,  
By Bacchus! we'll duck him in wine!

I too have my griefs—but forget them  
In quaffing the bliss of the bowl:  
When flowers are drooping we wet

them—  
And why not the same with the soul?







# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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No. XLV.

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## Embellished with,

I. A Portrait of the celebrated Mare RHODA, by Asparagus.

II. FOX KILLED by a GAME COCK, an Etching.

### RHODA.

Painted by A. COOPER, R. A. and en-  
graved by W. SMITH.

**R**HODA, a fine bay filly, foaled  
in 1813, was bred by his  
Grace the Duke of Rutland; got  
by Asparagus; dam, Rosabella,  
by Whiskey; grandam by Dio-  
med; great grandam, Harriet  
(Mrs. Jordan, Creeper, and Spe-  
culator's dam), by Match'em; great  
great grandam, Flora, by Regulus  
—Bartlett's Childers—Bay Bolton  
—Belgrade Turk.

### PERFORMANCES.

At Newmarket Craven Meeting,  
1816, Rhoda (the first time of her  
starting), carrying 8st. beat Sir J.  
Shelley's b. c. by Walton, out of

Mockbird's dam, 8st. 7lb. R. M.  
300gs. : 2 to 1 on the Walton colt.  
—At Newmarket First Spring  
Meeting, Rhoda, 8st. 4lb. won the  
1000gs. Stakes, of 100gs. each  
(13 subscribers), beating Lord Fo-  
ley's brown filly, by Sir David, out  
of Dowager, 8st. 4lb.; Mr. Ne-  
ville's b. f. Guendolen, 8st. 4lb.;  
General Grosvenor's b. f. Placen-  
tia, by Dick Andrews, 8st. 4lb.;  
Mr. Payne's filly, by Sorcerer, out  
of Black Diamond, 8st. 4lb.; and  
Mr. Frost's bay filly, by Dick An-  
drews, out of Spitfire, 8st. 4lb. :  
the judge placed but three; 2 to 1  
agst Rhoda.—And at Epsom, Rho-  
da started for the Oaks Stakes,  
but was not placed.

In 1817, at Newmarket First  
P Spring

Spring Meeting, Rhoda, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. won a Handicap Purse of 50l. beating Duke of Grafton's bay filly, Minuet, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.; four others also started, but were not placed: 9 to 2 agst Rhoda.—At Ascot, Heath, Rhoda started for the Outlands Stakes, but was not placed; and on Thursday, Rhoda, 8st. 8lb. won 50l. beating Mr. Farquharson's br. h. Garus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.: 2 to 1 on Rhoda.—At Leicester, Rhoda, 7st. 12lb. won the Gold Cup, value 100gs. beating Mr. Wills's bay h. King of Diamonds, aged, 9st.; Sir A. G. Hesilrige's br. f. Susan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11b.; Major Wilson's b. h. Strider, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.; and Major Morris's ch. h. Telamon, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.

In 1818, at Newmarket Craven Meeting, Rhoda, 5 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. started for the Oatlands, but was not placed: 8 to 1 agst Rhoda.—At Newmarket First Spring Meeting, Rhoda, 7st. 6lb. won a Sweepstakes of 100gs. each (four subscribers), beating Mr. West's b. c. Bulgarian, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.; and Lord Exeter's b. c. Captain Candid, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.: 3 to 1 agst Rhoda.—At Newmarket July Meeting, Rhoda, 8st. 10lb. won a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for all ages (six subscribers), beating Lord Suffield's b. c. Aquilo, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11b.; Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Boniface, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.; Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Trictrac, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11b.; and Mr. Wyndham's b. c. by Teddy, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.: 5 to 1 agst Rhoda—won by half a length.—At Chelmsford, Rhoda, 8st. 11b. won the King's Purse of 100gs. beating Mr. Neale's ch. f. Canvas, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.; and Mr. Northey's ch. f. Willow, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.—And on Wednesday, Rhoda, 8st. 9lb. won the Gold Cup, value 100gs.

beating Mr. Edwards's b. c. Anacreon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.; Lord Foley's ch. c. Philharmonus, 3 yrs old, 7st.; General Grosvenor's b. f. by Ashton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.; and Lord Suffield's ch. h. Glowworm, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.—At Bedford, Rhoda, 8st. 12lb. won 50l. for all ages, beating Major Wilson's ch. c. Cypress, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.—At Northampton, Rhoda, 8st. 11lb. won the Wellington Stakes of 10gs. each (6 subscribers), beating Mr. Rogers's b. f. Thunderstorm, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.; and three others.—And at the same Meeting, she, carrying 8st. 11lb. won 50gs. for all ages, beating Major Wilson's ch. c. Cypress, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.; and two others.—At Leicester, Rhoda, 9st. won 70l. for all ages, beating Mr. Brown's br. g. Marksman, aged, 9st. 5lb.—At the same Meeting, Rhoda won the Burgess's Purse of 70l. heats, three times round, beating Mr. Wanklin's b. c. Spectre, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. and three others.—At Newmarket Second October Meeting, Rhoda, 8st. 8lb. won one-third of a subscription of 25gs. each, B. C. (20 subscribers), beating Lord Jersey's b. h. Cannon-Ball, aged, 9st. 3lb.; Lord Egremont's gr. h. Skim, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.; and Lord Jersey's br. c. David, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.: 5 to 1 agst Rhoda—won easy.

In 1819, at Epsom, Rhoda, (Mr. Edwards's), 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ran 2d, 1st, and 2d to Lord Rous's b. c. Lepus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. for 50l.: 3 to 1 on Rhoda.—At Brighton, Rhoda, 9st. 3lb. won the Town Purse of 100gs.; heats, the New Course; beating Lord March's br. c. Roncesvalles, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.; Mr. J. Walker's ch. h. Sylvanus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.; Mr. Prince's Manfred, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.; Mr. Lushington's b. m. Enchan-

chantress, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.; Mr. Allen's ch. f. by Election, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.; Mr. Forth's b. c. Lovemore, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.; and Lord Egremont's gr. h. Skim, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.: a very fine race; 5 to 2 on Rhoda.—At Northampton, Rhoda, 9st. 5lb. won 50gs. for all ages; heats, once round and a distance; beating Lord Warwick's ch. c. Wouwermans, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.; Mr. Whitworth's b. c. by Dick Andrews, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.; Sir J. Dashwood's The Little Master, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.; and Mr. Stephenson's b. h. Hazard, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb.—At Leicester, Rhoda won 70l. for all ages; heats, twice round; beating Mr. Platell's ch. f. Joke, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.; Mr. Manners's ch. c. Painter, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.; Lord Warwick's ch. c. Wouwermans, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.; and Mr. Scott's br. c. by Thunderbolt, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb.

In 1820, at Chelmsford, Rhoda, aged, won the Stewards' Purse of 50l. two-mile heats, beating Mr. Rogers's ch. f. Nina, 4 years old, 8st. 11lb.; and Mr. Palmer's b. f. Lacerta, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.: Rhoda the favourite.—At Northampton, Rhoda, 9st. 2lb. won 50gs. for all ages, two-mile heats; beating Mr. Whitworth's b. geld. Hazard, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.; Mr. Drage's b. c. by Sir Paul, 3 years old, 7st. 3lb.; and Mr. Stephenson's b. c. Ashbud, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.

Rhoda ran many times during the same years, but not as a winner: she is now the property of Mr. Turner.

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#### BOULOGNE RACES.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

ON the 1st of this month, the third Boulogne races took place.

Before I begin to give you an account of these sports, allow me to relate to you a dispute I remember taking place in Scotland between the late Lord B. and Mr. L. on the subject of fox-hunting. Mr. L. kept hounds, and hunted foxes: Lord B. never hunted with Mr. L. and supported an established pack, which came regularly to hunt the country: Mr. L. disputed some covers with the gentlemen who attended this regular pack. At a county dinner, Lord B. and Mr. L. (not very cordial at any time) entered into an altercation on this subject, in the course of which Lord B. said, "Sir, you can have no right to these covers, for your dogs are *not* hounds, nor your horses *hunters*." This was severe certainly. Now to deduce from this an argument applicable to Boulogne races, we must ask first—What constitutes races, properly so called? If we are to be fastidious, and say, why there must be crack thorough-bred horses, plates, jockies, and clerks of the course; then there were no races here. But this is being too nice, and therefore we have to report an assemblage of gentry, English and French, who met on the beach to view some horses run against one another—as so, I will describe it. A match was run between two English gentlemen (masters on), which was well rode by both, keenly contested, and hardly gained; there were four heats, and the last one caused considerable interest, and the prads were pretty well sewed up. The gentlemen were neatly rigged, and looked the thing to a T. The day was fine, the beach was refreshing, and the scene altogether pleasing. Many carriages were on the course, and in them many pretty women. An

ordinary finished the day, and, I believe, produced some future challenges. It is a slur on the gentlemen, that the night did not close with the "light fantastic," which would have proved acceptable to the fair spectators of their chivalry in the forenoon.—I remain, Sir, yours,

VIATOR.

June 5.

P. S. I forgot to add, that a sweepstakes closed the amusements of the course, which produced a good deal of laughter, from the number of bolters, whose predilection for their stable caused them to take an oblique direction, against the inclination of the jockies. —This race was a "glass of all nations:" English, French, and Cossack, contended for the prize.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

#### NOTICE OF HUE AND CRY, THE TROTTING STALLION.

THE Editor having forwarded to me a letter from the Tavistock Hotel, in which the writer desires some account of *Hue and Cry*, the trotting stallion, I have, in consequence, looked over my old memorandums, and what follows is all I know of him. I saw him several times while he was advertised as a covering stallion, to the best of my recollection, upwards of twenty years since. He was then fifteen or sixteen years old, perhaps fifteen hands one half in height, a bright bay with some white, a good figure, and master of sixteen stone. He was got either by the original Schales or Shields, or, as that horse was sometimes called, Scott, son of the Duke of Ancaster's Blank, out of a hackney mare, or by a son of old Schales; but I am inclined to think, it was by the original horse. Of his performances

I know nothing very particular, but that he was one of the speediest trotters of his day, whence his name, from the hue and cry he raised whilst dashing along the road, with a posse of horses galloping on each side and behind him. He was a horse of rare temper and courage, a true trotter, and got good stock. He trotted the mile considerably under three minutes, carrying a high weight, and trotted the hour several times, but I am uninformed of the number of miles. When I saw him, his fore feet were entirely ruined, the result of having had, some years previously, his shoes fitted whilst red hot, as I have related in my *Treatise on Horses*, 3d edit. vol. 1. par. 570.

It is a curious circumstance, that in the annals of racing, no notice is to be found of trotters; and I believe I am the only writer who has given any account of racers of that description. I could never trace the commencement of trotting as a race, nor the notice of any trotting stallion before Schales, which horse was perhaps foaled between the years 1760 and 70, Blank, his sire, dying in the latter year. There seems to have been a succession of trotting stallions of the name of Schales, since that period, in Lincolnshire and Norfolk, the most famous districts in the world for trotters, beyond a doubt; and when I was in Norfolk last year, there was a very old horse of that name and breed in existence. Norfolk still maintains its character for trotters, and we find by the newspapers, that a mare of Mr. T. Powell's, of West Radham, has lately trotted there, a mile under three minutes, with eleven stone. I should be curious to ascertain, how many seconds she would gain in trotting the same distance with a feather,

or

or seven stone. When I was in Lincolnshire in 1770, Old Schales was in the height of his reputation. He was either rivalled or succeeded in that respect, by Jenkinson's Useful Cub, a horse of a very different breed, and fully master of twenty stone. In 1779, I trotted nearly a mile with this horse, and his speed, as I judged by my own hackney, a tried one, was above the rate of twenty miles per hour, though he carried seventeen stone. His son Pretender, nevertheless, in a trial for speed, beat him easily. In my books may be found some notice of most of the famous trotters—my hobby horse, which embraced trotting in the next degree to galloping, leading me to a personal acquaintance with many of them.

JOHN LAWRENCE.

Somers Town.

P. S. The communication dated Calcutta, and signed "A BENGAL-LEE," in the last Number, page 68, is a most important one, and puts at rest that which has formerly been a question. I ventured many years ago, to give a similar opinion speculatively and by analogy; and in my publications since, have enlarged on the subject. This correspondent has settled the matter practically, and is entitled to the thanks of the votaries of the turf. The newspaper report is erroneous, that Smolensko was sold to Prince Esterhazy. The purchaser was Richard Wilson, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn-fields—price, thirteen hundred guineas.

#### BREEDING SMALL STOCK.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine,  
SIR,

I N my answer (last Number, page 81) to "G. B." of Canter-

bury, on the subject of breeding below the size of the mare, I omitted to recommend a Shetland pony stallion, some of which are almost thorough-shaped, and most of them uncommonly good in nature, and active in their paces. Any grazier, who buys of the Highland jobbers, would be able to procure one of these ponies through their means at no great expence, and some of those dealers are tolerable judges of the horse. A friend of mine in the Highlands of Scotland, has a stud often or twelve Shetland mares.

A BIT OF A JOCKEY.

#### REMARKS ON COURSING REPORTS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,  
BEING fond of coursing, and always interested to peruse the result of the different coursing meetings throughout the kingdom, I cannot help hinting to you what, in my humble opinion, would add to the pleasure of the perusal of their performances. The manner in which they are inserted at present in the papers, and copied by you, is confused, and it is certainly not in the least interesting to the reader to know whether A. B. beat C. D. or E. F. beat G. H. The manner of insertion also takes up much valuable space in the pages of the Magazine. Suppose, instead of the plan I now reprehend, the following was adopted (with deference I speak or write to the received custom).

The object being undoubtedly to report the winner of the cup or couples, together with the dog who contested the prize at last with the aforesaid winner—supposing these premises

premises granted, and take, for an example—

BEACON HILL COURSING MEETING,

DEC. 21, 1820.

*Cup.*—Won by Dr. Hemstead's Hecate, beating Mr. Haynes's Hannibal.

*Current Jelly Boat.*—Won by Mr. Haynes's Hannibal, beating Dr. Meyrick's Magnet.

Now, Mr. Editor, this is the cream of the information wanted—we have the two winners, and then, for the honour and glory of the rest of the field, who contended for the prize, give a list of the other competitors, who, to use racing slang, were not placed, viz.

Mr. A.'s b. b. Swallow, Mr. B.'s b. d. Pitch, Mr. C.'s y. d. Sulphur, &c.

This mode of stating the result would certainly save paper, ink, time, and the reader's patience.—Now, besides this, to make the report useful to those desirous of entering the lists, and of letting them know the blood and pedigree of the winners, let the descent from father and mother to son and daughter be stated (if come-atable) of the winners. This will make the report of a coursing meeting of celebrity serve a double purpose, viz. a sporting intelligence and a coursing stud book, seeing that to insert every long-tail bred, into a stud-book of greyhounds, would be an endless and fruitless investigation. I send you these hints with all humility, and remain, yours always,

Boulogne.

VAGUS.

P. S. By this abridgement of the report of a Coursing Meeting, more room is left for a detail of the nature of the sports of the day, the weather, the company, the style of running of dogs and hares, with any anecdotes that might occur.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

## ON CARVING.

WHEN the fat stag of Windsor Forest, Sir John Falstaff, fancied himself desperately in love—when tyrant Cupid had anchored in his bosom, or rather, when deceitful Plutus had suggested to his dazzled mind that the pinnace in which he had embarked was “sailing to golden shores”—when roving through imagination's flowery meads, and soaring on expectation's airy wing, he enumerated Mistress Ford's most enchanting graces, and noticed her most endearing qualifications, how emphatically, how rapturously did she exclaim—*SHE CARVES!*

Now, as some carping and fastidious individuals may possibly object, that, furnished as was the voluptuous Knight with an unwieldy and capacious paunch (whose interior some have compared with those “*ingentes cavernas*,” mentioned by Virgil, speaking of the Trojan horse), and blessed as he was with a ravenous maw (“*O quanta gulla!*”) carving was an accomplishment which would necessarily excite in his mind a most lively interest, and that therefore my example is not to the point, I must call to my aid, Juvenal, whose sententious tartness and biting wit will support me better than the most learned disquisition. In his Fifth Satire he warns the unskilful youth in the most appalling words, which I have thus translated:—

And let me tell you, 't is no slight affair  
How you anatomize a fowl or hare;  
Displease your host—and through the gaping door

(As Cacus was by Hercules of yore),  
Grasp'd by the heels, you 're dragg'd  
along the floor.



A severe punishment, truly, when the offence is duly weighed. The *politesse* of the present age would never, it is true, admit of such an insult to genteel society; but, oh! to what secret derision, to what bitter taunts, is the unexperienced carver exposed: he uses his knife, not to cut, but to mangle—he *carves*, not as Praxiteles would have finely chiselled the Parian marble, into elegant forms and curious workmanship, but he struggles on with desperate and impetuous violence, as in the rugged strife, midst hurtling warriors and clashing weapons,

“Brave Macbeth, with his brandish’d steel,  
Like valour’s minion, carved out his passage.”

Imagine, gentle reader, a timid and modest, but awkward and inelegant young man, seated at a gentleman’s table, groaning with luxury, and crowded with fashionables—a couple of pullets (oh, horrible sight!) placed directly before him. “Have the kindness, Mr. —\*, to *carve* those chickens,” cries the lady of the mansion. He bows assent; but, alas! the motion of his bewildered knowledge-box does not express the genuine feelings of his palpitating breast; he

Looks wise, says nothing: an unerring way,  
When people nothing have to say;

then assumes, with untought fingers, the shining blade; and he is now constrained to begin. The delicate breast is rent away with the fork-torn wing—the severed gizzard rolls on the damask cloth, al-

ready bespattered with rich sauce—his fork darts with inconceivable rapidity to seize the gristly morsel. Alas! his elbow strikes a decanter, and much-prized Madeira meanders amongst smoking dishes, and laves the branching *epervgne*. The spectator beholds with astonishment the scene around him, and pictures to himself the One-eyed Giant’s gloomy den, strewn with the quivering limbs, and streaming with the clotted gore of unfortunate Ulysean victims; he beholds

“A wreck of pullets, and a crash of bones †.”

Unhappy youth! he strives to speak, but confusion “denies the voice of utterance to his tongue;” and he quits the room, oppressed, distracted, covered with

“Shame, and perturbation, and despair.”

The discreet and experienced carver will be particularly cautious as to the quantity of food he bestows on each guest: for the fair young lady, whose sylph form seems only to “sip the dew-drops daintily,” he will carefully cut a most delicate slice of the white turkey’s tender breast: but when he contemplates the lusty alderman’s larger visage, he will consider the affinity between the verbs to *carve* and to *carve*; and the inseparable connexion between a sharp carving knife and a keen-set appetite. He will think within himself, “This glutton should bear as his device, a table covered with rich viands, a longing eye, and a mouth,” “*in*hians,” *gaping* with this inscription, “*At quando messis?*” which

\* The difference between my hero and Phaeton is, that the latter panted for the means of his destruction; the former, like Malvolio (vide Twelfth Night), had “greatness thrust upon him.”

† See Cato’s soliloquy on the immortality of the soul, “It must be so,” &c.

may

may admit of this explanation, "*When, after all my anxiety, shall I be helped?*" He will then cull the choicest and most substantial dainties from his friend's favourite dish with ready dexterity; and for this service he will be sure to meet the approving smiles of the joyous *gourmand*.

Much, much more curious information might be gathered concerning this useful art; but I am convinced enough has been already said to illustrate its utility, and to caution the unskilful.

Thrice happy is he who can brandish his glittering carving blade, as the dexterous knight of olden times could wield his trenchant falchions; who can separate the joints of teal, pheasant, or wild-geon, as skilfully as the Templar could unrivet his adversaries' scaly armour; and who can dissect a Michaelmas goose, without floundering about, as the courteous knight could in the "merrie joust" unhorse his opponent without shedding his blood. Happy is the carver, whose

Keen-set knife, in a fine phrenzy waving,  
Now delves in pigeon-pie, and thigh of  
woodcock;

And, as imagination bodies forth  
The savoury treasure hid, the carver strait  
Thrusts in his spoon, and heaps on ready  
platter  
The palate-pleasing stuffing of a duck.

E. D.

June 18, 1821.

#### QUERIES ON POISONING LANDS AND ON TRAINING THE RACE HORSE.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

**P**ERMIT me to request the favour of such of your sporting correspondents as may possess information in each line, of an answer to the following queries:—

What is the particular intent of poisoning lands, notices of which, by advertisement, we used formerly to read so often in the Irish and Scots newspapers, and, perhaps, in some of the northern English? How, and with what materials is it performed; and against what is the operation directed? Is it reckoned a respectable and fair proceeding? The curious circumstance that a noble Scotch Lord, well versed in country business, being asked respecting this practice, and declaring his total want of information on the subject, has stimulated this inquiry.

At what period did the late Sir Charles Bunbury give up the old, and commence his peculiar method of training the race horse, and on what motives?

Is the use of the muzzle, or setting the horse on the muzzle, as it is called in the stables, still supposed to be any way beneficial to the wind of the racer, according to the ancient opinion; or, is the muzzle applied merely to prevent the horse from foul feeding, and eating his litter, or to keep him empty?

In the year 1812 we were informed by the newspapers, that a certain stallion, called *Regulus*, had lately died—that he had been the sire of three thousand foals, which had produced the sum of upwards of eighty thousand pounds. Of what country, what breed, and whose property was this famous horse?

If any of your intelligent subscribers can supply the information required, I shall be greatly their debtor.

I am, Sir,

Your's, obliged,

CURIOSUS.

June, 1821.

## ON THE VARIOUS BREEDS OF HORSES.

BY COUNT VON VELTHEIM.

(Concluded from page 76, No. 44, N. S.)

"TO another notion of the Professor, relative to the original of the horse, I cannot help opposing some few facts. The Professor so frequently mentions the decay of the energies of nature, in consequence of the advanced age of the earth, and the successive generations of the creatures which it produces, (and that of the horse in particular), that, according to his hypothesis, our present race of horses, the noblest and best of them not excepted, are fallen, very deeply fallen, from their original archetype.

"But, notwithstanding all beings upon our globe are physically or naturally mortal, according to which neither the earth nor its creatures can endure for ever, still I cannot convince myself that this decrease of the powers of nature, particularly the horse genus, is yet reduced so low as Dr. Schwab imagines. We will, for instance, since nothing better offers, suppose the existence of the earth, in its present state, to be according as it is represented in the Old Testament, and consistent with the era of the Jews; and then we have a sensible representation of the horse before our eyes, coming down to about half the period referred to, namely, to that when the two colossal horses of Phidias and Praxiteles, upon Mount Cavallo, at Rome, and which Lord Elgin has brought from the Parthenon at Athens, which was built by Pericles, at least that part of it that contained these bas reliefs; but the exterior colonnade at present pre-

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served in the British Museum was completed by the Emperor Adrian. The equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius upon the Capitol of Rome, though of much more recent date, is, notwithstanding, fifteen hundred years old, not to mention many other antique bas reliefs and gems. I have had an opportunity of seeing the above-mentioned antique horses; and, from my predilection for this noble animal, they excited my particular attention. The statue of Marcus Aurelius and his horse, seemed to me acknowledged portraits—for instance, such as the representation of Frederick the Great upon his English grey horse, Conde; and from several trivial details, it would probably appear, that the statue before mentioned refers to a well known event in the history of that Roman Emperor.

"From considerations excited by all these ancient horses, I am convinced that the horses of the Greeks and Romans, upon the whole, were neither larger nor smaller, nor better built for general use, than those of our times. My reasons for this assertion are briefly as follow:—

"*First.* The statues of ancient horses, avowedly not colossal, for instance, those upon Mount Cavallo at Rome are all of the present middling size, as are likewise their riders or leaders.

"*Secondly.* There is in their outward proportions a regular and necessary correspondence with the interior, not manifestly differing from ours, much less any thing which at all distinguishes them by superiority to horses of the present times.

"The antique Greek horses, mostly, though not always, are distinguished by what we call a fine

Q head,

head, according to our ideas, rather short than long, with a tolerably broad forehead, fine large slit eyes, open nostrils, and small sharp pointed ears. One of the heads among the Elgin marbles brought from Athens is particularly beautiful, and appears equal to one of the noblest Arabians.

"But above all, with the exception of the buttocks, which are too short and pendent, the numerous figures of the Parthenon there represented are beyond all the rest distinguished by a striking nobleness of make, almost approaching to the modern Oriental; and as a great part of these bas reliefs were sculptured in consequence of the Athenian triumphs over the Persians, when they invaded Greece, and also represent later victories obtained in Asia, the supposition is like to be well founded, that the horses taken from the Persians, or their posterity, were chosen as models. This suggestion, so highly probable, I owe to a communication from M. Emperius, professor at Brunswick. At least, the resemblance between these ancient horses and the lithographic representations of Charles Vernet, at Paris, appear more striking, from the comparison I have made with the Persian horses brought to London by the Persian Envoy, in the spring of 1819. With a few trifling exceptions, these are the only antique horses that I know of represented without (*behang*—appendages) hair on the feet.

"In another view, the bodies of most of the ancient Greek horses are commonly nothing less than nobly formed. A short thick *speck hals* (*un cheval court de reins*—hairy on the fetlocks), a split cross with a tail set on low; and above

all, too great a mass of flesh, are indications that, though the heads of these horses exhibit a mixture of Asiatic blood, still that of Europe predominates. Probably, the horse of Thessaly was that which the Greeks esteemed the most, preferring it as a model. This appears so much more probable, since I have discovered among the best of these horses, a striking resemblance to those of Turkey in Europe, perhaps those of Romelia, which have been shewn to me as such, in various places; only the present horse of European Turkey appears to me to have somewhat more of Asiatic blood, a probability justified by the known predilection of the Turks for Asiatic stallions.

"I was in possession of a Turkish stallion eight years, which had been a present of the Sultan Selim III. to the late Prussian General Von Gossen, who had been sent to Constantinople upon a diplomatic mission. This horse bore such a striking resemblance to the Grecian antique horses, with the exception of those brought over by Lord Elgin, that myself and friends were often gratified in observing it. Still these upon the whole had more of the Oriental, especially in the buttocks and the junction of the tail, but which scarcely made any difference in the first general impression excited by the resemblance.

"As the Roman antique horses generally, like that of Marcus Aurelius before mentioned, deviated remarkably from the Greek, and in many parts to their prejudice, in others the comparison was in favour of the Romans. For example, their heads were much inferior to the Grecian heads, with the exception of some of the famous  
Corin-

Corinthian horses lately sent back to Venice from Paris; but the supposed Grecian origin of which is very doubtful. The *schenkel* (legs) are equally as fleshy as the Greek horses upon Mount Cavallo, and there is as much appendage of hair (*behang*) to the feet; but on the other hand, the croupe and the junction of the tail are, beyond all comparison, much nobler and handsomer than the same parts in the Grecian horses.

"Whether, as to the rest, the Cappadocian, Armenian, Lusitanian, or Spanish, are to be preferred to those that were the favourites at Rome, it seems, can only be decided in part. In the mean time, I should certainly decide in favour of one of the two last, because the formation of the head in particular, and the *piasfreudegang* (action), and the proud motions they make, represent the whole horse to me, as bearing a striking likeness to the smallest race of the modern Spanish horses, formerly called *villanos*; thence, with the famous statuary Falconet, I would venture to maintain that if this horse, like all the antiques, excepting those of Lord Elgin, if it is as there represented, was now alive, it would probably, in the eyes of our amateurs, make a very insignificant figure.

"But though upon many bas reliefs, the horse appears very strong, and powerfully built, especially those attached to triumphal cars, this is not of much weight, as even now we possess the same heavy kind of carriage horses. It is also, in a great measure, the manner of our statuaries and painters, in statues, bas reliefs and pictures, to represent horses strongly built, as symbols of strength, espe-

cially the French and Flemish painters, Le Brun, Bourguignon, Wou-vernans, Hugtenburgh, &c.; and it was the custom of their times to take heavy Flanders and Friezeland stallions for their models. In compliance with this custom, Le Brun may, for instance, have been induced, in his famous pictures of the battles of Alexander the Great, now at Paris in the Louvre, not only to give heavy horses to the Macedonians, but also to the light-armed Persian cavalry; which would indeed have been proper enough in Flanders, but could scarcely have existed in Persia. —I was glad to find that Charles Vernet first ventured to deviate from the artist Schlendrian, in a great historical battle-piece at the Luxembourg, in Paris. That picture, by Vernet, represents a victory obtained over the Moors, by Sancho IV. King of Castile, in which that Monarch and his Spaniards ride horses evidently of the Spanish race; and the same propriety of character is observed with respect to the native horses ridden by the Moors.

"If we reason from analogy, with respect to men as well as horses, according to appearance, all the Grecian and Roman statues of human figures, those of a colossal description excepted, agree with the middle-sized men of modern Europe. We also learn from contemporary authors, that men in general did not live longer than we do.

"As a proof that the bodies of the human race have not degenerated much, at least for three thousand years, I must also refer to the condition of different mummies. The masculine mummy at Dresden, formerly from La Vallesche, is five feet

three inches, Parisian measure.—*See Becker's Augustum, Part I. p. 15.*

"A sarcophagus belonging to the Dresden collection measures five feet six inches.

"The fossil human skeleton, brought to England from the Cote du Mole, on Grand Terre, in the island of Guadaloupe, by Sir Alexander Cochrane, is another instance, shewing that the supposed degeneracy in the character of the human race is unfounded; however, the least we can assume is, that these have lain many thousand years in the incrustated lime.—(*See Propedeutik de Mineralogy, Von Leonard Kopp and Gartner, p. 203, and the plate annexed.*)

"As for the supposed advanced ages of the Patriarchs, it is still doubtful whether the ancient Asiatics, like the modern Arabs at Zillen, did not reckon forty years for a hundred; and therefore the mode of calculating time in the Old Testament ought not to be adopted: hence it would follow that the ages of the Patriarchs will admit of considerable abridgment.

"Lastly, the Patriarchs were nomades and shepherds, and their simple mode of living was conducive to longevity; and it is well known that at present the Bedouins of the Desert for the most part attain a great age. Indeed, if we give any credit to the Arabian Scheik, Side Hamet (*see Riley's Travels in West Africa*), even now, an age of five zillen, or two hundred years, is not uncommon among the Bedouins of the Desert of Saharra. The same thing is affirmed by the Chevalier Azzara, of the natives of Paraguay, in South America; and some instances have occurred in modern Europe, of persons who have lived more than

150 years, as Henry Jenkins, the Countess of Desmond, &c.—(*See Pennant's Tour through Scotland.*)

"But enough of these digressions from my proper theme, which should only operate as encouragements for my contemporaries, and especially those engaged in horse-breeding, not to trust too much to Professor Schwab's obscure notions of the great decay of the energies of nature, which, he says, has already taken place. This would only tend to dispirit them, and depress their laudable zeal for breeding good domestic animals. Nature undoubtedly yet possesses sufficient vigour to continue the production of the noblest animals, and also to provide for their nourishment; if we only add the exertion of our own powers, and avail ourselves of the assistance afforded by experience to second her efforts. Whoever would wish to be convinced of this truth, let him go to England, and witness the manner in which this nation has conducted itself, so as to possess every kind of domestic animal for the various purposes they were designed, and to breed and preserve those best adapted to all her wants."

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#### SPORTING SUBJECTS

IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1821.

8. **MAY-DAY** in the reign of Queen Elizabeth—C. R. Leslie.

17. Portrait of a favourite horse, the property of J. Berry, Esq.—T. Woodward.

20. The vintage—T. Stothard, R. A.

31. Beagle and rabbit — W. Smith.

44. Portrait of Tippoo, a favourite spaniel, the property of the lady

lady of the Rev. T. Lyster, of Oldbury, Shropshire—M. T. Ward.

66. Portrait of Major, a favourite dog, the property of a gentleman—H. C. Smith.

76. The snared hare—E. Bell.

90. The bird's nest—Sir Wm. Beechey, R. A.

117. Portrait of a favourite terrier, the property of E. Tunno, Esq.—M. T. Ward.

120. Rat-catchers—E. Landseer.

125. Interior of a stable—E. Childe.

128. Nature blowing bubbles for her children—W. Hilton, R. A.

156. Travellers surprised by a snake—G. Jones.

157. The wounded pheasant—E. Bell.

160. Portraits of Bob and Flora, the property of C. Clark, Esq. of Bridgenorth—M. T. Ward.

165. Portrait of Mr. T. Rounding, on his celebrated horse Spankaway; with portraits of Gladstone, Governess, and Syren, excellent stag-hounds late in the Epping-forest hunt—A. Cooper, R. A.

169. Portraits of greyhounds, the property of J. Tanner, Esq.—J. N. Sartorius.

173. Portrait of a favourite hunter, the property of Edm. Yates, Esq.—J. Ward, R. A.

175. Woodcock and teal—S. Taylor.

178. Wild ducks—S. Taylor.

183. Portrait of Aimwell, a foxhound, property of Sir M. Mark Sykes, Bart.—H. B. Chalon.

220. Horned owl, from the life—S. Taylor.

241. The bird's nest—R. Brooke.

283. Landscape and cattle—S. Malkin.

306. Sketch of Carew, a favourite pug dog—H. C. Smith.

318. Dead game—B. Blake.

330. Portrait of Rover, a fa-

vourite spaniel, the property of the Earl of Powis—J. Ward, R. A.

345. The musk ox, brought from the North Pole by Capt. Parry—H. C. Slous.

359. Landscape and cattle—H. Milbourne.

360. Portrait of a little mare, the property of Major Harris—H. Kinch.

395. Portraits of three doe rabbits of the fancy breed, the property of a gentleman—D. Westenholme, jun.

402. Portrait of a cow, the property of ——— Booth, Esq.—T. Woodward.

403. A horse fair—R. B. Davis.

407. A man with a hare—T. S. Good.

413. A brace of partridges—S. Taylor.

419. Impertinent puppies dismissed by a monkey—E. Landseer.

429. The intruding cur—J. F. Lewis.

433. Portrait of a favourite horse, the property of Miss Beaumont of Britton Hall, Yorkshire, with his groom—H. B. Chalon.

435. Cat Grove, with portraits of game-keepers in the service of Col. Berkeley, engaged with a desperate gang of sixteen poachers, on the night of the 18th Jan. 1816, when one of the keepers' party was killed, and seven wounded—H. Corbould.

439. Portrait of a favourite mare, the property of J. Russell, Esq.—F. C. Turner.

446. Portrait of Jet, the property of S. Browne Keene, Esq.—G. R. Ward.

447. Foreign birds, with a nest, from the collection of Mr. Leadbeater—A. Pelletier.

465. Fallow deer: scene in Knowle-park—R. Hills.

482. Portrait of an old gig-horse—R. B. Davis.

508. Cattle—R. Hills.

509. Red deer—R. Hills.

553. A groupe; containing the portraits of horses, grooms, and harriers, belonging to J. Morant, Esq.—J. Ferneley.

588. Portrait of a dog, the property of Sir T. F. Heathcote, Bart. from the original by J. Ward, Esq. R. A. enamel—C. Muss.

589. Portraits of a game-keeper and his poney, with pointers, the property of C. Winn, Esq.—H. B. Chalon.

763. Portrait of a racer—R. B. Davis.

780. Portrait of a sporting dog, the property of an officer.—J. Schwansfelder.

825. Portrait of an old hunter—R. B. Davis.

837. Portraits of four buck rabbits of the fancy breed, the property of a gentleman—D. Wolstenholme, jun.

865. Girl and pigeon—Hervier.

895. Bird of Paradise, and other foreign birds, from the collection of Mr. Leadbeater—A. Pelletier.

915. View at Newmarket, race-horses in exercise, &c.—J. Bodger.

1019. Brood mare and colt: in-taglio—J. Philipps.

#### OBSERVATIONS.

ON entering the great room of the Exhibition of Paintings at Somerset-house, the eyes of the visitors are struck with an indescribable sensation of surprise and admiration, not entirely free from a painful dizziness, which till the organ of sight recovers from the momentary stupor, affords but a very doubtful sort of enjoyment. This curious effect is easily perceived by the keen discernment of an observer, who, for a

few minutes, stands opposite to the entrance door; and it reminds him of young Phaeton, *rerum novitate paventem*, when he stepped into the "presence chamber" of his splendid father, the Sun, surrounded by all which, in our imagination, can convey an adequate idea of supernatural brightness. Indeed the Fairy Queen of Gaudiness seems to have erected her dazzling throne here, and by the help of the brightest pigments; by the immense number of magnificent frames, which appear to be ponderous masses of gold; and, by the variegated groups of elegantly dressed females whirling about, upon the area of this chromatic temple, she maintains her powerful sway during a few weeks, for the entertainment of the public, and the advantage of the Academy. However, a few observations might give our readers to understand that (although we find in the several rooms many sober offsprings of the pencil of taste) "all that glitters is not gold." But we are hunting and fishing after "sporting subjects," and must therefore leave general criticism for other pens to sport with.

The department of portraits is, as usual, very extensive; but we have a comfortable set of pleasing landscapes, where sporting subjects are introduced. Of these, we cannot take notice, unless the landscape is decidedly an accessory to the animals, and not *vice versa*.

No. 1. *Belisarius*—S. DRUMMOND, A. A horse in the back ground, painted with some spirit-fulness, contrasts the sullen stupidity of the decayed warrior.

No. 6. *May-day in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*—C. R. LESLIE. A great attention to the authenticity of the costume, a playfulness wrought upon every face, and the charac-



characteristics of the fashionable folks of those times, could not fail to secure for this painting the approbation of many beholders.

No. 20. *The Vintage*—T. STOTHARD, R. A. A picture of great merit—sober in tints, elegant in groups, lively, lovely—no gaudiness; one of the best performances of this deservedly much admired artist. A delightful flow of sportiveness pervades the whole piece.

No. 66. *Portrait of Major, &c.*—H. O. SMITH. A well and cleanly painted portrait of a handsome dog in his species.

No. 123. *The heroic Conduct of Cromwell at Marston Moor*—A. COOPER, R. A. We had, before this, many occasions to praise the still-improving talents of this able Academician, but we never found him so perfect, according to our judgment, as in this battle-piece: the grouping, the high finishing of every part, the sweetness and harmony of the colouring, the stamp of character upon every face, will always assign to this picture a deserved place by the best of the relics from Vandermeulen, Bourguignon, the Parrocel, and Wouvermans' pallets; the spirit of the war-horse combined with the courage of the combatants; Cromwell mounted upon a beautiful grey charger, and towering above all the distinct groups; the light bay steed laying on the foreground; and, indeed, the whole, and every part of the whole, are so deserving of admiration and praise, that, although we entertain a nearly unlimited idea of Mr. Cooper's pictorial talents, we are not at this moment prepared to conceive that he can bring out a performance more perfect than this. We sincerely congratulate him upon his rapid advancement in the line he has cho-

sen, and the Academy upon their having admitted him a member of their body.

No. 128. *Nature blowing Bubbles for her Children*—W. HILTON, R. A. This allegorical picture evinces an uncommon degree of merit, particularly to the eyes of those who are familiarly acquainted with the lovely tints used by the ancient masters; and proves that the chromatic art is fast returning to that perfection which glowed in the schools of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This admirable performance holds the "post of honour" in the Exhibition, and it really deserves it.

131. *Guess my Name*—D. WILKIN, R. A. In the lovely representation of a sportful girl, closing, unseen, with her delicate hands, those eyes which doat upon her, the artist has given us a new specimen of his eminent power of imitating nature, while he remains himself inimitable. The high finishing is in his best style, and interferes in no way whatever with the truth of the characters. We may say the same of

No. 137. *Newsmongers*—By the same artist. The figures are in the brightest effusion of noontide, and, though exceedingly light, powerfully individualized upon a transparent sky. It appears as if it were the production of one of the best painters of the Flemish or Dutch school. Between these two excellent paintings stands, unabashed at the *discrimen* of examination—

No. 136. *The careless Messenger detected*—W. MULREADY, R. A. We cannot deny that the painter has taken Mr. Wilkie's manner into his most serious consideration, and not without success. The expression, various in its effects upon the

the faces of the boys, is admirable—the whole is pleasingly executed; and, with one or two other instances from other artists, this raises in our mind the hope that the English school bids fair to equal soon those of Holland and Flanders.

No. 164. *The Drunken Smith*—W. KIDD. School of Wilkie, not by personal instruction from the master, for aught we know, but by choice and power of imitation. This sportive subject deserves a considerable tribute of praise. The hero of the drama in the ale-house, laughing most good humouredly at the serious remonstrances of his decent and sober wife, whom his comrades pledge with a neat glass of the "blue lightning," seems to enjoy himself in the full of his power, and reminds us of the saying of a friend ours, Horace, *Dulce est desipere in loco*: every part of the picture is highly finished, and every object painted with freedom, clearness, and excellent effect. The groups are well balanced, cleverly contrasted, and give to the whole a very charming and harmonious appearance.

No. 165. *Portrait of Mr. T. Rounding, on his celebrated Horse, Spunkaway, &c.*—A. COOPER, R.A. Suffice it to say, that the artist is here what he is every where, a faithful and elegant interpreter of nature's works.

No. 173. *Portrait of a favourite Hunter, the property of Edm. Yates, Esq.*—J. WARD, R.A. The name of this justly celebrated and admired artist is enough to give an idea of what the portrait of a horse must be, when painted in his best manner; and it is the case here—the noble animal is alive, and starts from the canvass.

No. 226. *The Sugar-hoghead*

—E. T. PARRIS. Here is real fun—work and play, business and frolic—boys, like bees, buzzing and bustling about a hog's-head just bereft of its contents before the grocer's shop—the Italian lad with his plaster-casts on his head, the girl emptying a pitcher of water out of the window to cool the courage of the combatants,—the scene altogether reminds us of Hogarth's manner of treating a subject, and this is saying a great deal in favour of this small painting. Nothing is wanted on the side of imagination; we cannot say the same of the execution of the brush and of the composition of the pallet. But "*cada viendra.*"

No. 229. *Satan borne back to his Chariot, &c.*—MRS. ANALBY. Why the fair hand of a lady should busy itself in painting devils, is a conundrum which we are not bound to solve. But these devils are no relations to those of Hell-Breughel, Homskirk, or Teniers. They resemble strong pugilists in the back settlements of St. Giles's; or draymen after a fight on the premises of Meux or Calvert. However, if this be the lady's taste, we put in no suit in the "Court of Claims" to the contrary. As for the four horses' heads, "all of a row," we cannot say much, since we are not acquainted with Satan's studs; but they look *devilish* odd.

No. 246. *The Battle of Naseby*—G. ARNOLD, A. As a battle-piece this performance stands high in our estimation—it is painted with spirit, and a proper attention to the minutest details.

No. 261. *Cleopatra's Arrival in Cilicia*—W. ETTV. The talents of this artist are improving every year. We have attentively and most scrupulously examined this picture, and declare it one of the best

best in the whole exhibition. We only regret that we have no room to enter into a more particular description of its pictorial merit. The subject is fully explained in the catalogue by a quotation from Plutarch's Life of Anthony.

No. 429. *The intruding Cur*—J. F. LEWIS. This is a humorous and well painted subject. Pug the monkey, and a young dog his friend, were enjoying their wonted repast in the same dish—a stranger comes, uninvited, unexpected, unwelcome—the dog is running away, Pug retains him by taking hold of his tail, whilst the intruder laps off with a single turn of his tongue the remains of the dinner. Clear colouring—truth of expression—and a proper balance of light and shade.

Nos. 454, 455. *Imitations of Basso-relievos*—F. FERRIERE. The deception is so complete, owing to the strength of the well-imitated relief, that the visitors are obliged to put their hands on the picture to persuade themselves that these boys playing with goats are not carvings. Placed as they are, in the true incidence of light, under which they were originally painted, they have an excellent effect. The hand of Sauvage, a French artist, who was admirable in this sport of the pencil, and whose puzzling imitations we have often and long pored upon in the exhibitions at the Louvre, is the only one which could have produced a similar optical deception.

Among the works of the chisel, we have noted some which ought to be carefully examined, and will repay with a handsome "percentage" of real gratification the time which the visitors may spend in looking attentively upon them.

N. B. It is really a great inconvenience to most of the visitors, that the Nos. of the pictures should ge-

Vol. VIII. N. S.—No. 45.

nerally be so illegible: why should not the plan of loose tickets, which we find at the British Institution, Pall-mall, be adopted here? We have made this observation in one of our former vols, but our claim "was not allowed," and our petition "nonsuited." We may say just as much about the motto being not translated in the vernacular tongue, for the benefit of many who cannot read it in the original Greek or Latin (*See Sport. Mag. June, 1818, Vol. II. N. S. p. 87.*) Are we so little acquainted with the works of the worthies of our national literature, as not to be able to find in them epigraphs for the yearly catalogue of the Royal Academy? The inexhaustible Shakespeare, the learned Addison, the classical Pope, Swift, Prior, &c. are complete mines, wherefrom many thousand gems of sentences applicable to the liberal arts of painting and sculpture, might be dug out, to adorn the title-page of the catalogue.

June 11, 1821.

#### ON DETONATING GUNS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

AS I have often observed in your useful and entertaining Magazine, discussions on various subjects, I am led to hope you will not consider a few observations on the principle of detonating guns as totally inadmissible. By the expiration of Mr. Forsyth's patent last month, that principle is now open to the whole gun-making fraternity; and I can, therefore, give my opinion with more liberty, as I cannot be suspected of any personal hostility towards the inventor, who certainly deserves great praise, and I hope has received a proper re-

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ward

ward for his ingenuity in adapting it, although I must confess I am not at all convinced, but its rise, progress, and fall, will be comprised in a much shorter period than that of the Roman Empire. I am aware that those who form their opinions as quickly as they suppose detonating guns to explode, will treat this idea as ridiculous; but before they pass sentence, I should wish to learn (for I really have to learn) what real advantage detonators possess over flint and steel, that is to recommend the adoption of one and the expulsion of the other. I have made this inquiry of many of its warmest advocates,—some prefer it because they consider it waterproof, others think its explosion much more rapid; those are, as far as I can learn, the only advantages it is now even supposed to possess; and I fancy most sportsmen that have used them will allow, they also labour under very material disadvantages. But as I do not imagine that any rational man will desert a tried and almost perfect system to follow another, unless it possessed some real advantages, I shall say nothing of its defects at present, but proceed to shew that its boasted qualities are merely ideal.

With respect to their being waterproof, that is a merit which belongs alone, if to any, to the original revolving magazine, which is certainly not likely to be affected by wet; yet I have seen them, taking the season through, more apt to miss fire than a flint; and this, I may venture to predict, will always be the case while the touch-hole is necessitated to be so small, that a few shots must choke it, and the fuse through it destroys the point of the punch. This latter defect would of course be in-

creased, by increasing the size of the touch-hole.

Now, with a flint gun, every sportsman is aware, that if he keeps a sharp edge to his flint, a hard hammer-face, and a clear touch-hole, his gun cannot miss fire. Two of these requisites lie within himself, and should the hammer-face become worn and soft, he can have it re-hardened by any blacksmith, so that he is sensible when he takes a gun of this description from London, he has not much occasion to fear disappointments, except in absolute heavy rain, when, as shooting is followed as a pleasurable exercise, I would advise him to retire to the nearest shelter, as it is not probable he will derive much pleasure by staying, or add materially to his return of killed, although perhaps his doctor may add to his, in the course of a few days after.

In light rains and mist, or water falling from the trees, I have always observed, if a person is careful to shut down the hammer, brush the dirt away from the lock, and load again directly, that he will seldom or never have a miss fire, provided he does not expose his gun more than is absolutely necessary.

With respect to quickness, I am ready to allow that to the ear the detonating gun *appears* decidedly superior, but if we rely on appearances alone, we shall often be deceived, and in no case more so than in the detonating gun, the apparent quickness of which is owing entirely to the simple fact of its having no flash at the breach, by which means the time taken to inflame the powder, and for the charge to pass through the barrel is lost in appearance, but not in reality; and I very much doubt whether

ther this is performed so quickly as in a flint gun, for want of air to assist the combustion of the powder.

In a flint gun, the flash at the breech strikes the eye, and the report at the muzzle the ear, almost at the same fraction of a second; but as the eye is considerably quicker than the ear, the report would appear latest, even if both took place at the same instant, as may easily be proved by observing any gun fired at a distance, when the report will not be heard till the flash has entirely disappeared. Having thus endeavoured to prove that appearances may be deceitful, I will now undertake to give practical and theoretical reasons why a flint gun is as quick, if not the quickest of the two. In the first place, it is pretty clear that the strongest heat will produce the most instantaneous ignition, and it is equally clear that the fire produced by a flint is shavings of steel in a state of fusion, than which no heat can be more intense; now, on the contrary, the detonating fire is at best an inflamed air, which is incapable of inflaming gunpowder at all, unless it is confined against the channel conducting it in the breech of a gun. There cannot, therefore, be a doubt, but that the fire from a flint lock will inflame the powder by far the quickest, and it only remains to be seen whether that fire is produced so quickly. Now of this I am by no means certain, as it is drawn by friction, which friction must in a measure impede the action of the cock; but it must also be observed, that the detonating cock must travel to the bottom to produce fire, while in the flint lock the fire is drawn before the cock has travelled half an inch on the hammer-face, and by the currencey of the pan in Smith's patent

lock, this fire will explode the gun, so that, in effect, the flint has not above half as far to travel, which will fully make up, in my opinion, for what the act of drawing fire may have retarded it.

But although this may be a matter of opinion, there is one thing all must allow, which is, that the more instantaneous the explosion of the gun is, the better every person will shoot with it; and it is therefore necessary to inquire whether those gentlemen who have adopted detonating guns, have improved their shooting thereby. With a view of ascertaining this fact, I went, about a fortnight ago, to witness some pigeon shooting at Cheam, where some gentlemen, whom I was in the habit of seeing shoot at Ealing about eight or ten years ago, were assembled for this amusement; they were, with only one exception, shooting with detonating guns, most of them an immense weight and calibre; and I must confess that, judging from the appearance of the weapons, and the celebrity of the shooters, I expected to see better shooting than I had before witnessed.

I was very much disappointed in this respect, as I do not think they killed, on an average, quite so much as one from two, which I did not consider by any means on a level with their former achievements; and was therefore tempted, on my return home, to look into the oldest volume I have of your Magazine, which is one for 1810, where I observed the return of two days' shooting of the same club—one on the 14th of June, the other on the 9th of August, on both which days the average shooting was very nearly three from four; so that, after ten years' practice, the adoption of immense guns, and

moreover, of *detonating locks*, instead of this shooting being improved, it is materially deteriorated.

Had this alteration occurred in the shooting of one man only, I should be as ready as any one, to attribute the alteration to himself; but when I see the average shooting of the first shots and sportsmen in the kingdom fall so much below their original standard, I am tempted to conclude they have done so by adopting an erroneous principle.

As apologizing for the length of this letter, will only increase the error, I beg leave to subscribe myself, Sir, your most obedient servant,  
ANTI-DETONATOR.  
London, May 28, 1821.

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#### SPORTING QUERIES.—DI VERNON AND THE COMMON COUNSELLOR.

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To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*,  
SIR,

**T**O your polite and polished, and very intelligent and learned correspondent, the sagacious "COMMON COUNSELLOR," I beg, through your medium, to return my best acknowledgments for his very profound answers to my questions; but I was astonished that a Counsellor with such sagacity did not know that "DI VERNON" was a woman, and of course a little inquisitive. She begs the Counsellor to take all the *eclat* of his question, the 12th, "Of the two, which is the greatest ass—the querist or the respondent?"—for, without his wig, he would stand confessed an ass. To you, Mr. Editor, I feel greatly obliged for your insertion of my questions; and to your scribe of Nottingham for his kind answers to the queries of "DI VERNON;" and should he ever go

north, would be happy to give him sport on the manor of Osbaldistone.—I remain, Mr. Editor, a true friend and well-wisher of sport and sportsmen, a subscriber and a sportswoman,  
DI VERNON.  
Osbaldistone Hall, June 7, 1821.  
*P. S.—Favoured by Rob Roy.*

MR. EDITOR—Have the goodness to ask the "COMMON COUNSELLOR" these few queries.

Is "DI VERNON" the name of a man or a woman?

Is she not an inquisitive *bitch*, if a woman?

Do they hunt the glove beagle under your wig, Mr. Counsellor, or on it?

Do you shoot with a quill or a pop gun, or the *long bow*?

Which prey most on flesh, you or the hawk?

Of the three, which is the greatest nincompoop, the "COMMON COUNSELLOR," "DI VERNON," or the querist?

Yours,  
A JURYMEN.  
Court of King's Bench, June 12, 1821.

To the Editor.

I PROMISED myself much pleasure in the perusal of answers to the questions proposed in the *Sporting Magazine* for May last, on Sporting Subjects, by "DI VERNON;" and was consequently, mortified to find these interrogatories treated with so much levity by a "COMMON COUNSELLOR." In my view of the business, I regarded them as opening an extensive field for the communications of correspondents, from which much information and amusement might be expected; and I trust, some of them will (*nothing baulked* by a "COMMON COUNSELLOR") comply with "DI VERNON's" request.

I shall contribute my mite, by following the example of "SPORTSMAN."

MAN." The old English heavy tongued hound in Sussex, termed the "deep southern hound", is common in that county, particularly at the eastern part thereof.

I now take a similar liberty with the "COMMON COUNSELLOR," by adding another question to the list. Where is the necessary information to be obtained for the training of greyhounds? Perhaps, the above gentlemen may deign me this favor, or rather return my compliment, as I have no hesitation in answering the question he subjoined, by voting the cap in his favour.—I am, Sir, yours, &c. CH. CHESTER.

June 16, 1821.

Colonel G. Wyndham's hounds have obtained high celebrity. This will not surprise, when it is known they were bred from the crack hounds of the Petworth and Goodwood packs: they are full of spirit and speed, and well hunted. Their kennel is at Drove, midway between Midhurst and Chichester. A noble scope of country, in which are the preserves of his Grace the Duke of Richmond, supersedes the dread of a blank day, and it is rare for them to return *unblooded* to kennel.

*To the Editor.*

OBSERVING one of your correspondents is anxious to know where old English heavy-tongued hounds are to be met with, I beg leave to inform him, there is a pack of that description kept near Robertsbridge, in Sussex; and another near Hastings, between that place and Winchelsea.

Another correspondent, about a year past, was anxious to find out where otter hounds were kept: The best otter-hunting I know of is at Ottery, near Honiton, in Devonshire. The Dulverton stag-hounds, which hunt the forest of

Exmoor, in the north of Devon, have very deep notes. The stag-hunting season commences about 20th of August, and lasts until 10th October.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

L. W. G.

## HOW TO GET OUT.

AN ANECDOTE.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,

I Was much entertained some time ago, by reading the humorous paper in one of the Numbers of a late Vol. of your Magazine, intitled "MARKS and RE-MARKS," and have been more so since, by reading it again, having chanced, in the mean time, to have become acquainted with the person to whom the anecdote which gave rise to the description just mentioned refers. It is with pleasure that I communicate to you another anecdote of this eccentric, though at the same time worthy and excellent Pastor. Allow me, however, in laying before you the following anecdote, to assure you, that whatever peculiarity of manners and habits I associate with my ideas of this person, I am not influenced by any desire of ridicule in making this communication; but as it afforded me much amusement when I first heard it, my sole motive is the hope of affording the same to the lovers of eccentricity.

This Rev. Doctor, having a few summers ago determined to make a tour, took leave of his flock, over whose souls his care was extended, with more than ordinary feelings of good will; but, as he was what the world calls "a good liver," (and I am the last person to blame a man whose inclination this way does not carry him too far, being fond of the old Latin motto, "*hunc vivere bis est vivere*,") he extended his

his care likewise over that generous and inspiring beverage which promotes "the feast of reason and the flow of soul;" in short, he possessed a cellar well stored with the true Falernian. This store must be allowed to have naturally demanded his attention before he left home, and its security in his absence was what every man of common care would have endeavoured to promote, as far as possible.

With this intention, therefore, the Doctor rang his bell, and his faithful servant John (it was not Ben) immediately stood before him; then taking out of his purse a half-crown, he said, "here, John, take this, go to the blacksmith's in the village, and buy with it three tenpenny nails immediately." John, delighted with his errand, immediately repairs to the habitation of this disciple of Vulcan, and, paying him for the three nails, quietly profits by his master's idea of the number of tenpennynails to be had for two shillings and sixpence, by pocketing the difference, and then, crowding all sail, appears again in his master's presence. "Very well, John," says the Doctor, "now bring me a candle and a hammer, and go with me into the wine cellar, to nail up the door." Picture to yourself now, Mr. Editor, the worthy Doctor and John, in the subterraneous vaults, consulting the safety of the choice spirits there immured. "Give me the candle, John," shut the door, and drive a nail in here at the top." John hammered. "Hit it hard, John, drive it up to the head."—"I have, Sir."—"Now drive another in here above the lock, John."—"Yes, Sir."—"Up to the head, John."—"I will, Sir."—"Now the third here, a little way from the bottom, John."—"Yes, Sir."—"This being accomplished, both

paused to view the work, when the Doctor exclaimed with exultation, "Now, John, I think we have done the business cleverly; you don't think any body can manage to get in now, John, do you?"—(John, however, it seems, during the pause at the conclusion of driving the nails, had reflected that he was on the wrong side of the door to run away, and had nailed himself and his master up in the cellar along with the wine, in their anxiety to prevent others from getting in: he therefore very laconically observed, in answer to this question)—"No, Sir, I am afraid nobody can get in, but how are we to get out?" Conviction then first flashed upon the Doctor's mind, and being considerably annoyed at his situation, replied with warmth, "You stupid fellow, John, why, why, why did not you tell me at first, John, you great fool, John, shout, John. Oh dear, we are fast! shout, and raise the house, John; the servants must get assistance, and break the door down." How the worthy Doctor and John were liberated from the cellar, I have never heard; but that they were freed from their incarceration is certain, for I have since had the pleasure of taking a glass of wine with the worthy gentleman, and was much pleased with his eccentric manners in company, having met with him last year, when shooting in the neighbouring parish. I regret, Mr. Editor, that the Muse is so unkind to me as to prevent my relating this anecdote in verse, in a manner worthy of appearing with "Marks and Re-marks;" but as I have related the plain matter of fact according to my belief, I withdraw, and subscribe myself, your constant reader,

P.

London, May 31.

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## FURTHER ZOOLOGICAL EXTRACTS,

*From FISHER's Voyage to the Arctic Regions.*

WE proceed to take a few more extracts from Mr. Fisher's amusing book :—

"August 4.—The voyagers this day decided the question of there being a passage through Lancaster Sound. On the day following, in this Sound, now called Barrow's Straits, they saw a vast number of white whales; a couple of boats were sent to try if they could kill one of them; "but we found that they were too wary for us, notwithstanding every art was practised for the purpose of getting near them, by pulling and sculling after them, and at other times, lying still when they happened to be coming towards us.—Whilst we were pursuing them to-day, I noticed a circumstance that appeared to me rather extraordinary at the time, and which I have not indeed been able to account for yet to my satisfaction. The thing alluded to, is a sort of whistling noise that these fish made when under the surface of the water; it was very audible, and the only sound which I could compare it to, is that produced by passing a wet finger round the edge or rim of a glass tumbler. It was most distinctly heard when they were coming towards the surface of the water, that is, about half a minute before they appeared, and immediately they got their head above the water, the noise ceased. The men were so highly amused by it, that they repeatedly urged one another to pull smartly, in order to get near the place where the fish were supposed to be, for the purpose of hearing what they called a ' whale song ; ' it certainly had very little resemblance to a

song, but sailors are not generally the most happy in their comparisons."

"August 11.—In the course of the afternoon several narwhals were seen about the ship; and, as we had nothing particular to do at the time, a boat was lowered and sent after them, to try to kill one if possible; in this they succeeded without much difficulty, for one was secured by the first harpoon, and I have no doubt, had fishing been our object, but many more might have been got. Notwithstanding his size, we managed to hoist him on board without being cut up; we could not conveniently weigh him; but I should imagine from his bulk, when compared with the sea-horse, or walrus, that we killed some time ago, that he would have weighed upwards of two tons. As the horn is the most prominent object about this fish, it may not be improper to say a few words respecting it; it protruded from the left side of the upper snout, in a line parallel with the body of the fish taken lengthwise; on the opposite side of the snout there was not the least appearance of a horn, or protuberance of any kind, as is said to be frequently observed in these fish; but much greater anomalies than this have occasionally been met with, for instances are known where the two horns grew to the usual size, and, if I am rightly informed, many instances have occurred where the horn on the right side has protruded through the skin. The female of this fish is said never to have any horns, and, owing to this circumstance, I have been told that it frequently happens at the custom-houses, where our whalers give an account of the fish that they kill during the season, that all the unicorns they have

have taken are said to be 'she ones,' in order to evade the duty on the horns. The narwhal has no teeth. The horn mentioned was 4ft. 2in. long, and upwards of five inches in circumference."

"September 24.—We found on the ice, close to where they were cutting the canal to-day, a dead swan (*Anas Cygnus*, Lin.) which is the first and only bird of the kind that we have seen in these regions. It was in a very perfect state, and must have necessarily lain here but a short time, for there was no ice here less than three weeks ago, when we passed this place going to the westward."

"September 26.—Two very large reindeer were seen this forenoon at a short distance from the ships. Two covies of grouse were also seen to-day. Another reindeer was seen in the afternoon, which we immediately went after, and owing to the weather being thick at the time, we managed to surround him, and by that means got so near him, that he was at length shot. He was perfectly white, except one brown patch on the top of his rump; the carcase weighed, when skinned and cleaned, one hundred and forty-seven pounds."

"October 1.—Another deer was killed to-day. A beautiful white bear was also seen to-day, but we were unsuccessful in our attack upon him, notwithstanding he approached so near to the ships, that we fired at him from them. Several shot struck him, however, in different parts of the body, as we could plainly perceive from the streams of blood that gushed from the wounds; but before we could re-load, he was out of gun-shot range from the ships. A large party of the officers and men immediately pursued him, in expect-

tation, from the quantity of blood that issued from his wounds, that he would soon fall, or at least become so much exhausted that they would soon come up with him; in both these expectations, however, they found themselves disappointed, for the cold, in a short time, stopped the effusion of blood, and as none of the wounds happened to be in a mortal part, he succeeded in keeping out of gunshot distance from them. They supposed, however, that they would have ultimately come up with him, had they not been stopped from pursuing him by his swimming across a lane of open water that separated the sea ice from that attached to the land. After getting out of the water on the opposite side of this channel, he was observed to be again of a perfectly white colour; but before he had been many minutes on the ice, his coat was changed again to the same crimson hue as before, so that it is probable, that although he escaped from his pursuers, that he will in the end die of the wounds he received."

"October 6.—Several deer have been seen during these five or six days past, but we were not fortunate enough to kill any of them: to-day, however, one of them, which happened to come close to the ships, was shot from the Griper; it weighed one hundred and seventy pounds."

"October 18.—Eleven deer were seen yesterday, and upwards of twenty to-day, in one herd; out of those seen to-day we succeeded in killing one, which is much smaller than any of those that we killed before, weighing only a little more than ninety pounds, when skinned and cleaned. I have remarked, that all the deer that we have seen since we came to this harbour, set  
off

off to the westward. A small white fox was seen also to-day; he seemed not to be quite so wild as the wolf."

"October 29.—A fox was caught last night in a trap set by the Griper; he is perfectly white, and is about the same size as the hares that were killed last month; his long bushy tail, indeed, gives him the appearance of being somewhat larger than they. On being caught he displayed several of the cunning tricks peculiar to his tribe, for when he was taken out of the trap, he shut his eyes, and lay motionless, no doubt with a view of being taken for dead, so that when those who were around him got careless, he might watch an opportunity of getting off. Such an artifice might, and very probably does, enable these animals to escape from the bears and wolves occasionally; with his present captors, however, his wily tricks have little chance of affording him an opportunity of effecting his escape." Mr. Fisher, however, subsequently states, "I omitted to mention, that the fox caught by the Griper has made his escape, by the chain with which he was made fast getting loose. He became daily more domesticated, and was latterly so tame, that a person might handle him with great freedom, without running any danger of being bitten; he ate any kind of food that was offered him, but what he chiefly subsisted on was bread and pease."

"November 17.—The severity of the weather does not confine the wolves to their dens, for their tracks are observed every day, at no great distance from the ships; and one of them was bold enough to-day to chace one of our dogs very close to the ships, or rather

he followed the dog until that animal took refuge under the protection of the persons with whom he was walking at the time. The wolf, on this occasion, betrayed a considerable degree of cunning, in order to circumvent his intended prey, for he never moved whilst the dog was running towards him; but immediately he observed that the dog would not approach any nearer, he made towards him with full speed; and probably, had the dog had a great way to run, he would have overtaken him. At the same time that the wolf in question was chasing the dog, another animal of the same kind was heard howling at a little distance off, but the twilight at the time was so faint that he could not be seen. In the evening one of them came within seventy or eighty yards of the ship, and kept walking about within that distance for a considerable time, howling at short intervals during the whole time. Their howl is long, and somewhat lamentable to the ear; the only sound with which I could compare it, is the cadence, or terminating sound of a bagle horn at a distance. What attracted them so much to-day we supposed to be the smell of some of the narwhal's blubber, that we killed in the summer, which we were boiling on the ice this forenoon."

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#### FARTHER IMPROVEMENTS OF THE COCKNEY SCHOOL.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

IN your last Number, I exhibited an instance of *entire* novelty at any rate, if not improvement in equine terminology. I have now to state a farther advance in the orthographical line, of the same

S school,

school, and to offer a *shove*, as old Richard Baxter would have called it, of my own. As thus—Behold, reader, if that thou canst read, a splendid first page of the *Times* newspaper, *splendid* from the number of advertisements, and the heap of sovereigns they bring in, and you will often now see for sale a *pony*, a thing which in former good old English times, and indeed until very lately, was spelled a *poney*. Now the improvement thus far only, is single, contracted, and mean, and the *shove* onwards, which I have to propose to my brother emendator of the *Times*, or of any other paper, and to the cockney school of literature generally, is to castrate every word of the expletive, and indeed of any other useless letter. And, after this, my sage recommendation, shall have had needful time for diffusion and operation, I do expect that in all the cockney papers, those standards of universal taste, we see no more of *honey* and *money*, but orthographically improved *mony* and *hony*: the omission of a useless letter will certainly not detract from the value of the substances orthographized; it will neither abridge the worth of the one, nor the sweetness of the other: My memory may perhaps fail me just now, but I shall doubtless have anon more examples *corporis humani*, to adduce, and I shall not be dilatory. Indeed several failures occur to me this moment. *Creature* and *picture*, are perhaps very well, at any rate established; but a famous improver of former days, not, however, a cockney, but a General, failed in the attempt to establish *waltcher*, although he long laboured at it in every coffee-house he entered. Again, the famous Mr. Pitt, whom we must not style a

cockney, unless out of respect to Alderman Sir William Curtis, failed to be able to introduce *poll-yece* in the House of Commons, the only attempt almost in which he failed. In spite of him and Co. we say plain police yet. In the whole of this affair, quite in nature, and as it should be, utility or necessity have seldom any place in the changes introduced, the pedigree of the far greater part of which is got by Whim out of Ignorance. And farther, the cream of the jest is, there are various *normæ* or habitudes of expression in our language, which are utterly at variance with grammatical propriety, use, or taste, and these no man thinks of amending! *Exempli gratia*—‘there is here.’ The devil there is—how can it be both there and here?

A TURF GRAMMARIAN.

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#### OPERATIONS ON THE FLEXOR TENDONS.

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To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*,  
SIR,

IN compliance with the wish of your correspondent “C.” in the *Magazine* for January last, I subjoin the following account of the operation on the flexor tendons, although I have but little to add to what has already been stated by a “FRIEND TO THE HORSE.” The want of time, and the prospect of having it in my power to give an account of more cases, prevented my complying with his request sooner.

About five years ago a grey cart stallion, belonging to Mr. Fleming, of Hatton Mains, eight miles west from Edinburgh, in consequence of a strain of the back sinews, as it is called, of the nigh fore leg, they became, by degrees, so much contracted by continued work, that it

was

was impossible for the animal to place his heels upon the ground, and his fetlock joint was at last so much bent forwards, that he was obliged to walk entirely on the front of his foot—being thus rendered useless, and the proprietor having determined to destroy him, it occurred to me, as an experiment, to divide the flexor tendons. Mr. Fleming readily consenting, it was accordingly done; and in six weeks and three days the horse was able to work in the harrows, and continued to perform all kinds of farm work for nine or ten months, when he died from inflammation of the lungs. The leg was sent to me by the country farrier, and upon dissection I found both tendons adhering to each other for about four inches, so as to form only one tendon; and the tendinous fibres of the part where they had been divided were so completely formed, that not the smallest trace of the division could be observed.

The next case that occurred was nearly two years ago; a black gelding, belonging to Mr. King, coal-merchant in this city, whose off fore-leg, from the same causes, had become contracted in the same manner as the preceding. In this case, thinking I might be able to bring the leg straight without dividing both tendons, I at first divided the most superficial or *perforatus* tendon; but finding it did not allow the leg to come sufficiently straight, I was under the necessity of dividing the other also: in little more than seven weeks he was fit for work. Sometime after Mr. King exchanged him with a farmer; and he was continuing to do his work when I last heard of him.

In April, 1820, a third case occurred. A brown gelding, belong-

ing to Mr. Spence, dairyman, near Lochrin, whose leg was in the same state as the preceding, and Mr. Spence having heard of the above cases, requested me to perform the operation on his horse. In this case I made a longitudinal incision on the outside of the leg through the skin, and thus divided the *perforans*, or deepest seated tendon; but finding that this did not allow of any alteration in the position of the foot, I was obliged to divide the *perforatus* also. In about eight weeks he was put to work; and a friend of mine, from Aberdeen, being in town, about four weeks after, wishing to see him, walked out with me a mile, and met him coming up a considerable acclivity, with 18 cwt. of turnips in the cart (which weighs about 7 cwt.), and the driver, a man about thirteen stone, riding on the top of it.

The fourth case arose from the success of the last. A person of the name of Lidlaw, residing in Mr. Spence's neighbourhood, purchased a black mare for the experiment, with her off fore leg similar to the others: in this case I made an incision as in the last, and divided both tendons: the wound healed in about a fortnight, and in about a week after, the tendons seeming to have united, she was turned to grass for about a month; after which she was put to work, and was doing well when I last heard of her.

A fifth case was a black draught horse, the property of—Charles, Esq. which was operated on in October last, and is at work daily in the cart in the streets of this city.

Sixth case, a black horse belonging to Mr. Anderson, Batho, seven miles west from Edinburgh, was operated on in the beginning of

March last, and was put to work at the end of six weeks, and is now working on the banks of the Union Canal.

The seventh and last case, is a horse belonging to Mr. Anderson, Channel Kirk, twenty-one miles south from Edinburgh; he is one of the Newcastle waggon-horses, about seventeen hands high. The right fore leg of this animal was in the same position as the others, but with a great deal of substance round the fore part of the fetlock, arising partly from repeated firings, blisters, &c. which prevented the leg coming into the proper position for two or three days after the operation; but when I heard of him about three weeks ago, which was six weeks after the operation, he was walking quite well.

This, Sir, is a list of all the cases that have been operated on, with the exception of one that was done a short time after the first, and in its vicinity, but as the animal was destroyed without either my consent or knowledge eight days after the operation was performed, I do not think it a fair case, and ought not therefore to be taken into account. To these cases no remarks appear to me to be necessary, farther than that I found it advisable during the process of cure to apply a shoe rather long at the heels and a little raised, to keep the leg at ease, and that the wounds were treated like any other simple wound.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

WM. DICK.

Clyde-street, Edinburgh, June 16.

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#### MATHEWS AT HOME.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*,  
SIR,

I Found Mr. "Mathews at Home," for the first time, on the last night of his performance for the

present season. It had so happened, that with a resolution long since made, to see this most extraordinary deviation from the common course of stage amusement, I had been on every previous occasion disappointed. I remember Foote's playing perfectly well; yet strange, the association is broken, and it is not in my power to recollect whether the whole dramatic performance consisted of himself alone, or whether he had the assistance of other performers. Thus I am unable to judge, whether or not Mathews took the hint from Foote. We have had many individuals who have undertaken singly, and by the mere force of their own talents, to entertain the public: for example, George Alexander Stevens, with his "Lecture on Heads," the learned Doctor Graham, with his lectures, his electricity, and his celestial bed; not to forget the renowned Kattafelto, of the Prussian Death's-head Hussars, and his black cat; beside a number of mimics, who took off or imitated their brethren, the other knights of the sock and buskin: but putting Foote out of the question, I know of no one from whom Mathews could have taken the hint of getting up a drama to be executed entirely by himself—to represent the different characters, to carry on a dialogue between a number of different persons, and in his own single person, to do every thing necessary, by speaking or acting, to the consummation of the plot. Did he import the idea from France?

Whether an original or not, as to the plan, his execution of it certainly evinces a rare and extraordinary talent, such a one indeed, as may be pronounced without hesitation, is in possession of no other con-

contemporary. In a state of high civilization, talents to amuse will always bear a great premium, and ensure considerable distinction; and Mathews has made good his pretensions, by striking out a new path, and proving himself capable of that most difficult task, to entertain a company for some hours together, with the comic and the ludicrous, without encountering from them the slightest symptoms of weariness or disgust; on the contrary, in the enjoyment of their constant enthusiastic plaudits, and this to more than the hundred and sixtieth time.

Wewitzer, in his prime, was by many deemed the best representative of a Frenchman which we have had upon the English stage; and I did not expect again to see his equal, but perhaps have found him in Mathews, who moreover speaks the language like a native. He has also caught the gait, manner, tone, and humour of the Irish *sans culotte*, that we need no longer regret old Johnson. The humours of the balloon and the Margate steam boat are now too well known to need description, and if perchance any of your readers may not have witnessed them, the best advice they can take, more especially if they be *lean*, is to embrace the opportunity next season, on the principle of "laugh and be fat."—There is one peculiarly curious feature in Mathews's plan,—the character of the redoubtable Major, which is so often brought forward, and which is obviously the performer's hobby-horse; and that which is still better, and in fact renders it allowable, it is the hobby horse of the audience likewise. A touch of the Major, or himself in person, never tires, but is always greeted and applauded. "Here's

muscle—nothing but muscle—upon my soul 'tis true—who says 'tis a lie?" Here we have the representation of a certain Major, who has been abroad, and pretends to have gone through wonderful hardships and dangers, which were all resisted and surmounted by his high courage and impenetrable muscular system—in short, he is a real *Munchausen*. Now Mathews makes so much of this character, and it is so constantly uppermost with him, that he must have had some actual prototype—he must have known some East Indian Major probably, from whose *outré*, bluff, and pretending manners, he was able to glean this harvest of folly. His almost ventriloquism, imitations of the different voices of men, women, children, birds and beasts, and rapidity of change in dress and character, seem little short of miraculous to common folks. SENEX.

#### HUNTING THE GOUR, OR WILD ASS OF PERSIA.

SIR Robert Ker Porter, in his interesting *Travels through Georgia, Persia, Babylonia, &c.* recently published, describes falling in with two of the above animals, one of which he was fortunate enough to kill. The adventure was an amusing one.

"The sun (says the writer) was just rising over the summits of the eastern mountains when my greyhound *Cooley* suddenly darted off in pursuit of an animal which my Persians said, from the glimpse they had of it, was an antelope. I instantly put spurs to my horse, and, followed by Sedak Beg and the mehmander, followed the chase. After an unrelaxed gallop of full three miles, we came up with the dog, who was then within a short stretch

stretch of the creature he pursued; and to my surprise, and at first vexation, I saw it to be an ass. But on a moment's reflection, judging from its fleetness it must be a wild one, a species little known in Europe, but which the Persians prize above all other animals, as an object of chase, I determined to approach as near to it, as the very swift Arab I was on would carry me. But the single instant of checking my horse to consider, had given our game such a head of us, that notwithstanding all our speed we could not recover our ground on him. I, however, happened to be considerably before my companions, when, at a certain distance, the animal, in its turn, made a pause, and allowed me to approach within pistol-shot of him. He then darted off again with the quickness of thought; capering, kicking, and sporting in his flight, as if he were not blown in the least, and the chase were his pastime.

"He appeared to me to be about ten or twelve hands high; the skin smooth like a deer's, and of a reddish colour; the belly and hinder parts partaking of a silvery grey; his neck was that of a common ass, being longer, and bending like a stag's, and his legs beautifully slender; the head and ears seemed large in proportion to the gracefulness of those forms, and by them I first recognised that the object of my chase was of the ass tribe. The mane was short and black, as was also a tuft which terminated his tail. No line whatever ran along his back or crossed his shoulders, as are seen on the same species with us. When my followers of the country came up, they regretted I had not shot the creature when he was so within my aim; telling me his flesh is one of the

greatest delicacies in Persia; but it would not have been to eat him that I should have been glad to have him in my possession. The prodigious swiftness and peculiar manner with which he fled across the plain coincided exactly with the description Xenophon gives of the same animal in Arabia (*vide* Anabasis, *ô. l.*) But, above all, it reminded me of the striking portrait drawn by the author of the book of Job. I shall venture to repeat it, since the words will give life and action to the sketch that is to accompany these pages:—

"Who hath loosed the bonds of the wild ass, whose house I have made the wilderness, and the barren land his dwellings! He scorneth the multitude of the city, neither regardeth he the crying of the driver: The range of the mountain is his pastime."

"I was informed by the meh-mander who had been in the desert, when making a pilgrimage to the shrine of Ali, that the wild ass of Irak Arabi differs in nothing from the one I had just seen. He had observed them often for a short time in the possession of a person who told him the creature was perfectly untameable. A few days after this discussion, we saw another of these animals, and pursuing it determinately, had the good fortune, after a hard chase, to kill it, and bring it to our quarters. The Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, in his most admirable account of the kingdom of Caubul, mentions this highly picturesque creature under the name of *goorkhur*; describing it as an inhabitant of the desert between India and Afghanistan or Caubul. It is called *gour* by the Persians, and is usually seen in herds, though often single, straying away, as the one I first saw, in the wantonness of



of liberty. To the national passion for hunting so wild an object, Persia lost one of its most estimable monarchs, Baharam, surnamed *Gour*, from his fondness for the sport, and general success in the pursuit of an animal almost as fleet as the wind. The scene of this chase was a fine open vale, near to Shiraz, but which had the inconvenience of being intersected by a variety of springs, forming themselves into exceedingly deep ponds, caverned at the bottom by nature to an extent under ground not to be traced. While the King was in the heat of pursuit, his horse came suddenly to the brink of one of these pieces of water, and tumbling headlong, both horse and rider disappeared. The pond was immediately explored, to the utmost of their ability in those days, but the body of the King could not be found; hence it is supposed, it must have been driven by the stream into one of the subterraneous channels, and there found a watery grave. This event happened 1400 years ago, and yet it forms an interesting tale in the memories of the natives about, to relate to the traveller passing that way."

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"PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT."

BAHARAM the Fifth, surnamed *Gour*, who was killed in a gourd-hunt, as above related, was one of the bravest and best princes of the Sassanian race. Sir John Malcolm gives a curious anecdote respecting the love of this King towards his Queen, and the circumstances which raised her into such high estimation with him, as to induce him to commemorate her image with his own by giving her profile with his on the Sassanian coins. The story is thus told, on

the spot where they say it happened:—

"The ruling passion of Baharam was the chase, and proud of his excellence as an archer, he wished to exhibit his skill before his favorite wife. She accordingly accompanied him to the plain, and an antelope was descried at a distance lying asleep. The Monarch drew his bow with such precision, that its arrow grazed the animal's ear. The antelope awoke, and put his hind hoof to the spot to strike off the fly, by which he appeared to conceive he was annoyed. The Monarch shot again, and pinned the hoof to the horn. The exulting Baharam turned to the lady with a look that demanded her opinion of his skill, but she coolly observed, "Practice makes perfect." So indifferent a reply where he expected such warm praises, stung him to the soul with disappointment and jealousy, and in the fury of the moment he ordered her to be carried to the mountains, and exposed to perish. The minister who was to obey this cruel command took her thence, but mercifully sparing her life, allowed her to retire under a deep disguise, to an obscure village on the mountain side. She took up her lodgings in the upper chamber of a tower, to which she ascended by twenty steps. On her arrival she bought a young calf, which she regularly carried once up and down the flight every day. This exercise she continued for four years, and the improvement in her strength kept pace with the increasing weight of the animal. Baharam, who had supposed his favourite to have been long dead, happened, after a fatiguing chase, to be one evening at this village; he saw a young woman carrying a large cow up a flight

flight of twenty steps. He was astonished, and sent to enquire how strength so extraordinary had been acquired by a woman of apparently so truly a feminine form. The young person who had wrapped herself in her veil, said she would communicate her secret to none but the King, and to him only, on his condescending to come to the tower alone. Baharam instantly obeyed the summons, and on his repeating his admiration of what he had seen, she bid him not lavish praises as if she had performed a miracle, for "practice makes perfect," said the Queen, in her natural tone of voice, and at the same time lifting up her veil. The King recognized and embraced her, struck with the lesson she had thus given him, and delighted with a proof of love which had induced her for four years to pursue so arduous a plan of convincing him of his mistake in doubting its existence. He restored her to his affection and rank as his favourite wife, and had a palace built on the spot of their re-union, to commemorate the event."

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**PLEASING PROSPECT OF IMPROVEMENT IN THE MORALITY OF OUR NATIONAL DIVERSIONS, AND THE TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.**

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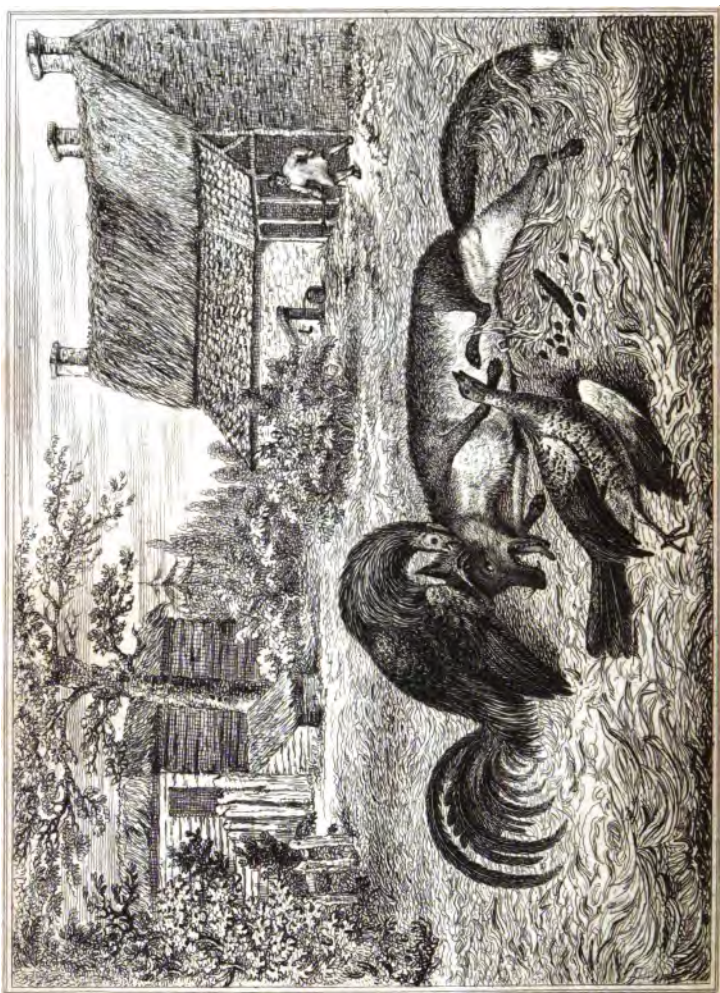
*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

I Have the heartfelt satisfaction of reading in your pages, another triumph of humanity—another example of the principles of sporting, according to the true system of the *Sporting Magazine*. "Mr. Dartnell, in Essex, lately matched his horse, carrying thirteen stone, to trot sixteen miles in one hour, for one hundred guineas. The horse

trotted twelve miles in forty-nine minutes, when it being perceived that he lost ground, and had no chance to win, he was pulled up to prevent uselessly distressing him." Honourable mention to Mr. Dartnell on this occasion. Compassion and real interest are in unison here; as they are in infinitely more cases than generally supposed. Here is the stake lost, doubtless; but it was clear the horse could not win, at any rate with such a weight; but he remains safe, and we trust unhurt, to his proprietor. Had the horse been driven on, in all probability both money and horse had been lost; that is to say, the horse would have broken down, or been lamed and rendered useless. Had this poor animal been in the hands of those miscreant blackguards formerly concerned in trotting and road matches, he would have been cut up with whip and spur, and driven on, till his eye balls were ready to start, and to the last gasp.

Let us rejoice that the feelings of nature and sympathy are at length working in English hearts, and that a generous stand is made to do away that foul reproach on the character of this country, of general cruelty to brute animals, and of delight in witnessing their sufferings—palliated, too often, on cold-blooded and ridiculous pretensions of interest. Let us have fair sports, and true English emulation with the natural weapons, the FISTS—FUGILISM; but no mean, back-door *basting*, no *unnatural* torturing: and we will yet compass these our lawful, moral, and merciful ends, in spite of all the idiotic grinning and sniggering which may be opposed, in whatever place. Midsummer midnight is already past, and the morning cock is prun-  
ing





GAME COCK AND FOX.

ing his wings and ready to crow ; and, Mr. Editor, your humble servant is in alt—permit him then to sport a sentiment in the jolly and hearty style of former days, before we had Vice Societies and Associations riding upon our necks: May the devil ride rough-shod over the rascally part of the creation !

VOX HUMANITATIS.

### GAME COCK AND FOX.

AN ETCHING.

THE cock which bears so conspicuous a part in this picture

was bred in 1814 by J. H. Hunt, Esq. of Compton-Pauncefoot, Somerset, and was put out to walk at one Adam's, at Row Barrow, in that county. In 1817, a fox seized a hen in the barton, and her cries drew the attention of the cock, who discovering the fox in the act of carrying off his prey, flew at reynard, and at one blow killed him on the spot, and saved the life of the hen. The cock is now living, and in possession of the owner at Compton Pauncefoot. In 1820, he fought a gallant battle at Epsom races, and won at high odds against him.

## FEAST of WIT; or, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

### EQUIVOCAL POLITENESS.—

The Count de Lauragan driving one day through Paris in a hack, was obliged to stop in a narrow street, by a handsome carriage which met him in it, and in which were seated the President B. and his lady. The President called out to the coachee to back—the Count bid him not budge, and asked the President what was his character in Paris to give such orders?—Madame de B. *who was exceedingly ugly*, put her head out of the window, and cried to the Count, “Why don't you practise the politeness you preach?” “Madame,” replied the Count, “I beg your pardon a thousand times—if you had *shown yourself* a little sooner, the coachman, the horses, myself, and all the equipage, would have fallen back.”

THE following curious advertisement appeared in a Concord, New Hampshire, paper:—“Whereas I,  
Vol. VIII. N. S.—No. 45.

Daniel Clay, through misrepresentation, was induced to post my wife Rhoda in the papers: now beg leave to inform the public that I have again taken her to wife, after settling all our domestic broils in an amicable manner; so that every thing, as usual, goes on like clock-work.”

Divorc'd like seissors rent in twain  
Each mourn'd the rivet odd;  
Now whet and riveted again,  
They'll make the old shears cut.

MODERN writers have a practice of sending their works to the *beaux esprits* of the day for perusal, or rather—approbation. This used to be met by Sheridan by a general formula he had long established, running thus—“Dear Sir, I have received your exquisite work—(poem, &c. as it might be)—and I have no doubt I shall be highly delighted—after I have read it.”

A learned sportsman, having employed  
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ployed some workmen to empty a fish-pond, was told that they had found a chalybeate. "Have you?" said he, "then *put it among the other fish.*"

Two girls of the city of Bristol, disputing for precedence at a Clifton ball, one the daughter of a wealthy tradesman, the other the daughter of a gentleman of small fortune—"You are to recollect, Miss, (said the tradesman's daughter) that my papa keeps a coach."—"Very true, Miss (said the other), and you are to consider that he likewise keeps a *dray.*"

THE Emperor Adrian very innocently asked Epicetus, why Venus is painted naked? The philosopher replied, because she always reduces her followers to such poverty that they have no clothes. The Italians, more knowing, have a proverb, *Bella femina che ride, vuol dir, borsa che piange*, the smiles of a pretty woman are the tears of the purse; the latter must be drained to ensure the continuance of the former.

SANGUINARY QUIBBLE. — The Inquisition burn heretics to elude the maxim, "*Ecclesia non novit sanguinem*;" for *burning* a man they say, does not *shed his blood!*"

A COLLYRIUM FOR THE COLIC. — A patient complained of a pain in his stomach. "What hast thou been eating?" said the physician. "Green turtle," replied the man. Upon this the doctor gave him a collyrium, or ointment for the eyes. "What is this for?" said the patient, "I told you I had the colic." "True," answered the honest Esculapius, "but had thy eyesight been good, thou wouldst have avoided gluttony."

"*Pourquoi,*" said a Frenchman travelling in England, to his companion, "*Pourquoi, Monsieur Pitt, s'appelle-t-il Billy?*"—"Why is Mr. Pitt called *Billy?*"—and then, immediately answering himself, he went on, "*apparemment c'est parce qu'il introduit tous les Bills dans le Parlement.*"—"Apparently, because he always introduces the *Bills* into Parliament."]

A LADY told me, says St. Foix, that in her will she had ordered her body to be opened *after her death*, as she was afraid of being buried *alive!*

LORD BYRON'S CURE FOR HEAD ACHE. Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;

The best of life is but intoxication: Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are sunk

The hopes of all men, and of every nation; Without their sap, how branchless were the trunk

Of life's strange tree, so fruitful on occasion:

But, to return,—get very drunk; and when

You wake with head-ache, you shall see what then.

Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring

Some hock and soda-water, then you'll know

A pleasure worthy Xerxes, the great king;

For not the blest sherbet, sublimed with snow,

Nor the first sparkle of the desert spring;

Nor Burgandy, in all its sun-set glow,

After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,

Vie with that draught of HOCK and SODA-WATER.

A PAINTER, intending to describe the miracle of the fishes listening to the preaching of St. Anthony

Anthony of Padua, painted the lobsters, who were stretching out of the water, *red!* probably having never seen them in their natural state. Being asked how he could justify this anachronism, he extricated himself by observing, that the whole affair was a miracle, and that thus the miracle was made still greater.

IMPROMPTU, ON HEARING A BANKER SAY HE HAD NOT TAKEN A LIGHT SOVEREIGN.

A wealthy King, who lived in times of old,

Was weigh'd, and wanting found, as we are told,

And very awful is the sequel;  
But how would ancients be surpris'd, were they.

To see so many sovereigns every day  
Tried in the balance and found equal!

A PARISIAN, who could not swim, bathing in the Seine, got out of

his depth, and would have been inevitably drowned; had not some swimmers been at hand to save him. On recovering, he protested that he *would never venture into the water again, till he had learned to swim.*

ON SEEING A VERY LARGE HEART'S CASE EMBROIDERED BEHIND A LADY'S FELISSE.

Some old fashion'd folks, if with sorrow oppress'd,

Think *heart's case* most happily placed—*on the breast;*

But *Chloe's* eccentric, and vows to *her* mind,

If intended to rest on, 't is best placed—*behind.*

AN Irishman was once asked what age he was, "I am only twenty-six," he answered, "but I ought to be twenty-seven, for my mother *miscarried* the year before I was born."

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

SEVERAL beautiful Hanoverian horses are arrived at the King's Mews, from the Continent. They are intended to be used in some of the state equipages at the Coronation.

A LARGE proportion of the King's stag-hounds have been sent this month to Brighton, for the purpose of sea water washings. The effect of such ablutions has been found so salutary in removing the kennel distemper, that it is determined the pack shall be so treated every year.

NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING, 1821.—*Tuesday*, his Royal Highness the Duke of York's Banker, 8st. 12lb. agst Mr. Udney's Abjer, 8st. D. I. 300gs. h. ft.—*Friday*, D. of Grafton's c. by Woful, out of Charcoal, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Bouverie's c. by Election, 8st. Ab. M. 200gs. h. ft.—Mr. Bouverie's Paralus, 8st. 10lb. agst Lord Jersey's Prophet, 8st. 11b. D. M. 200gs. h. ft.

SECOND OCTOBER MEETING, 1821.

—*Monday*, Mr. James's Fleur de Lis, 8st. 13lb. agst Mr. Udney's Pantoufle, 7st. 13lb. both three years old, T. Y. C. 200gs. h. ft.—Mr. Udney's Abjer, 8st. 7lb. agst Lord Exeter's c. by Ardrossan, 8st. A. F. 300gs. h. ft.

YORK AUGUST MEETING, 1821.—*Monday*, Mr. Knapton's gr. h. by Mowbray, agst Mr. James Horner's ch. h. Thornton, by Weazel, 11st. each, two miles, 100gs. each, h. ft.

TATTERSALL'S BETTING-ROOM, JUNE 11.—This being settling day for the Derby and Oaks, created of course some confusion. Upon the whole the accounts went off tolerably well, and the absence of one or two minor betters were the only symptoms of defalcation.

GUSTAVUS was bred at Hampton Court; and sold to Mr. Hunter when a yearling. His dam, the Sister to

t 2 Viscount

Viscount, was bred by the late Colonel Childers, of Cantley House, Yorkshire, and ran in the name of Lady Gray; she was by Stamford; dam by Bourdeaux; grandam by Prophet, out of Saltram's dam.

Mr. Hunter won a very considerable sum on the Derby race. Several newspapers have indulged their readers with erroneously naming the amount netted. We think it only respectful to gentlemen on the turf to refrain from such conjectural remarks. The newspapers say also, the most unlucky speculators were two brothers, who lost twenty-six thousand pounds, but who handsomely paid the debt.

THE Duke of Roxburgh has lately purchased the Bury Moss, at Kelso, for the purpose of forming it into a race course. It is supposed that his Grace means to erect an elegant racing stand upon the ground, with a tavern underneath, and in all respects to make the course and its accompaniments as complete as possible.

THE races at the late Totnes meeting were generally well contested, particularly that for the Hunters' Stakes. Balls and plays for the nobility and gentry, and cock-fighting and bull-baiting for the mobility, concluded the amusements. The stewards for the next year are, Captain Bastard, R. N. of Sharpsham, and James King, Esq. of Fursden.

THERE are already ten horses named to start for his Majesty's Gold Cup, to be run for at Brighton, amongst which are the Duke of York's Master Henry, the Earl of Egremont's Little John, Lord H. Cavendish's Allegro, and Sir John Shelley's Antar.

A new race-course is making at Kendal, on which a considerable number of workmen are employed to complete it before the ensuing meeting.

THE Earl of Wilton and ——— Walmsley, Esq. of Castleton, are appointed Stewards of the next Manchester races.

THE Gloucester Stakes of 25gs. each to be run for this year at Cheltenham races, amounts to 1600gs.

—Not less than 30,000l. are, it is said, brought to, and expended in Cheltenham annually, in consequence of the Berkeley Hunt and races there.

ADVANTAGES OF FOX-HUNTING.—“I have lately” (says a sensible writer in the *Bury Post*) been into our neighbouring county of Norfolk, where I was much gratified by learning that the general hospitality of the old English nobility was very fast reviving—I mean that the nobility and gentlemen were uniting with the yeomanry of the county in that noble and manly diversion of fox-hunting. I should hope that the noblemen who have been so careful to preserve their pheasants for poachers, will now turn their attention to something for the good of their tenantry, and the trade of this town (Bury), and neighbourhood. This would be effected by establishing a pack of fox hounds; their tenants would every year bring up young valuable horses for the field at a very trifling expence; the seats of those gentlemen absent from home would soon be filled by sporting friends in the season; and every class of trade would be considerably benefited. Fox hunting has ever been considered the most manly of all sports, and in the days of our ancestors was strongly recommended, not only as the most conducive to health, but for the friendly intercourse it maintained between the different ranks in society; why then should the county of Suffolk be backward in promoting so laudable a diversion, when, but a few years back, it ranked foremost in field exercise.” These observations, it would appear, have had the wished-for effect, for we are told that a pack of fox hounds is about to be established in the county, upon an extensive scale, under the patronage of some of its principal nobility and gentry.

AFTER the races at Ascot Heath, on Thursday, June 21, a gallant battle, which lasted forty-seven minutes, was fought between Lilley the boxer, who lately received forfeit of Curtis, and Gardner, a man of superior weight,



weight, and no stranger to the prize ring. It was a subscription purse, and it took place in front of the betting stand, which was much crowded. Randal seconded Gardner, and Turner officiated for Lilley.

THE Extra Post Bill, against which a practical correspondent, in our last Number declared on such just grounds, is still at issue, and in its course through the House of Commons; as a counterpoise for this, Mr. Martin's humane, rational, and expedient Bill is also making its way, and, we trust, with ultimate success, through the House. The following remarks, which we have extracted from a newspaper, appear strictly applicable to the former subject, and a distressing one it is. "It is well known, that when a blacksmith goes first to his forge in the morning, he usually takes a rod of tough iron, and by striking upon it a few rapid blows with his hammer, excites in it a degree of heat which enables him to light the match with which he kindles his fire, to the full as quickly as he could have done by the use of tinder, &c. The same effect then takes place on the pound (or still greater weight) of iron attached to the foot of every horse employed in rapid motion on roads that are hard, but more particularly on those covered with gravel, from the greater abrasion of the flint of which it is composed. From this circumstance it results, that horses carrying for a length of time and for long distances masses of nearly red-hot iron nailed to their feet, have inflammations excited in them to a great degree,—which, warping their hoofs from their natural shapes, cause what is called *sounder*, and frequently the loss even of the hoofs themselves; either of which remediless maladies renders the animal prematurely useless, independently of the further torture he is compelled to endure, from the attempts of ignorant or self-interested farriers to cure incurable diseases."

A MAIN of cocks was fought during Manchester races, at the Cock-pit, Salford, between the Right Hon.

the Earl of Derby (Potter, feeder), and Thomas Legh, Esq. (Gilliver, feeder), 32 m. 8 b.

POTTER. M. B. GILLIVER. M. B.

Tuesday	....4	0.....	2	2
Wednesday	3	0.....	3	2
Thursday	..2	1.....	4	1
Friday	.....3	0.....	4	1
Saturday	....3	0.....	4	1

15 1 17 7

It has been given out, that the celebrated Capt. Barclay, or his brother, is now perambulating the country, in the character of a ballad-singer, in order to determine a wager of some amount, that he will subside himself for a given period, on the profits arising from the sale of his ballads. A professor of this description, has lately displayed his vocal powers in the streets of Carlisle and other places, but it was not Captain Barclay. It is pretty certain, however, that the person alluded to was a man above his assumed condition, and his conduct indicated that he was engaged in a frolic, rather than in a search after bread.

CAPTAIN Smith's match to trot his horse and ride himself, and to carry 14 stone, was decided on the 25th instant, over a two-mile circuit at Peak, in Huntingdonshire. The match was for 200 guineas, to do fifteen miles in one hour. It was performed as follows:—

M. S.	M. S.
2 miles in..7 28	2 miles in..7 59
2 .....7 44	2 .....8 4
2 .....7 48	
2 .....8 2	55 1
2 .....7 56	

The last mile was done easily in four minutes and twenty seconds, winning the match by more than half a minute.—Rymer, a runner from the Staffordshire potteries, was backed for 100 guineas on the same ground, to accomplish ten miles in an hour, and he won as follows:—

M. S.	M. S.
2 miles in..12 2	2 miles in..12 20
2 .....11 55	
2 .....11 50	59 17
2 .....11 40	

A GRAND

A GRAND match at cricket was played on Saturday, June the 2d, at Windsor, between a select eleven of the officers of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue), and eleven officers of the Coldstream Guards, which was won by the latter.

**THE STOLEN HORSE.**—H. Dewhurst, Esq. of Preston, sent his servant to Kendal this month, to bring home a horse, which he had recently purchased. The man on returning having laid in a store of liquor at Lancaster, his head became a little confused, and instead of acting as a guide to the horse, the horse took his own course, and knowing where he had been well used, trotted to the stable door of a farm-yard, near Scotforth, where he was quickly recognized, and surrounded by the farmer's family. The old farmer immediately collared the man, and accused him with having stolen the horse. The man in vain protested his innocence, the farmer insisted on having him before the Magistrates, and accordingly took him to Lancaster. The farmer swearing that the horse was his property, the man was obliged to remain in custody until his master was sent for. On the matter being fully explained, it appeared that the horse, which was a great favorite, and accounts in some degree for the predilection he shewed for his old quarters, was stolen from the farmer about two years ago; and he has passed through several hands since. The point of who is to retain the ownership of the animal is not yet determined; at present, however, the farmer keeps possession, and will not of course give him up, unless he can be legally compelled.

**NATURAL HISTORY.**—A most singular occurrence took place at Stokesley, in Yorkshire, a short time since. The wild beasts which were lately exhibited in York, were taken to that town, two months ago; and the canvass, with the zebra, young lions, tiger, &c. painted thereon, was hung up in front of the caravans. Amongst others who went to see them, was John Watson, of that place, a dog-

trainer, and he had with him a fine black pointer bitch, heavy with pup. No sooner, however, did the bitch see the painted beasts on the canvass, than she ran home dreadfully frightened, and about three weeks afterwards, pupped seven fine young pointers, one of which has much the appearance of one of the young cub lions, two others are faintly striped like the zebra, &c. &c. A great number of gentlemen have been already to see the young pups.

A MASTIFF bitch, belonging to a butcher in Greenock, had a practice of hiding a part of her provisions in an adjacent wood. Her store was lately plundered, and it appears the bitch had discovered, by a smell round the place, that the theft had been committed by pointers, as she has ever since had a strong antipathy to that race, and attacks them on every opportunity. A gentleman wished to have some pointers nursed by her, and for this purpose her own pups, which she had lately, were drowned, and the young pointers put in their place. On the following morning, when the gentleman came to see his pups, he discovered, to his astonishment, that they had been devoured by the mastiff bitch, and nothing remained of them but the claws of the feet.

Two coveys of partridges were seen in the neighbourhood of Lowestoft, in the third week of May, this year.

Mr. Norley, of the White Hart Inn, Ashford, Kent, has recently taken a young king's-fisher from its nest, on the bank of the river, which is likely to become domesticated; he has also two nightingales, which tune their lively notes, notwithstanding their state of captivity.

A few days since, a valuable brood mare, at Dandelion, Thanet, belonging to Sir Thomas Staines, was attacked by a bull, and so dreadfully gored by him, that it was found expedient to shoot her. The bull had previously been particularly quiet, and was accustomed to be in the same yard with horses and other animals; and is supposed to have imbibed

bbed an antipathy to the mare from her being very forward in foal, as he did not attempt to attack any of the other horses.

THE following instance of familiarity in a bird, took place at Patrick Bank, near Elderslie, on the 17th instant:—A lady with a child, and some gentlemen were sitting on the grass, and while the lady was giving the child some meat, a sparrow flew from its nest on the lady's shoulder, and picked the meat from the mouth of the child, and afterwards picked bread from the lady's hand, which it carried to its nest for its young.

*Fishing Extraordinary.*—A few days since, a water-dog belonging to Mr. Brown, a pilot, at Hakin, near Milford, observing a motion in the water, about fifty yards from the shore, swam towards it, and brought in his mouth to his master's house, quite alive, a large red gurnet fish, which weighed upwards of six pounds.—These fish are seldom seen on the surface of the water.

A young cuckoo was discovered in the roof of Peamore-house, near Exeter, where it had been hatched by a water-wagtail, and is now daily fed by its foster mother.

So great is the number of *sparrows* in the Holmes of Cumberland, and such have been the effects of their visitation, that the farmers in that part of the country have absolutely been driven to the necessity of forming a society for their destruction; which seems to promise the desired success. The regulations of the society are simply to give one halfpenny for every four eggs that are delivered to their secretary, and a penny for every old sparrow; and to contribute equally towards the fund. The mortality in the feathered species is in consequence very great.

A *fox-hound*, belonging to T. C. Hornyhold, Esq. of Blackmore Park, in Worcestershire, has actually suckled a litter of cubs, which were deserted by the bitch fox, and still continues to nurture them, having previously lost her own puppies.

As G. Osbaldeston, Esq. was fly-

ishing in the river Trent, at Sawley, on Saturday, June 9, the artificial flies, while floating in the air, attracted the appetite of a brace of birds passing in that direction; they immediately seized them, when finding themselves hooked, they rose to a considerable height, till exhausted, and were then drawn down and taken; but it being the breeding season, like a true sportsman, Mr. O. set them at liberty, but little hurt.

*To the Editor.*—SIR,—In your entertaining Magazine for May last, is an account of JOSEPH MILLER, as far as can be ascertained of the events of his life: to which may be added, that he was buried in the church-yard of St. Clement Danes, in Portugal-street, which is thus proved:—About thirty years since, while living in Carey-street, being at that time surgeon to the workhouse in Portugal-street, I discovered a tombstone, on which was inscribed, in letters nearly obliterated, "Here lye the remains of Joseph Miller, comedian, late of this parish."—I am, Sir, your humble servant, J. ANDREX.

*Hatton Garden, June 22, 1821.*

BETTINGS.—State of the bettings for the Doncaster St. Leger and the Derby:—

*Tattersall's, June 18, 1821.*

#### DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

- |         |  |
|---------|--|
| 3 to 1  | agst Mr. Hunter's gr. c. Gustavus.                         |
| 13 to 2 | agst Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. c. Jack Spigot, by Ardrossan. |
| 10 to 1 | agst b. c. Vingt-un, by Smolensko.                         |
| 11 to 1 | agst Sandbeck, by Catton, out of Orvillina.                |
| 13 to 1 | agst Mr. Riddell's Colwell, by X Y Z.                      |
| 13 to 1 | agst Mr. J. Ferguson's b. c. Champaigne.                   |
| 18 to 1 | agst Mr. Ridsdale's br. c. Statesman.                      |
| 25 to 1 | agst Mr. Watt's Altisidora colt.                           |
| 25 to 1 | agst Fortuna, Sister to Woodbine.                          |

30 to 1 agst Mr. R. Milnes's b. f.  
My Lady.

THE DERBY, 1822.

12 to 1 agst Gen. Grosvenor's Mar-  
cellus, by Selim, out of  
Briseis.

15 to 1 agst Lord Darlington's colt,  
by Haphazard, out of Land-  
scape.

Northampton.....	12
Doncaster .....	17
Glamorganshire .....	18
Shrewsbury .....	18
Leicester .....	19
Walsall .....	&.....26
Newmarket (1st Oct. M.)..	October 1
Wrexham .....	2
Perth .....	3

#### RACES APPOINTED IN 1821.

Bihury .....	July 3
Lancaster .....	3
Hampton .....	4
Tenbury .....	4
Newmarket .....	9
Preston .....	10
Bath .....	10
Newcastle-upon-Tyne .....	16
Cheltenham .....	18
Beccles .....	21
Chelmsford .....	24
Buxton .....	25
Durham .....	25
Winchester .....	25
Brighton .....	25
Ludlow .....	25
Knutsford .....	31
Knighton .....	31
Maddington .....	31
Swaffham .....	August 1
Lewes .....	1
Bridgnorth .....	2
Stockbridge .....	2
Huntingdon .....	7
Oxford .....	7
Nottingham .....	7
Newcastle-under-line .....	7
Bromyard .....	8
Salisbury .....	8
Burderop .....	14
Goodwood .....	14
Stafford .....	14
Worcester .....	14
Wandford .....	15
York .....	20
Abingdon .....	21
Burton .....	21
Canterbury .....	21
Hereford .....	21
Aberdeen, &c .....	28
Derby .....	28
Egham .....	28
Bedford .....	29
Warwick .....	September 4
Lichfield .....	11

#### PUGILISM.

MARTIN and TURNER,  
AT CRAWLEY HURST, THIRTY-ONE  
MILES FROM LONDON, FOR ONE  
HUNDRED GUINEAS A-SIDE, ON  
TUESDAY, JUNE 5, 1821.

Turner first appeared on the ground, and endeavoured to throw his hat into the ring; but the wind prevented its destination, when he picked it up, and accomplished his object. Belcher and Randall, as his seconds, immediately followed. In a few minutes afterwards Martin, attended by Spring and an amateur from Norwich, all with *white top-pers* on, threw his *caster* very carefully into the ring. The colours, which were blue, dark for Turner, and a shade lighter for Martin, were tied to the stakes, and the men set to.

#### ROUNDS.

1. Turner *looked* as if in good condition; Martin was nothing wanting, and his *pins* were decorated in striped silk hose. The *Master of the Rolls* was not *brief* on the subject, and commenced his *practice* without delay, but hit short with his right hand, Turner getting away. Martin not dismayed, followed Turner so quickly, endeavouring to plant some hits, that the latter was nearly falling, but he recovered his balance, when an exchange of blows occurred. Martin appeared so impetuous in his attack, that Turner sung out, *Hollo! hollo! Go it, my lad!* The *Master of the Rolls* planted a heavy blow on Turner's throat. A pause. Turner got away from some blows, and with his left hand put in a severe hit on Martin's eye, which almost closed it. (*Applause.*) Martin, with his left hand, gave a heavy body blow; he also put in a facer.

Ned

Ned now went to work, sharp blows passed between them, and in closing, the *weaving* system was attempted on both sides, till both went down, but Turner uppermost.

2. Turner hit Martin's guard down. A pause. Ned's left hand again told on the nob of his opponent, and got away. In closing at the ropes, some sharp milling took place, when Turner was down, and undermost.

3. It was evident that Martin meant nothing else but fighting; and they both followed alternately each other over the ring. In closing, Martin held Turner fast and punished him, till he slipped, or went down from a slight blow.

4. Martin confidently put in another body blow, and also a *facers*, when Turner was nearly falling down, but he recovered himself. This was a good round; both of the men fought till they were quite distressed. The knees of Turner trembled considerably, and his *condition* might have been *better*. Martin bored in, and got Turner down.—(Loud shouting, *Bravo! Martin.*)

5, 6, 7. These rounds were well contested, and although Turner fought at points, he did not do that execution which had been so decidedly witnessed in his former battles. Martin, however, shewed the first blood.

8, 9, 10, 11. Turner stood well in the opinion of the amateurs. He had proved himself a game man, a dangerous fighter, and one that would not go away for a trifle; but if Turner put in a hit, he got a blow in return for it. Martin fell very heavy on Turner. Randall said he would bet 7 to 4. "I'll take it," cried Martin.

12, 13, 14, 15. Martin put in several severe blows about the kidneys of his opponent, and also some *facers*. In fact, Martin was now having the best of it; but as an old favourite, the friends of Turner were so much attached to him that they could not perceive it.

16. The *Master of the Rolls* put in a *batch* of hits—three *facers* and no

return. Turner endeavoured to turn this round in his favour; but, on the contrary, Martin put in a severe body blow, and Turner fell down. "I'll have Martin to win for 500 guineas," said Spring.

17. A long pause. At in-fighting Martin proved himself the best man; he also put in a blow on the nose of his opponent, that produced the *claret*. In closing, Turner went down, and undermost. The odds were all off; even betting, but Martin for choice.

18, 19. Turner went down rather awkwardly. Murmurings, and an appeal to the umpires. Several persons insisted Turner went down without a blow.

20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25. Martin in the whole of these rounds, if he did not shew himself off in high style, had the best of them.—Five to 4 on the *Master of the Rolls*.

26 to 36. Turner could not stop the body blows of his opponent; in fact, he was getting weak, and also getting the worst of it. One hour it was mentioned by the referee had passed away, when Martin said, "I can fight for six hours."

37 to 40. Two to 1 in favour of Martin; an appeal was made to the umpires that Turner went down without a blow; "You are mistaken (said one of the umpires), I should not like to have had it." The other umpire appeared to have some doubt on the subject, when the referee observed, he saw nothing foul.

41. Martin put in another body blow without any return being made. Some blows were exchanged between the combatants in following each other over the ring. Turner went down. Spring rather animatedly said, "It is too bad, he has gone down again without a hit." "What do you call a hit," said Randall, "I'm sure he received one." Martin went up to the umpires, and declared, "he had not hit Turner when he fell."

42. Both down, after an exchange of blows.

43. Turner seemed getting his second wind, and put in a severe left-handed

handed hit on Martin's forehead, that made the claret to follow profusely. "It's all right now," said a few of the over-the-water-boys, "give him the Bermondsey screw, Ned." Martin, although he had the worst of this round, followed up his opponent till he went down.

44, 45. Turner made some sharp hits, but was down in both of these rounds.

46. Turner hit Martin in the head, and got away. Some exchanges were made; and when Martin followed Turner, the former said, "that Ned went down without a blow," and immediately went up to the umpires to complain. "Foul, foul," and "fair, fair," resounded from all parts of the ring. In consequence of no notice being taken of it, Martin, in a violent passion, said, "he was not used well," and endeavoured to get over the ropes; in fact, one of his legs was half out, and he would have *bolted*, if Spring had not with great presence of mind, held him fast, and thus saved Martin from losing the battle. Mr. Jackson here interfered, and observed to the pugilists in the ring, that neither the fighting men nor their seconds had any right to interfere; nor indeed, any other person but the umpires who were appointed to watch the motions of the men, and if they disagreed, then a final appeal must be made to the referee.

47. The countenance of Martin appeared very angry; and it was thought that he was giving a chance away, from the effects of passion. But he, however, *cooled* upon it, and a good round was the result, and Martin sent Turner down.

48 to 58. Few, if any persons round the ring, had an idea that the battle was so near over, as at the close of the last round. The *gameness* of Turner was known to be so good, in having contended with Randall for two hours and twenty-two minutes, operated materially in Turner's favour with the spectators. This was a severe round to Ned—in fact, it was the *tie-up* of the fight. He received a severe blow in the body, and

also a sharp one upon his head, when he went down. Martin for any thing.

59. Turner endeavoured to make play, but it was all up. Martin fibbed him severely at the ropes, got Turner down, and fell on him with his knee nearly on his throat; "What do you call that?" said Belcher, "is not that foul?"

60 and last. In a struggle, Martin fell with all his weight on Turner. Turner was placed on his second's knee. Martin, who was most anxiously viewing the state of his brave, but fallen opponent with one eye, was, with the other, looking in suspense for the umpires to call "time." The game Turner did not hear it; and Martin gave a jump on being proclaimed the victor, and ran out of the ring towards his vehicle. After Turner had been taken care of, and led out of the ring, Randall threw up his hat, and offered to fight Martin for 300l. a-side, in three months.

REMARKS.—Sooner or later the *Daffy* will find them all out, and fighting men will be *floored* by it. Turner seemed quite gone off in constitution; also in his hitting; and he did not display any of his former good points. He was not in bad condition; but a fortnight more would have brought him to the *top of the tree*. Martin is certainly much improved, and he won the fight like a good man—in a handsome manner, and also cleverly; but, nevertheless, Martin, it was thought, ought to have won it, from his success, in less than one hour and twenty-nine minutes. Twenty-five pounds were subscribed by the amateurs at Brighton for the men, in consequence of the fight being at Crawley. Turner received fourteen body blows, without stopping one of them. A liberal subscription was made for Turner.

A most desperate slaughtering fight took place between two of the *cutting-up* tribe, Rasher and Spencer, for 30l. a-side, occupying 70 rounds, and one hour and a quarter. It was won by Rasher, who was seconded by Randall and Smith; and Spencer, by Jones and Purcell. Both of  
the

the men were dreadfully punished; and Spencer shewed the most science, but the hardy *Mountaineer* would not be *stalled off*, although at one time he was told to go and look for his *nob*, from the severe blows he had received upon it.

#### HICKMAN and OLIVER,

FOR ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS A-SIDE,  
ON BLINDLOW HEATH, NEAR THE  
BLUE ANCHOR, TWENTY-FIVE MILES  
FROM LONDON, ON THE ROAD TO  
BRIGHTON, ON TUESDAY, JUNE 12,  
1821.

At one o'clock, Oliver and Hickman threw their hats into the ropes. Oliver was attended by Harmer and Josh. Hudson, as his seconds; and the Gas-light Man was waited upon by Spring and Shelton. On Oliver entering the ring, he went up to the Gas-light Man smiling, shook hands with him, and asked him how he did, which was returned in the most friendly and pleasant manner by Hickman, who appeared in striped silk stockings; and on stripping, patted himself with confidence, as much as to infer, "Behold my good condition." Some little difficulty in procuring umpires.

#### ROUNDS.

1. Considerable caution was observed on both sides; both of them dodged each other a little while, made offers to hit, and got away. The Gas endeavoured to plant a blow, but it fell short, from the retreating system adopted by Oliver. The Gas again endeavoured to make a hit, which alighted on Oliver's right arm: the latter, by way of derision, patted it, and laughed. Oliver was now at the ropes, and some exchanges took place; but in a close Oliver broke away, and a small pause ensued. Hickman at length went to work, and his execution was so tremendous in a close, that the face of Oliver was changed to a state of stupor, and both went down. Oliver was picked up instantly, but he was quite abroad—he looked wildly, his left ear bleeding; and the cry was, "It's all up—he cannot come again;" and indeed

it was the general opinion, that Oliver would not be able again to appear at the scratch. But the Gas did not come off without a sharp taste of the powers of the old one.

2. Oliver was very bad, in fact he was *unnerved*. His heart was as good as ever, but his energy was reduced: he, however, got away from a hit. The Gas now put in so tremendous a facer that it was heard all over the ring, and Oliver was bleeding at the mouth. In closing, Oliver tried to fib his opponent, but it was useless; and the Gas held him as tight as if he had been in a vice, till they both went down. Oliver was so punished and exhausted, that several persons cried out, "It is of no use, take him away."

3. The scene was so changed, that twenty guineas to two were laid upon Hickman. The latter smiled with confidence on witnessing the execution he had done; but the *game* displayed by Oliver was above all praise, and he appeared, after being hallooed at by his seconds, about a *shade* better, and he fought a severe round. The Gas received a terrible body hit, and some severe exchanges took place. The *cunning* of Gas was here witnessed in an extraordinary degree, and with his left hand open, which appeared in the first instance as if his fingers went into the mouth of Oliver, he put the head of Oliver aside, and with a dreadful hit, which he made on the back part of Oliver's *nob*, sent the latter down on his face. A lump as big as a roll immediately rose upon it. The Gas in this round was very much distressed; his mouth was also open; and it seemed to be the opinion of several of the amateurs, that he was not in such high condition as when he fought Cooper, or he must have finished the battle. The Gas stood *still* and looked at his opponent; but Oliver could not take any advantage of it.

4. The Gas endeavoured to plant his desperate right-handed blow upon Oliver's face; but he missed it, and fell down; and Oliver, in trying to make a hit in return, fell over Hickman.

man. The Gas laughed and winked to his second. It was, perhaps, a most fortunate circumstance that Hickman missed this hit, as it might have proved Oliver's *quietus*.

5. The left eye of the Gas was rather touched; but his confidence astonished the ring. Indeed it was a fine *study* for an artist: and it was a complete *picture* for an actor: and we were glad to witness some first-rate performers viewing it with admiration and attention. The *confident* look of Hickman energetically developed his *mind*; or, in other words, it was a "mind's eye touch" forcibly depicting, "the victory is mine!" Oliver broke away, and he also jobbed the Gas-light Man's nob; but as to any thing like hitting, it was out of him; and Hickman not only bored in upon Oliver, but punished him till he went down quite stupid. Hickman for any odds.

6. Oliver came up to the scratch very heavy, but he smiled, and got away from the *finishing* hit of his opponent; and, rather singular to observe, in closing, Oliver by a sort of slewing throw, sent the Gas off his legs, and he was almost out of the ring. The applause given to Oliver was like a roar of artillery. The Gas got up with the utmost *sang froid*.

7. Oliver put in a facer, but it made no impression; and the Gas with his left hand again felt for his distance, in this *nouvelle* and extraordinary way, against Oliver's nob, and the blows he planted in Oliver's face were terrific. By comparison the strength and confidence of Hickman were like that of a giant over a boy.

8. Oliver came up almost *dosing*, and began to fight as if from instinct; he knew not what he was about. Hickman now made his left and right hand tell upon Oliver's head, when the latter went down like a log of wood. It was 100l. to a farthing. "Take him away, he has not a shadow of chance." Indeed, it was truly piteous to see the courage displayed by this brave fellow, but yet of no avail.

9, and last. Oliver, game to the end, appeared at the scratch; and put up his arms to fight; when the pepper administered by the Gas was so hot, that Oliver went down in a state of stupor. The Gas-light Man said to his second, "I have done it, he will not come again." Oliver was picked up and placed on his second's knee; but he fell off on the ground, and when *time* was called, he could not move. Hickman immediately jumped up and said, "I can beat another Oliver now;" but he immediately went up and shook Oliver by the hand. The latter remained in a state of stupor; but from medical assistance being immediately at hand, he was bled, and conveyed to the nearest house, yet Oliver did not come to himself exactly for upwards of two hours. It was over in twelve minutes and a half.

REMARKS.—In less than *three-quarters* of an hour, thus has Hickman conquered in succession, Crawley, Cooper (twice), and Oliver. In quickness he comes the nearest to the late Jem Belcher; but Gas cannot fight so well with both his hands; perhaps, it might be more correct to compare him with the late Game Chicken; yet the latter was a shy and more careful fighter than Hickman. It is, however, but common justice to say of the Gas, that his confidence is *out-and-out*, and he goes up to the head of his opponent to commence the fight, with as much certainty of success in his own mind as Nelson entered Aboukir Bay. He thought himself *invulnerable* before; but this last conquest has increased it so much, that he immediately offered as a challenge to all England, once within four or six months, to fight any man and give a stone. Gas was so little hurt, that he walked about the ring, and also played two or three games at billiards at Croydon, on his way to London. Forty-five pounds were collected for the brave but unfortunate Oliver. The backer of Gas was so much pleased with his conduct, that he ordered the

*President*



*President of the Daffies*, who held the stakes of 200l. to give Hickman the whole of them.

The second fight, for a purse of 10l. was between Cooper, the Gipsy, seconded by 'Teasdale and Josh. Hudson, and a new boxer, of the name of Dent, seconded by Harmer and Thurtle. The *slashing* hitting of the Gipsy in the first round reduced it to a certainty, although against height, weight, and length, and won it in seven rounds, and less than ten minutes. Dent, it seems, was an excellent setter-to, but it only adds to the numerous instances of the vast difference between *sparring* and fighting, with and without the gloves. The friends of Dent lost their *blunt* in consequence of his being a good *sparrer*.

On Tuesday, the 19th inst. a match for 100 guineas, between H. Gwinnell, a plaisterer, of Cheltenham, and T. Wadley, a horse-dealer, of Maisemore, near Gloucester, was decided in a twenty-five feet ring, near the Green Dragon, Corse Lawn, Worcestershire. Gwinnell is an active young man, just of age, about twelve stone and a half, fond of the gloves, but heretofore unknown in the ring; his antagonist is full one stone and a half heavier, older, much stronger, and has shewn considerable *game* in some previous contests. Spring, who defeated the horse-dealer last year in three rounds, came down to second Gwinnell; Wadley was *picked up* by a countryman of

some notoriety, called Clarke. At stripping, weight shewed greatly against Gwinnell; both appeared confident, and at minute time *set to merrily*.—Our limits will not allow a description of all the rounds of this long fight, protracted by the folly of allowing minute-time, and the crippled state of the best man's hand: this circumstance obliged Gwinnell to adopt a very cautious mode of fighting, almost entirely defensive; of course Wadley frequently appeared to advantage: they fought, with various success, seventy-five rounds, in two hours and fifteen minutes. In the last round Gwinnell sprang in like a tiger, disturbing the *jelly* in the dealer's face, with two skilful right and left handed hits, which laid him on the turf, and the dealer surrendered. Gwinnell's coolness won him the battle; he left the ring almost without a scratch about his body or face, his only inconvenience arising from the swollen state of his knuckles. Martin and the *Amateur* Thurtle were in the ring.—Gwinnell, it is said, has determined never to enter the ring again.

Spring and Martin had a benefit at the Assembly Rooms, at Cheltenham, assisted by Mr. Thurtle, which was well attended by all the amateurs.

**NEW MATCHES.**—Fifty pounds are deposited towards 300l. a-side, Randall and Martin to fight on the 11th of next September.—Sampson and Gyblet fight for 50l. a-side, on Tuesday, the 17th of July.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE communications of several Correspondents remain for consideration and future insertion.

WE return our best thanks to various other friends, for the offer of Portraits of Stallions to be engraved for the Magazine; at the same time, must beg leave to remind them, that such must be stallions of universal reputation on the turf, in general the great progenitors of our present race of horses. We wish to complete our series of the old stallions as quickly as we can obtain the original portraits. Highflyer is in hand, and we hope Eclipse will follow.

**ERRATA.**—In our last number, in an Ode to Bacchus, for "*Tyrus*," read "*Thyrus*." And in our April number, in the first *Sporting Anecdote*, for "*blind hare*," read "*blind horse*."

POETRY

## P O E T R Y.

## THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

## LINES

*Composed after reading Belzoni's Travels  
in Egypt.*

**L**O! Where proud Memphian columns threaten the sky,  
Midst drifted sand colossal ruins lie;  
Triumphant arches, and a shiver'd train  
Of futed pillars, heap the encumber'd plain;  
And, rang'd through winding caves in darkness dread,  
Shrouded with ceremonies, rest the mouldering dead.  
No echoing step reverberates through the tomb,  
No glancing sunbeam cheers the awful gloom;  
Around the pile no whispering murmurs creep,  
And placid nature sinks in soothing sleep.  
Oh! Wonderous Catacombs! Did man, frail man  
Hollow in granite rock the mazy plan?  
Mysterious emblems, hieroglyphic trace,  
And vivid tints the massive ceilings grace.  
Renown'd Egyptians! Patience, genius, art,  
And lasting fame your arduous toils impart!  
Swift is thy sweep, inexorable TIME!  
Sharp thy fell scythe, thy wing-borne flight sublime!  
Thrilling thy threats: Shades through thy towering throne,  
Temples and cities at thy frown—fall prone;  
And irresistible as mountain stream,  
Right onward rolls thy giant might supreme!

Not so:—Though Desolation's withering power  
Hath crush'd the glittering helm and raz'd the tower;  
Though rapid Whirlwinds rush with eddying force;  
Though the black Tempest thunders in its course;  
Though Death's barb'd dart hath quell'd a nation's pride;  
And War hath rock'd the realm with furious stride:  
Still, firm-cemented Pyramids! ye stand,  
Foil TIME's wild rage, and dare his desperate hand;  
Still, darksome vaults, your ponderous walls assert  
Their ancient reign, with native strength begirt,  
And as his tyrant efforts fiercer grow,  
Secure, ye laugh to scorn the impetuous foe!—  
And, THOU, adventurous Traveller!  
Well-earn'd fame  
Shall crown thy dangerous toil, and gild thy name!  
Who trac'd the arduous paths which science show'd;  
Whose patient feet o'er burning deserts trod?  
Pierc'd kingly sepulchres with steady might,  
And brought the carv'd sarcophagus to light?  
Who bore to Albion's coast the mummy's urn?  
BELZONI,—thou!—All hail thy safe return!  
B. D.  
June 16, 1821.

ON PARTING WITH AN OLD  
BLACK COAT.

**W**ELL, 't is in vain to moralize,  
There's nothing new beneath the skies;

I bought

I bought you of a hoarse-lung'd Jew,  
He said you were as *good as new*.  
You only cost a one-pound note—  
For months you were a favourite coat.  
When I reflect on all I owe you,  
For many I would not bestow you;  
On your account I oft was bow'd to  
By beaux and belles, and by the  
proud too;

And I was vain enough to think,  
Because I sometimes wasted ink,  
That I was rank'd with Peter Pinder,  
(Whose fire is now reduced to cinder),

When I could soon have trac'd the  
matter

Back to the tailor or the hatter;  
Then, dearest coat, it grieves my  
heart

To think that you and I must part.  
How oft, when clouds dissolv'd in  
rain,

Remote from shelter on the plain,  
You've clasp'd me closely round the  
waist,

And ev'ry debt would pay in haste!  
You follow'd me to bed at night;  
And if the quilt chanced to be light,  
You spread your arms in friendly aid,  
Nor did you think the debt was paid,  
Unless sometimes around my chair

You hung to guard me from the air;  
And still, if this were not enough,  
I can't forget your pliant cuff,  
That to my finger's end would run,

Instead of gloves, when I had none;  
Then, dearest coat, where shall I find  
A substitute so good and kind?

To part with you my soul relents;  
"Poverty, not my will, consents:"  
In truth, you are a favourite still—  
But see the baker's swinging bill!

#### LINES

*From the Author of "The Farmer and  
Grazier's Guide," to the Editor of the  
Sporting Magazine."*

**A**LTHOUGH my heart delight in  
others' fun,

My cranium sprouts nor epigram,  
nor pun:

A witless wight,—I boast no poet's  
art,

Nor dare presume to play the cri-  
tic's part,

Yet still, perhaps, possess a grateful  
heart;

And now, bethink, my thanks to you  
are due,

For taking what you wittingly did  
strew:

The stones (rough seeming) you  
found time to scatter,

Excited qualms lest you should damn  
the matter

Of "pony horse,"—with pedigree  
and all,

Because, forsooth, it was compress  
and small.

But sportive terseness ebbing to a  
pause,

And ribaldry subserving reason's laws,  
Your fair critique did soon my fears

beguile,  
And pensive looks transform'd into a  
smile.—

If Heaven the grateful boon to me  
had given,

To grace my lines with true Pierian  
leaven;

No higher rank my strains could  
have, I ween,

Than shining in the *SPORTING MA-  
GAZINE*;

For *mouge* all my lack of wit or  
measure,

I value *your* approval as a treasure.  
This tribute to your kindness pray

receive,  
'Tis all I can,—'tis all I have to give.

*Newark, June, 1821.*

\* See No. 240, p. 130.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

#### DISAPPOINTED LOVE.

**MR. EDITOR,**—These verses were  
composed after a visit to the  
Exhibition. No. 210, *Disappointed  
Love*, is a very clever picture, paint-  
ed by F. Danby; and though it  
struck me as being rather too green,  
there was a deep sympathy pervad-  
ing the whole piece, which riveted  
me for some moments to the spot,  
and suggested to me the following  
ideas. However gloomy my sub-  
ject may appear, believe me, I am no  
admirer of suicide. I cannot hold  
with Cato, that life is but a gift, and  
that

that therefore we may return it at pleasure; but I consider it as a loan which it is our duty to improve. In short, Sir, I think it the greatest cowardice for a man to destroy himself, because he cannot bear the misfortunes and calamities of life. —Your pages are addressed to the man of enterprise and spirit, or I should not have thought this applicable to your Magazine; but a dangerous and false idea of spirit and honour is now so prevalent, I think myself bound to express my abhorrence of such pernicious principles, and clear myself from imputations with which I might otherwise have been charged. My motto is, "*Je crains Dieu, et je n'ai point d'autre crainte.*"

On a lone and sedgy bank,  
Underneath the trembling willow;  
Bent her head, her tresses dank,  
Weeping o'er the foamy billow,

ELLEN sat! all wild her mien;  
Wailing the too treacherous rover;  
And a wavering tint of green  
Shaded the desponding lover.

"Shall I, then," the mourner cried,  
"Sharp affliction ever cherish?  
No! rather 'neath the whirling tide  
ELLEN plunge! despair, and perish."

Hark! 'Tis done! rough eddies lave,  
To the circling woodlands rolling:  
Startled HENRY rush'd to save,  
Through the verdant pathway strolling.

Midst the cool and glittering spray,  
Swift he seiz'd the senseless maiden;  
Struggling through the watery way,  
His manly frame o'erspent and laden.

Can, O can he gain the strand?  
He strives, he strives; they disappear:

They rise: he clasps her shivering hand!

Hark! shrieks proclaim their fate severe!

Bloomabury, June 12, 1821. \*.\*

## THE HUNT.

*A Poetical Epistle from a Sportsman to his Mistress.*

DEAR Nancy—"I send you a few lines to say  
We yesterday rose at the breaking of day:

The morning at first rather misty ap- [peared,  
But soon by the rays of the laurell'd god clear'd,

Not a lad of the hunt but was then all alive!

Not a hound but like bees were abroad from the hive!

Tantivy! tantivy! the hunting-horn blew, [flew!

And off one and all of us dashing! The stag was a fine one, and just from the park, [mark!

And shew'd for five hours a beautiful O, Nancy, what words can describe how he ran!

What leaps were perform'd, and true noble deeds done. [then

How often he took to the river, and How gallant he led on both horses and men! [lers erect,

'Twas glorious to see his proud ant- Not a man but at times seem'd to shew him respect.

Not a dog (and there never was seen such a pack)—

Not a dog but was done up, tho' all of them crack!

Ten horses, dear Nance, ere the sun hid his face, [day's chase.

Ten horses were crippled in yester- Jack Dauntless, Bob Breather, Ned Whoop, and the Squire,

With Harry (the daring), were oft in the mire! [such sport

In short, my dear creature, a day of Was worthy Diana, and all of her Court! [Rattle, and I,

My Lord, with Sir Charles, Jemmy Were all that this stag so unrivall'd, saw die! [and some there,

The rest were behind us, some here And more gallant fellows ne'er scent-ed the air! [endures,

Nay I, for each limb such a pain still Can write, and that only: dear Nancy, I'm yours."





THE H. B. L. T. M. B.

# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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JULY, 1821.

No. XLVI.

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## Embellished with,

- I. Portrait of the late celebrated Stallion, HIGHFLYER.
- II. A View of the FISHERY HOUSE at LEA BRIDGE, Middlesex.

## HIGHFLYER.

THE annexed engraving by Mr. Scott, jun. from an original painting by Mr. Boulbee, in the possession of Mr. Tattersall, exhibits the true portraiture of the celebrated HIGHFLYER, one of the most famous and most useful horses, whether as a racer or a stallion, ever bred in this country. He was bred by Sir Charles Bunbury, and sold a yearling, at a very moderate price, to Mr. Compton. He was named, as I was soon after informed at Barton, by the gentlemen over their wine and fruit, from a variety of the walnut, called in the neighbourhood of Bury, a *highflyer*. His colour was bay, and as I recol-

lect, he was nearly or altogether sixteen hands in height, and master of a high weight. As to his qualification, he was a thoroughly stout and honest horse, and proved superior to the capital horses of his day, by his great stride and deep rate. It is true that, whilst they were rattled off their legs, both in private trials and public racing, Highflyer was reserved by his proprietor, with the utmost care, and always came fresh to the post, and ran to win; but had the advantages been more equal between him and his competitors, still in all probability, Highflyer would have been first, from the consideration that he won most of his races with so little difficulty. He never met

X

Shark

Shark but upon paper; that famous racer having already nearly finished his labours on the course. Highflyer never ran any where but at Newmarket, nor over any other than the B. C. and was never beaten, or ever paid a forfeit. The report of his having been once beaten, as was some time since stated in the Magazine, arose from the circumstance of Mr. Compton's having another Herod colt, of the same year with Highflyer. By his pedigree, as follows, he was of the highest and best racing blood, centering in him that of the Darley, Alcock, and Godolphin Arabians, without any cross of the new and inferior blood; and most of the mares in his pedigree, were either capital racers or the dams of such. Highflyer was got by King Herod, son of Tartar by Old Partner; dam, the dam also of Mark Antony, by Blank, grandam by Regulus, great grandam by Soreheels, the dam of Matchless, South, and Danby Cade, great great grandam by Makeless, which was Sir Ralph Milbank's famous black mare, the dam of Hartley's blind horse, &c. &c. Highflyer first started at three years old, and was withdrawn from the turf to the breeding stud in the next season, and afterwards sold by Mr. Compton to the grandfather of the present Mr. Tattersall, at the price of two thousand five hundred guineas, giving the name of Highflyer Hall to Mr. Tattersall's residence in Ely. The profit derived from this horse as a stallion, was among the greatest that have been made in that way. His performances were as follow:—

**Second Spring Meeting, 1778.**—Sweepstakes of 100gs. each; colts, 8st. fillies, 7st. 11lb. B. C.; won by Highflyer, beating Ilmio, Thunderbolt, Jupiter, &c.: 6 to 4 on Highflyer.

**July Meeting.**—The Grosvenor Stakes, subscription 25gs. each, by 4-year-olds; colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb. B. C.; won by Highflyer, beating Stormer, Satellite, Dragon, Laburnum, &c.: 4 to 1 on Highflyer.

**First October Meeting.**—The renewed 1400gs. a subscription of 200gs. h. ft. by 4-year-olds; colts, 8st. 10lb. fillies, 8st. 7lb. B. C.; won by Highflyer, beating Ilmio, Jupiter, &c.: 9 to 1 on Highflyer.

**Same Meeting.**—The Weights and Scales Plate of 100gs. free for any horse, &c.; 4-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; 5-year-olds, 8st. 5lb.; 6-year-olds, 8st. 11lb.; and aged, 9st. B. C.; won by Highflyer, beating Pearl, Vestal, and Tremamondq: 7 and 10 to 1 on Highflyer.

**Second October Meeting.**—A Post Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb. B. C.; Highflyer rec. ft.

**Houghton Meeting.**—Highflyer, 4 yrs old, 8st. beat Lord Clermont's ch. h. Dictator, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. B. C. 500gs.: 2 to 1 on Highflyer.

**First Spring Meeting, 1779.**—Sweepstakes of 300gs. each, h. ft. B. C. won by Highflyer, beating Magog; Dictator paid: 4 to 1 on Highflyer.

**Second Spring Meeting.**—Sweepstakes of 200gs. h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each, B. C. won by Highflyer, beating Dorimant and Dictator; Shark pd. ft.: 4 to 1 on Highflyer.

The first of Highflyer's get that started, was a two-year-old bay filly, sold by Mr. Tattersall to Lord Egremont; she won a sweepstakes of 50gs. each, in the Houghton Meeting, at Newmarket, 1783. In 1785, two and twenty of his get started, all winners, many of them of very considerable sums. Among these, Rockingham, Balloon, Delpini,



pini, Marplot, Lady Teazle, were in a high form as racers. Successive calendars equally contributed to the reputation of Highflyer, as a stallion. It is sufficient to quote the name of Sir Peter Teazle. The late Mr. Tattersall informed me, as a curious circumstance, that Highflyer got stock of all colours, even to the pyebald. The horse died at Highflyer Hall, about, or upwards of, twenty years since.

JOHN LAWRENCE.

#### DESTRUCTION OF THE KING'S STAG HOUNDS.—HYDROPHOBIA RENDERED HARMLESS.

**T**HIS untoward circumstance was related in Mr. Lee's *Lewes Journal* in nearly the following terms:—

“**BRIGHTON, JULY 2, 1811.**—

Some weeks ago we mentioned the return of the King's stag-hounds to their kennel of last year on the Church-hill: their arrival, it now appears, was caused by serious apprehensions entertained that the hydrophobia had found its way into the pack, and that water ablutions might more immediately be had recourse to. The pack, therefore, were not only daily washed after their arrival, but they were often kept in the water until their strength was nearly exhausted, several, at different times, being taken out apparently lifeless, and one was actually drowned in the powerful treatment. No pains were spared to render the remedy prescribed effective, but all would not do; the fatal disease so unequivocally and generally exhibited itself among them at the beginning of the last week, that it became dangerous to enter the kennel. This was duly reported, and the result was, the arrival of an order from the Marquis Cornwallis, the Master of the

Royal Stag Hounds, for the whole to be destroyed; and which order was carried into effect soon after it had been received on Friday morning. The unpleasant task was performed by the whippers-in and the feeder; and four-and-twenty couples of the best trained, and of the species, the most valuable dogs in Europe, were presently breathless around them. Mr. Sharp, the huntsman, who had rendered the pack what it was, who knew the voice of every dog, no matter how mingled, or at what distance heard, could not be present at the execution. He lamented the necessity of the event in tears. They were buried in one deep excavated space on the Church-down.”

On the above facts, an old Correspondent, whom we know to have good claim to the signature he assumes, has transmitted us the following interesting paper:—

“The destruction of his Majesty's stag hounds at Brighton, on account of MADNESS, is described as particularly affecting to the huntsman, and will, in a certain degree, be lamented by all the gentlemen to whose sport their excellence contributed. It is matter of surprise, when the spreading of the mischief can be avoided by worming, that it is not invariably practised. The idea, that taking the nerve from under the dog's tongue, prevented madness, has been long exploded, but it remains to be universally known, that if a dog that has undergone this operation, is seized with madness, the tongue immediately begins to swell, and as the disorder proceeds, the swelling augments, till the jaws of the animal cannot closely approach each other, consequently he is harmless as to the infliction of any wound, either upon man or his

own species. Moreover a *somnolency* accompanies the disease; and instead of betraying symptoms of fury, a wormed dog remains in a state of quiet and torpidity, till he expires.

"By huntsmen and whippers-in this subject has been ridiculed—a laugh is far less fatiguing than some hours' labour, which the worming a pack of *hunting* hounds, or operating upon whelps, before sending them to walk, would occasion. One instance, however, of conviction, respecting the utility of this practice, will be recorded. Mr. Thomas Harrison was huntsman to the late Mr. Panton, of Newmarket; a madness broke out in the kennel, and he had full opportunity of observing and acknowledging the difference before stated between dogs that *had* and *had not* been wormed. The former died tranquilly, and with their tongues enlarged; the latter were furious, and obliged to be shot, and destroyed by various methods.

"The view in sending this to your Magazine, is, that so ready a mode to check a serious evil may be widely circulated, and that instead of *arguing* how, so trifling an incident as the *extraction* of a small *nervous substance* can produce *such effects*, SCEPTICS would condescend to *witness the fact*—Their eyes cannot deceive them; dispute may mislead, but *experience* will substantiate every assailable here advanced by an

—“OLD SPORTSMAN.”

#### RACES APPOINTED IN 1821.

SWAFFHAM .....	August 1
Lewes .....	1
Bridgnorth .....	2
Stockbridge .....	2
Huntingdon .....	7
Kendal .....	7

Kelso .....	7
Oxford .....	8
Nottingham .....	7
Newcastle-under-line .....	7
Bromyard .....	8
Salisbury .....	6
Stratford .....	9
Barderop .....	14
Goodwood .....	14
Stafford .....	14
Worcester .....	14
Blandford .....	13
York .....	20
Abingdon .....	21
Burton .....	21
Canterbury .....	21
Exeter .....	22
Hereford .....	27
Aberdeen, &c. ....	28
Derby .....	28
Egham .....	28
Bedford .....	29
Pontefract .....	September 4
Warwick .....	4
Basingstoke .....	6
Bridgwater .....	11
Lichfield .....	11
Northampton .....	12
Doncaster .....	17
Glamorganshire .....	18
Shrewsbury .....	18
Leicester .....	19
Lincoln .....	26
Walsh .....	26
Newmarket .....	October 1
Wrexham .....	2
Perth .....	3

#### ENQUIRY RESPECTING BREEDS OF STAG HOUNDS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.  
SIR,

I Should be much obliged, by any of your readers informing me, what sort of hound is used in Devonshire, to hunt the wild red deer. I believe Lord Fortescue, Sir Thomas Acland, &c. still follow that amusement, or very lately did. Perhaps the dog in question is not  
very

very remote from the old English sleath, or bloodhound. All the other hounds used in this country for hunting the stag are, I believe, merely fox-hounds, or their immediate descendants broken to run a sweet scent, Lord Derby's not excepted. Perhaps some lover of the chase will be good enough to say, from what stock he presumes the most esteemed blood of the fox-hound of the present day is derived.

H.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

## AN ANECDOTE ON ANECDOTES.

Anecdote-making  
Is an undertaking,  
In which the undertaker  
Resembles a puff-pye-crust maker.

ANON.

THE following *let-the-cat-out-of-the-bag* we have extracted from Mr. Lawrence's "British Field Sports," which run in the name of William Henry Scott:—

"We have in the above, a home-felt example of the incalculable benefits of the LIBERTY OF THE PRESS, and of an intercommunication between nations, for their mutual improvement. But for a nation to submit to the tyranny of which we have been discoursing\*, it must be completely immersed in political darkness, and under the fatal influence of religious superstition, the most highly approved pander of political slavery. Where light and despotism subsist together, in the same country, the blame ought rationally to attack to the people, not to the tyrants, who are but acting the parts which nature has assigned them, an example which it is the duty of the people to follow. In this country, the open and unveiled practice of despotism has long been suppressed; and anecdotal history furnishes us with an example in a late reign, granting

its authenticity may be depended upon, of the sovereign power of a proprietor over his own domain. It is related, that some time after the accession of George the First to the throne of these kingdoms, he had a hunting party, and that he pursued the track of the game over a gentleman's fence, into his enclosure or park, where he chanced to be then walking. The gentleman is said to have accosted the King with, "Stop, Sir, this is not a patent path." The Royal sportsman, unaccustomed to such freedom of address, replied with emotion, "Do you know whom you have, Sir?"—"Yes," rejoined the gentleman, "I know that I have the King of Great Britain talking to me, but I am a king upon my own property." With great presence of mind, the story continues, and a frankness that did honour to royalty itself, the King, clapping his hand on the pommel of the saddle, exclaimed, with an air of exultation and pleasure, "I am the greatest King on earth, for while other Monarchs rule over slaves, I reign over princes."

"They who are apprized of the capabilities and motives of our extensive, need no guide with respect to the degree of credence to be bestowed upon the above shining specimen. Those not in the secret will be startled at any demand, and dreading to be undeceived, will be apt to exclaim with the poet, *Pol! me occidiatis amici*: nevertheless, if they choose, they may accept a needful caution, with respect to the fine and memorable sayings of princes and great men; in general, about as much entitled to credit as the speeches in *Livy* or in any other ancient historian. At the period alluded to, George I could hardly muster half a dozen words of English; and perhaps,

\* Ancient Forest Laws.

from

from what is known of his character, was as unlikely a Monarch as ever sat upon the British throne, to make the speech attributed to him, or to assume an exulting and theatrical air from the pommel of his saddle. This then may very well couple with the impressive dying words of General Wolfe at Quebec. The General was a brave soldier, and a liberal and high-souled character, as he evinced when Colonel Wolfe, on a certain very delicate occasion; nevertheless, although in anecdotal or *useful* truth he did, in actual or real truth, he did not utter one single word, after being stricken with the fatal ball, as was testified by a native of the Isle of Wight, who assisted in taking him up, and carrying him to a place of safety. His faculties were instantly suspended by the stroke of death, his eyes fixed, and his face pallid as already a corpse."

The "very delicate occasion" above alluded to, was the following: The day after the decisive battle of Culloden, in the year 1745, the General, Duke of Cumberland, or as he was popularly styled, Duke William, was riding over the field of battle, in company with his officers, among whom was Colonel Wolfe, then a young man. Among the dead and dying of the miserable and deluded wretches, spread over the bloody field, one was so far recovered as to be able to sit upright. Viewing this object, the Duke said to Colonel Wolfe, by his side, "Wolfe, shoot me that rebel." The young soldier, looking at his prince and commander, with a flushed countenance, which was a complete index to his full heart, replied, "Your Royal Highness, I am a soldier, not an executioner." The Duke turned his back upon Wolfe, without uttering

another word. This anecdote was too well attested, ever to be questioned. ANECDOTASTICUS.

#### THE SUBSCRIPTION WATER (HORSE AND GROOM), LEA BRIDGE.

*With an Engraving, designed by Mr. SMITH.*

THE river Lea takes its rise in Bedfordshire, and is navigable from the county town of Hertford, to Blackwall and Limehouse, a distance of thirty miles, dividing the counties of Hertford and Middlesex from Essex, and finally emptying itself into the Thames, near London. It was on the banks of this delightful river, that the first and principal scenes in Isaac Walton's Compleat Angler were laid; here he instructed VENATOR in his pleasing art; and, describing to him the pleasures he felt on a former excursion, observed "Look under that broad beech tree; I sat down when I was last this way a fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove, appeared to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near the brow of that primrose hill. There I sat, viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble stones, which broke their waves and turned them into foam; and sometimes beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs; some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others were craving comfort from the swoln udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily expressed it—  
'High was I wrapt, above the scenes of earth,  
And joys possessed, not promised in my birth.'"

"Twas





Fishery House at Fox Bridge.

'Twas in these meads, and near Bleak Hall, now called Cooksferry, where pretty Maudlin, the milk-maid, sung her ditty to Piscator; and Venator, her mother, singing the response. These scenes are so beautifully described by Walton, that they particularly shew he delighted in a pastoral life. It was not merely casting a line and hooking a fish: he contemplated and enjoyed the beauties of nature. The river Lea abounds in picturesque scenes, each side being planted with villages and gentlemen's seats.

Mr. Salter, in his *Angler's Guide*, describes the different subscription waters on this river. "The Horse and Groom (he says) being so short a distance from the metropolis, (about three miles and half only,) induces the lovers of angling and rural scenery often to visit this house, which may be done with little expence either of time or money; the Clapton stages coming within half a mile of Lea Bridge every hour of the day, from eight o'clock in the morning till eight at night, thereby enabling the London angler to enjoy his favourite amusement for a few hours daily, when he would otherwise be deprived, from the distance of other waters. Mr. Sparry, the landlord, I have always found extremely desirous of giving every assistance to promote the success of the angler, and very attentive to accommodate them in the best possible manner his house will afford. The water belonging to the Horse and Groom, is preserved solely for the use of subscribers, at ten shillings and sixpence per annum, or one shilling per day." The extent of water is about a mile and half, and has many seats fixt on its banks opposite particular swims. If this part of the river has any fault, it is, that, like Barnham water, it 'wants a shade.'

In the Horse and Groom are lockers, to accommodate those who wish to leave their tackle, jackets, &c. In the parlour also, will be found a list of subscribers, with their rules and regulations—and specimens of skill in the tremendous jaws of jack, which look terrible enough to guard the gates of Pluto's dominions. Here, in a glass case, is a beautiful specimen of preserving fish, the colours being remarkably fresh; likewise a salmon taken with rod and line in this water, 5th of January, 1816, weighing 28lb. 10oz. killed by Mr. Salter. A barbel caught by Mr. Dingle, June 19, 1817: this fish was taken with a very slight piece of gut and small hook, and shews what a large fish may be killed with fine tackle in skilful hands; the hook and lower link are placed in the case with the fish. There are several other specimens, with drawings of fish, &c. The feat of an otter, a trespasser, who had not paid his subscription and made too free with the fish in these waters, are also exhibited.

There is a society, called "The Amicable Society of Anglers," who meet at the Horse and Groom, and who have subjected themselves to a number of regulations necessary to the more perfect enjoyment of their favourite sport. A few of these regulations we subjoin:—

"That the subscription of each person be ten shillings and sixpence per annum. The time of subscribing to commence on the 25th of March.

"That every member shall have the liberty of fishing with two rods and lines, but not more: one rod (not less than eight feet long) and line to lay down within manageable sight of the place the same member may be angling at.

"To prevent disputes among the sub-

subscribers to this fishery, no member shall fish within the length of rod and line, or thirty feet, of another without his permission.

"That if any member should have a stand to fish at any other place, the stand he so left shall be open to any other member to occupy; but if only left for the purpose of getting refreshment at the house, and not staying away longer than three hours, the said stand shall be considered as still belonging to the member who left it, who shall leave in a conspicuous place, part of his tackle, or his name on a card or paper, during his absence, at the stand or place he was angling at, as a proof that he means to return.

"That every member shall, on demand, produce his ticket, or give satisfactory proof of his being a subscriber, to any brother member; and it shall not be deemed an affront to make such demand.

"That no trolling, or fishing, with live baits, be allowed after the 25th of March until the first day of June; neither shall any dragging or snatching for salmon, or any other fish, be allowed after the last day of February until the first day of November, under the penalty of five shillings for every and each offence; but salmon may be angled for with flies or worms, on a single hook, at any time of the year.

"That no member shall lay a trimmer or a peg-line for jack or eels, or bait a chain-line with live fish, or take fish with a net, under a penalty of twenty shillings for every such offence. But annual subscribers may lay chain lines for eels, baited with worms or dead fish, from the 1st day of February until the last day of October.

"That a quarterly meeting of the committee be held on the second Thursday after every quarter-

day, to hear, determine, adjust, and settle any matter in dispute; and a general meeting, to make rules and regulations for the ensuing season, to be held on the second Thursday in March, 1822."

The anniversary dinner of the "Amicable Society of Anglers" was held at the Horse and Groom, Lea Bridge, on Thursday, the 12th of July, when a numerous and respectable company sat down to an excellent repast, and in the course of the afternoon, a handsome silver cup was presented to Mr. John Nelson, deputy water bailiff of the City of London, for his zealous exertions in protecting the River Lea from poachers. Mr. Nelson sung an excellent song on the occasion, of his own composition.

On Saturday, the 21st instant, a few members of the society gave a dinner to their worthy and respected President, T. F. Salter, Esq. (author of "The Angler's Guide," &c. &c. &c.) and on that occasion he did them the honour to accept of a handsome silver tankard, which they presented to him as a mark of their esteem and friendship for his kind attention at all times to themselves and every brother of the angle.

#### BETTINGS.

STATE of the betting at Tattersall's, July 26, 1821.

##### DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

- 3 to 1 agst Mr. Hunter's gr. c. Gustave.
- 11 to 2 agst Mr. Powlett's br. c. Jack Spigot.
- 8 to 1 agst b. c. Vingt-un, by Smolensko.
- 12 to 1 agst Sandbeck, by Catton.
- 13 to 1 agst Mr. Riddell's Colwell.
- 15 to 1 agst Fortuna.
- 14 to 1 agst Champsaigne, by Octavian.
- 20 to 1 agst Mr. Riddell's br. c. Statesman.

##### NEWMARKET ST. LEGER.

- 7 to 4 agst Reginald.
- 3 to 1 agst Augusta.

##### GRAND DUKE MICHAEL'S STAKES.

- 7 to 2 agst Reginald.
- 9 to 2 agst Ibla.

##### DERBY, 1822.

- 13 to 1 agst Marcellus.

HORSE



## HORSE RACES IN PERSIA.

(By Sir R. K. PORTER.)

ON the 21st of March commences the great fete or festival of Persia, which lasts six days. One day is allotted to horse racing. With the taste common to my countrymen for such exhibitions in general, I more particularly wished to see the style of that entertainment in a kingdom of the East, where the horse, like our own, is one of the boasts of the country. The horse race took place on the 11th of April. Soon after six o'clock, in a beautiful spring morning, we rode to the field of action. It was about two miles from the city of Teheran, beyond the Casoin gate, where I was told by one of my Persian friends, I should see "the fiery coursers of Iran pass over the untouched earth with the velocity of lightning." When arrived at the spot, we found a superb pavilion, which had been pitched the night before, for the reception of the King. Already hundreds of Khans, on gorgeously caparisoned horses, with their respective trains, had ranged themselves in front of the tent, leaving an intermediate space for the race.

A volley from the swivels of the camel corps proclaimed when his Majesty mounted at the gate of his palace; and soon after a cavalcade, like a little army, appeared in that direction from the city. His Majesty rode quite alone, mounted on an eminently beautiful steed, naturally of spotless white, but according to a particular badge of sovereignty, the creature was stained of a gaudy orange colour, all along the lower part of his body, in a direct line from the swell of the chest to the tail. The King took his seat in the regal chair, and

till the opening of the sport, conversed with several of his Ministers.

My curiosity was fully on the spur to see the racers, which I could not doubt must have been chosen from the best in the nation, to exhibit the perfection of its breed before the Sovereign. The rival horses were divided into three successive sets, in order to lengthen the amusement. They had been in training for several weeks past, going over the ground very often during that period, and when I saw them, I found so much pains had been taken to sweat and reduce their weight, that their bones were nearly cutting the skin. The distance marked for the race was a stretch of twenty-four miles, and that his Majesty might not have to wait when he had reached the field, the horses had set forward long before, by their three divisions, from the starting point, a short interval of time passing between each set, so that they might come in a few minutes after the King had taken his seat. Hence those high-mettled coursers had been galloping all night; and in regular order, the different divisions arrived at the goal, all so fatigued and exhausted, that their former boasted fleetness hardly exceeded a moderate canter when they passed before the royal eyes.

I do not exactly know how it happened, but the Shah's horses generally won; and I am informed that when it falls out otherwise the owner of the fortunate steed always presents it to his Majesty. The poor beasts were ridden by boys of all ages, sizes, and weights; some in shirts, and others in their usual attire, with handkerchiefs bound round their heads, so that no equality of burthen was preserved; and under every disadvantage the

whole party strained alike over the course. My pity for the fine animals, which had apparently been so injudiciously managed, was proportioned to my disappointment; but on making some remarks on the subject, I found that swiftness over a certain portion of ground in a given time, was not, as with us, the object of a Persian race. The aim here is to possess a breed of horses so trained as to be able to go a regular, rapid pace under privation, and carrying any sort of weight, for a great many hours together; a sort of horse which is essential in this country for the dispatch of business, the swift march of armies, and often in cases of military reverse, to save the lives of its great men. As soon as the third division swept by, his Majesty rose, and mounting his steed, returned to the palace in the same state with which he left it.

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#### RACING AND COCKING IN ENGLAND, IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

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THE following particulars are extracted from the splendid quarto lately published in this country, translated from the Italian MSS. in the Laurentian Library at Florence, of the Travels of Cosmo III. Grand Duke of Tuscany, through England, during the reign of Charles II. (viz. 1669). The Prince describes Newmarket accurately enough, but we expected to have found more racing, and a greater of attendants at the Meeting, the King and Duke of York being both present. It is curious that the custom then existed at Newmarket, as in the present time, of the sporting gentlemen riding in, nearly the distance, with

the race horses. Cosmo also mentions the sport of the cockpit in London, but without apparently entering much into the spirit either of that or the turf. We nevertheless think that the reader will find considerable amusement in the subjoined extracts:—

“ Every thing (says the narrative) that was necessary for the journey of the Grand Duke Cosmo to Newmarket being arranged, and having heard mass betimes on the morning of the 6th, his Highness got into his carriage with Colonel Gascoyne and his attendants, followed by other carriages for the convenience of his suite, and left London for Newmarket, towards which the King set out the same morning with the Duke of York, for the sole purpose of shewing his Highness the horse races, an amusement taken by the Court several times in the year, great numbers of ladies and gentlemen crowding thither from London, and from their country houses in the neighbourhood.” After describing the country and chief seats of the nobility, &c. on the road, and of which plates are given, the Grand Duke arrives at Newmarket.

“ As soon as his Highness alighted from his carriage, he went to the King's house, which, compared with the other seats of the English nobility, does not deserve the name of a royal residence, and on this account his Majesty has taken measures to enlarge it with several new apartments, and to improve the prospect from it. He made his obeisance to his Majesty, who received him with an unusual degree of kindness, congratulating him on his safe arrival. From the King's apartments, his Highness went to those of the Duke of York to pay his respects to his Royal High-

Highness, and after reciprocal compliments returned to his lodgings, supping alone as usual.

"The house which the King at present inhabits at Newmarket, has been purchased by his Majesty of my Lord O'Brien, an Irishman, Earl of Thomond, a descendant of the ancient Earls of Thomond, of whose family was Donald King of Ireland.

"On the morning of the 8th, his Highness impatiently endeavoured to get himself exempted from attending the usual religious services, that he might be in good time at the King's house, but found that his Majesty had already left Newmarket on foot to take exercise. On receiving this information, his Highness set out in the same manner, with Colonel Gascoyne, Sir — Castiglione, and his attendants, in that direction in which he heard that the King had walked. He had not gone many paces before he met his Majesty, who returned home in a plain and simple country dress, without any finery, but wearing the badges of the order of St. George and of the Garter. His Highness presented himself to his Majesty, and having exchanged compliments, accompanied him to his residence, where they remained in conversation till the horses were got ready, on which they were to ride out again into the country, to take the diversion of coursing hares in those open and naked plains.

"Having spent the remainder of the morning in this amusement, they returned at mid-day, each betaking himself to his quarters; and his Highness dined with the gentlemen of his suite. After dinner, the King, with the Duke and Prince Robert, went on horseback to a place at a little distance from New-

market, and amused themselves with the game of tennis, and his Highness went out in his carriage in pursuit of the birds called dotterel, which in size and shape resemble a very large lark; they are for the most part of a colour inclining to brown upon the back, and under the belly nearly white. Towards evening, on going back to Newmarket, his Highness paid his compliments to the King and Duke, and returning home, supped alone at an early hour.

"The following day, the 9th, the sky appeared lowering and cloudy, and threatened rain, which would prevent the horse races that were to take place on that day; but at sun-rise the clouds partly dispersed, and the King went into the country, and his Highness along with him, to renew the diversion of hare-hunting, the great pleasure of which in this plain country is, that being entirely free from trees, it leaves to the huntsman the full enjoyment of seeing the animals without interruption, and observing their subtle flight, and frequent deceptions, in turning and doubling round and round, passing frequently by the same place, and re-tracing their steps.

"After enjoying this recreation, his Highness returned at mid-day, and before going to his own quarters, went to those of the King; and the tables being prepared beforehand, there dined with his Highness my Lord James, Duke of Ormond, steward of his Majesty's household; my Lord George, Duke of Buckingham, master of the horse; my Lord Edward, Earl of Manchester, chamberlain; my Lord O'Brien, Earl of Thomond; and my Lord Germain; the Marquis of Blandford; Bernard Howard of Norfolk; my Lord Croftes; my

Lord Francis Newport, Baron Newport; Sir — Elliott; and the gentlemen belonging to his Highness's retinue. At three o'clock, according to the English mode of reckoning, the King and the Duke of York went from Newmarket to see the horse races, and repaired to the place appropriated to this sport, going to a certain spot which is nearly in the middle of the course, and there his Majesty stopped and amused himself with seeing my Lord Blandford and my Lord Germain play at bowls.

"The race-course is a tract of ground in the neighbourhood of Newmarket, which, extending to the distance of four miles, over a spacious and level meadow covered with very short grass, is marked out by tall wooden posts, painted white. These point out the road that leads directly to the goal, to which they are continued the whole way; they are placed at regular distances from one another, and the last is distinguished by a flag mounted upon it, to designate the termination of the course. The horses intended for this exercise, in order to render them more swift, are kept always girt, that their bellies may not drop, and thereby interfere with the agility of their movements; and when the time of the races draws near, they feed them with the greatest care, and very sparingly, giving them, for the most part, in order to keep them in full vigour, beverages composed of soaked bread and fresh eggs. Two horses started only on this occasion, one belonging to Bernard Howard of Norfolk, and the other to Sir — Elliott. They left Newmarket, saddled in a very simple and light manner, after the English fashion, led by the hand, and at a slow pace, by the men

who were to ride them, dressed in taffeta of different colours; that of Howard being white, and that of Elliott green. When they reached the place where they were to start, they mounted, and loosening the reins, let the horses go, keeping them in at the beginning that they might not be too eager at first setting off, and their strength fail them in consequence at the more important part of the race; and the farther they advanced in the race the more they urged them, forcing them to continue it at full speed. When they came to the station where the King and the Duke of York, with some Lords and Gentlemen of his Majesty's court, were waiting on horseback till they should pass, the latter set off after them at the utmost speed, which was scarcely inferior to that of the race horses; for the English horses being accustomed to run, can keep up with the racers without difficulty; and they are frequently trained for this purpose in another race ground, out of London, situated on a hill, which swells from the plain with so gradual and gentle a rise, that at a distance it cannot be distinguished from a plain; and there is always a numerous concourse of carriages there to see the races, upon which considerable bets are made.

"Meanwhile his Highness, with his attendants, and others of his court, stopping on horseback at a little distance from the goal, rode along the meadows, waiting the arrival of the horses, and of his Majesty, who came up close after them, with a numerous train of gentlemen and ladies, who stood so thick on horseback, and galloped so freely, that they were no way inferior to those who had been for years accustomed to the *manceuvre*.

*age.* As the King passed, his Highness bowed, and immediately turned and followed his Majesty to the goal, where trumpets and drums, which were in readiness for that purpose, sounded in applause of the conqueror, which was the horse of Sir — Elliott. From the race-ground, his Majesty being very much heated, adjourned to his house, accompanied by his Highness, and by the greater part of the gentlemen who had come to see the race; and having paid his compliments, his Highness departed, retiring to his own lodgings, that he might leave his Majesty at liberty, who, having rested a little, went out again on foot, and took a walk through Newmarket, and to a short distance out of town. His Highness did the same, and appeared again at court in the evening."

On the day following "a new horse-race being arranged, his Highness determined to go in his carriage with his attendants; and there having mounted his horse, he followed, with his attendants, at a half gallop, the two race horses, which were rode by two men dressed in taffeta, the one red and the other white, almost as far as the Devil's Ditch, a rampart which was formerly thrown up for the defence of the country against hostile invasions, but being now cut through, leaves the road free and open. Having there met the King, who was also on horseback, he bowed to him; and his Majesty, taking off his hat, returned the salute with peculiar courtesy; and having conversed a short time with his Highness, continued on his way, his Highness remaining there in expectation of two other horses, which were already on the starting place, and behind which the King

came up in a canter, with the Duke of York and other Lords and gentlemen, who had come both for the sake of following the court, and for the sake of seeing the race, as well as on account of the bets; and when they came opposite the post, at which his Highness remained on horseback, the latter again saluted his Majesty as he passed, following him along with his retinue to the goal, whence, on account of being very much heated, wrapping himself up in his cloak, without delay, his Majesty went back to Newmarket, to his residence; and his Highness did the same, to pass the remainder of the day. The King afterwards went out on foot, without extending his walk far from the village; and his Highness, that he might anticipate his Majesty's return home, went at a proper time, in the same direction, and accidentally met Prince Robert; and whilst they were engaged in conversation, his Majesty returned, and was accompanied to his residence by his Highness, who there took leave of him with every expression of acknowledgment for the goodness his Majesty had shewn, over and above the other tokens of his regard, in going from London to Newmarket, on purpose to afford him the amusement of the races."

#### THE COCKPIT.

"Attended by Lord Philip, Nevil, Gascoigne, and Castiglione, his Highness went out in his carriage to see the theatre [in London] appropriated to cock-fighting, a common amusement of the English, who even in the public streets take a delight in seeing such battles: and their partiality towards those animals is carried to such an height,

height, that considerable bets are made on the victory of the one or the other. To render the cocks fit for fighting, they select the best of the breed, cut off their crests and spurs, keeping them in separate coops or walks, and mix with their usual food pepper, cloves, and other aromatics, and the yolks of eggs, to heat them, and render them more vigorous in battle; and when they want to bring them to the trial, they convey them in a bag, put on artificial spurs of silver or steel, very long and sharp, and let them out at the place appointed for the sport. As soon as the cocks are put down, they walk round the field of battle with great animation, each watching for an opportunity to attack his rival with advantage. The first who is attacked places himself in a posture of defence, now spreading himself out, now falling, in his turn, on the assailant, and, in the progress of the contest, they are inflamed to such a pitch of rage, that it is almost incredible, to such as have never witnessed it, with what fury each annoys his adversary, striking one another on the head with their beaks, and tearing one another with their spurs, till at length he that feels himself superior, and confident of victory, mounts on the back of his opponent, and never quits him till he has left him dead; and then, by a natural instinct, crows in applause of his own victory. This amusement was not new to his Highness, for he had seen it on board ship, on his voyage from Spain to England, the two young volunteers who were on board frequently diverting themselves with making two cocks fight, which they had previously trained for the purpose."

#### ON VERTIGINOUS INDIGESTION IN THE HORSE.

*From the French of Professors Burdin  
and Dupuy.*

IN the course of the year 1817, the abdominal vertigo, commonly called *staggers*, made great ravages among the horses in the departments of the Moselle and the Meuse. M. Mangin having treated a number of these animals, soon perceived the inefficiency of the remedies commonly employed. He was called to a horse affected with well characterised vertiginous indigestion; this animal had neither eaten nor drank for twelve hours: he gave him two drachms of tartar emetic, with four ounces of sulphate of magnesia in a pint of warm water: this potion was repeated thrice in the space of fifteen hours. He placed a seton in each thigh, and had the limbs rubbed with oil of turpentine; the animal died on the ensuing day. He treated a second and third horse with similar results. A neighbouring veterinary surgeon, who employed similar means, had no better success, as four horses died under his care, in thirty-six hours. M. Mangin having remarked, on opening several of the animals after death, that the stomach was empty, whilst the large intestines were filled with a very great quantity of fecal matter; suspecting that these intestines were the seat of the disease, and considering that tartar emetic acts especially on the stomach, he determined to employ purgatives in large doses. Soon after he had formed this resolution, a horse of six years old, affected with the disease, was brought to him; he administered, in the space of twelve hours, four potions, each composed

posed of two ounces of aloes and three ounces of sulphate of magnesia; fifteen hours after the first dose, the horse voided a large quantity of feces: he then gave him decoctions of linseed, with two drachms of camphor from time to time. The animal suffered great weakness, which, however, gradually disappeared, and on the sixth day afterwards he was considered perfectly well. Three other horses were successively cured by the same means; and after this, a farmer, who had lost four under the use of bleeding, antimony, and setons, in this affection, consulted M. Mangin for two others, which were cured by purgatives. M. Mangin attributed the disease to the hay made in a very rainy season; and in some other cases in the next year, to the use of green trefoil, as the sole food. Some other horses affected with it had eaten copiously of new oats. M. Mangin, being blamed for administering so large a quantity of aloes in so short a time, apologized by saying the horse is here in a comatose state, when purgative medicines do not act with their accustomed energy. M. M. Bargin and Dupuy account for the advantages attending M. Mangin's treatment, by some considerations drawn from the anatomy of the horse, as the small capacity of the stomach, not containing more than twelve pints of water; besides this, the left half of the stomach is lined by a white, thick, and callous membrane, similar to that lining the oesophagus, and this half is separated from the right portion, by a fringed sort of valvular process; the right portion is lined with a very vascular mucous substance, and it is in this alone that digestion is operated. It is necessary to suppose that the solid food

is promptly converted into chyle, and that the drink of a horse is absorbed with great rapidity. Professor Dupuy remarks that many different diseases are commonly confounded under the name of vertigo; and in some horses, supposed to have died from this affection, he found the internal membrane of the heart, the aorta and the venæ cavae, thickened and very much injected with blood. Professor Dupuy intends to treat more at length on these subjects in a memoir which he will read to the Medical Society at Paris.

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#### JEHU REDIVIVUS.

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To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,  
**EXPEDITION!** is the order of the day; nothing but scouring along the road, kicking up a dust, turning corners with a rapid whirl, *saute qui peut*, will now go down, from the Monarch in his travelling carriage, and with his clear-the-way attendants, to the spruce citizen in his Sunday gig, and satty travelling equipage. Now, I love expedition and speedy travelling of all things, as peculiarly English, and to be attained by no other means than through the noble and generous and improved English horse. Though *expeditiously* descending into the vale of years, I yet cannot endure to be humbugging and bum-shaking over the roads at a snail's pace; and in my youth riding some of the best hacks in England, I used greatly to overdo these matters, and weary out my friends; for I have, in that eager and thoughtless time of life, too often ridden twenty miles to breakfast, twenty miles to dinner, twenty miles to tea, and twenty miles to supper, making four score miles within

within the day. I rode the same hackney nine or ten years, taking certainly as great care of her, indeed to please and satisfy her in all her wants of variety of eating, loose stabling, paddock, grass, and recreation, as ever mortal did. I even indulged her in hunting, although it was a sport I never used myself, because she was immoderately fond of it, and would have followed the hounds without a rider, permitting her groom to take her into the field several times in the season. In the above long journeys, she usually trotted, but I always left it to her option to canter occasionally, for the sake of easing her feet. She would doubtless have gone far more than eighty miles in twelve hours; in all probability, one hundred and twenty over the turf, with seven stone. This mare, though she could not speak English, understood it well, and obviously desired to do every thing that was right, and so free was she of all maliciousness or intent of mischief, that she was constantly seen to avoid treading on or hurting inferior animals. She came to me rising six years old, at the humble price of nine pounds, beaten and battered to pieces, and as dull, dejected, and unnoticing as a stock, her every step and motion plainly attended with suffering, for she had endured incredible labour and hardships from three years old, as a smugger's drudge and a jockey's hack. I had watched the opportunity of purchase, and was determined to cherish and reward her. My first step was to give her three months' run in the finest air and the finest grass. She soon after lost all her gloom and insensibility, and would play with me something in the style of my cat, but in her pursuit in these gambols, no little caution was

necessary on my part, to prevent her jumping upon my shoulders. If her groom put the sheet uneven beneath her belly, or tickled her thereabouts, she would correct him by giving him a sudden smart rap on the knuckles with her hinder hoof; on one occasion of his teasing her, she very genteelly flayed about as much skin from the fleshy part of his arm, as would cover a crown piece, which was the only piece of mischief, I believe, she ever did in her life. She once saved, perhaps, my life or limbs by her care entirely. She has been dead nearly thirty-four years; and that man must have an attachment to animals, and to the horse particularly, equal to mine, who can entertain a conception; with how great regard I cherish the memory of this most worthy favourite. The Roman Emperor who would have made a Consul of his horse, did not value him so highly. I have almost a living resemblance of this mare upon the canvas; and it is a curious circumstance, that I seldom fail, spontaneously and without any perceptible intent, to visit her on a *Sunday* morning, where I stand awhile, contemplating, with the most pleasing sensations and recollections, her well-known form, and regretting that I have not also the likeness of her and my favourite black cat, a biography, or if the reader please, *cat*-ography of which I gave some years since, *con amore*, in the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*. As a silly and momentary freak, I should have put the mare, not the cat, into harness, but for the intercession of a servant of far greater judgment than myself, who absolutely would not permit me to do it. I should add, that she took great delight in carrying her mistress,



tress, with whom she was particularly intimate; on these occasions demonstrating her satisfaction by laying her ears, championing the bit, alternately bending and thrusting out her neck, and gentle curvettings.

Indeed, the reader will have discovered by this time, and he will be right, that I have been riding my hobby horse to some tune! It is the garrulity of an old man, expatiating on the wonderful qualities of the great favourite of his earlier days—qualities, of which he is doomed never again to witness or enjoy the like: his aim, however, is, that some useful moral may be stricken out of this. The animal I have described, and thousands of others, are not only deserving our greatest solicitude and kindness, but all of them, as living beings that can *feel*, and see, and hear, and understand, are entitled to compassion and to *justice*; and the denial or withholding of which from them, is a crime, and treachery, and meanness, great in proportion as the same crime committed towards our fellow animals, the difference between whom and the superior four-legged race, would be far less than generally contemplated, were the latter endowed with the gift of speech. In such predicable, who knows but Eclipse and Mambrino might have made crack generals—Highflyer, a minister of state—and the old black horse, Sampson, an archbishop of Canterbury. The eccentric genius of Swift has imagined all this. Consuming and destroying labour ought not to be imposed on animals, far less should that be urged by cruel inflictions; food, sufficient for their nourishment and support, is their just due; and even their comfort and happiness, *where that*

*can be*, although I certainly am not mad enough to think of converting every or any man into an enthusiast like myself, ought to be duly considered. It is a vain, useless, and silly ambition, of which young and mature-aged boys should endeavour to divest themselves, that of urging horses, because they are of high qualification, to long-continued and destructive trials, to the probable ruin of a poor animal's comfort and usefulness through life. Does a fine fellow wish to ride or drive gaily and speedily? let him choose such nags as are fully up to his gossip, do them all manner of justice, and avoid unjust excess—to extort this from the misery, blood, and sweat of crippled and worn-out hacks, is abominable and infamous, whether the crime be perpetrated by king, priest, or deacon. A majority of common sense and good feeling has lately buried that black slunk foal, got by Foolery, out of Capidity, ycleped the Extra Post Bill; and sanguine hopes may thence be entertained that Mr. Martin will be able to carry through, during the next sessions, his just and truly practicable and expedient law for the protection of beasts; at the same time, reflective and at once humane sportsmen have reason to regret his objection to cock-fighting, which in all probability may be an impediment to his success. For the *rationale* of the case, I refer him to the chapter on sports, in the "Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses." Indeed, rules of due discrimination in sports, marking where the use and the legitimate pleasure end, and where the injustice and abuse begin, have been laid down repeatedly, indeed periodically, in these pages, during the last four or five and twenty

years ; and the accession to the cause of humanity has been great, however great the remaining task to be laboured. Call me Anacharsis Clootz, if you please, but I denounce, at the bar of the human race—I proclaim it, both in Gath and Ascalon, that to the arguments used in opposition to Lord Erskine Bill, we are indebted for a great share of that mass of cruelty which has been since perpetrated, for the bringing up of children without the slightest consideration for the feelings of inferior living beings, and for the most substantive impediments to reform. I have not ascertained the fact, but I have read, more than once, that the weight of these argument proceeded from the partly of the saints: were it so, I wish I could possibly convince them of their error, and induce their Vice Society to join our party, and so to make sure of doing some good in their day.

The example of the great, always infectious, too often pestilential, has in this case propagated mischief to an incalculable extent. I have read, in some ancient or modern story, of pious kings and queens, who never made a progress to glad the hearts of their subjects, without, by their rapid scouring of the country, breaking the heart-strings of one, or a number of poor post horses in succession, their royal piety never once interposing, or feeling the slightest compunction at such a trifling accident as a brute tortured to death. In the same pages I have read of great conquerors, or the bearers of great tidings, who could not be contented with their laurels or their importance, unless they were served up in the blood, and serenaded with the dying groans, and sobs, and sighs of fallen horses, the vic-

tims of vain, senseless, and useless fury in driving. I most humbly crave the pardon of these heroes and swift messengers, but my stomach, equally high as their own, brooks no concealment ; and in reading these disgraceful and miserable details, I have, I own, never failed to wish the addition of chaises overturned, *scraggs* broken, and the whole, victory, dispatch, fame, and all, at once precipitated into the hell of oblivion : the emotion has been instantaneous, involuntary, enthusiastic. Others have their failings and their pardon ; allow me mine. To revert a moment to the arguments above noted, *c'est à dire*, the impracticability and impropriety of legislating in such a case, and the fear of intermeddling with property. Such sentiments are too plainly referable to the mean, sly, internal workings of selfishness, shrinkingly dreading, least an atom of the blood, and sweat, and misery of the poor horse should elude their interested grasp ; apprehending too, perhaps, that if a general feeling should be aroused, not an animal would be allowed to lose its life by lingering tortures, for the advantage of *science*. On that inhuman, interested and otherwise useless foolery, by which the names of Fontana and Cruickshanks stand damned to everlasting fame, let the reader be referred to an excellent work, decisive on the subject, written some years since, by an eminent surgeon, whose name my treacherous memory has lost.

As to accidents from excessive driving of our public vehicles, carelessness, racing on the roads, and overloading, how is it possible the most nervous and tender hearted can feel for sufferers, who, as a sample of the general mass, seem

have no thought or consideration for themselves, nor, indeed, any other consideration than the bravery of rapid driving and the convenience of getting soon to a journey's end: but there is a grave consideration, or ought to be, due to the foot passenger, to the aged and the weak, to women particularly. How eminently was this virtue exerted by the driver of a fly waggon, or *van*, who, in a country town, last month, drove over and killed a poor man of seventy years of age, in the sight of the mid-day sun! and by the driver of that curricule, if he really drove with unfair speed, by the wheel of which, a young lady's head was crushed literally to pieces, one evening lately, as she was crossing Oxford-street. How little sensation or care these trifles excite in the present case-hardened, stolid, and apathetic state of the public mind! If so—*si populus vult*—why, then, let them break their necks and be —.

VOX HUMANITATIS.

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### TROTTING STALLIONS.

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To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*  
SIR,

SINCE my last letter on this subject, having occasion to look farther among my memorandums, I find I have not been quite accurate. Scot was not the same horse, but a son of old Shields, out of a hunting mare, as I was informed in 1807, by a considerable dealer, who chiefly made his purchases in Lincolnshire and Norfolk, and in whose stables I then saw one or two of the horses of Louis XVIII. a very heavy and very hard rider. They were rare cattle for road or field, and bred in the above districts. There is a discrepancy, I perceive

in my books, relative to Young Pretender the trotting stallion. In the second, and no doubt the first edition of the *Treatise on Horses* (of which last I have no remaining copy), I have said that Pretender was got by Hue and Cry; but in the third edition, and in the *History of the Horse and Delineation of the Race Horse*, I have represented him as the son of Useful Cab; a mistake probably arising from the association of having seen both the horses together, the property of the same person, in 1779. Now, the first work being written a number of years earlier than the latter, and consequently nearer to the period when I saw the horses, the first account is most probable to be correct. But such being the case, Hue and Cry, the property of Bevan, the furrier, which I described last month, must have been a son of the original Hue and Cry, as he did not appear to me more than fifteen or sixteen years of age, in the year 1799, or thereabouts; whereas the sire of Young Pretender, in 1779, five or six years old, must, no doubt, if then living, have been, at any rate, nearly thirty, in 1799. I would make an enquiry of my old trotting acquaintance, but I find so many of them have trotted off this mortal course, that it is no easy matter to find an informant. And in fact, no great dependance is to be placed on information of a distant date, relative to these matters, as it must arise from mere recollection, a most uncertain source; keeping written documents being peculiar to the racing studs. Nothing can better exemplify this, than the great performances of Phenomena, by which the whole body of trotting jockies and horse dealers were so astonished, that they completely forgot

all the former speedy trotters, mistaking this mare for a real phenomenon in the trotting way. Trotting with a feather, or a light weight, being a novelty, they had not considered its necessary effect. The truth is, speed was not the best of Phenomena; by her mode of going, as appeared to me, she went rather to *stay*; and she was frequently beaten on the road for a *burst*.

JOHN LAWRENCE.

### HUE AND CRY.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

I Was much pleased by perusing an account of the above trotting stallion in your last Magazine, but conjecture Mr. Lawrence must be must be mistaken respecting his age, as the horse in question is now serving mares in Westmoreland and Cumberland. He was brought last year out of the East Riding of Yorkshire, by a "break-neck dealer," being "turned adrift," no one suspecting it possible for him to propagate his species any longer: but I have seen ten or twelve of his produce (yearlings), as well as foals, this season, which are very promising. He is a dark brown, 15 h. 2 in. and it appears was bred by Christopher Rook, Long Sutton, Lincolnshire. His first performance was in that county, when he trotted two miles in 5 min. and 54 sec. with a high weight, upon green award, but I do not recollect any other of his achievements. I well remember his first appearance in a market town in the north; the *Johnny Raws* smiled at his worn-out emaciated form, but the moment room was given for him to get upon his *pins*, every other stallion that was exhibited retired into the shade in an instant. As he was

rattling along apparently at full speed, a cur dog casually crossed the road; the people imagined it would be trampled upon, but the generous animal darted over it in grand style, to the astonishment of every individual; the dog was likewise equally as much surprised, for he ran round two or three times previous to leaving the ground. I will mention another anecdote, as a proof of the efficacious remark made by Mr. Lawrence. "It is remarkable (says this sagacious observer, third edition, pages 331 and 2), that trotters, unlike gallopers, do not lose their speed from old age, many having been known to trot as fast at twenty, and even near thirty years of age, as they did in their prime." It appears to be the case with this animal: as I was anxious to witness him trot, I permitted the groom to ride a horse of mine, and take him alongside. He is high-bred, has great courage, and can get away at a bang-up rate, but notwithstanding the rider applied *Birmingham* in prime style, he could scarcely keep pace with Hue and Cry. I am,

AN OLD ADMIRER OF THE  
SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Kirby Stephen, July 11, 1821.

### BIBOTOMY.

(Continued from p. 215, Vol. VII. N. S.)

AS Homer's description of Nestor's cup is very curious, and gives an idea of the workmanship of the ancients in chasing gold and silver, I trust that the classical part of your numerous subscribers will not be displeased at my entering into a sort of discussion concerning it. The whole passage, where this famous cup, or rather bowl, is mentioned, inasmuch as it relates to eating and drinking, has gene-

generally been esteemed an interesting one among many which the father of poetry has inserted in his immortal works. It will be found in the 11th book of the Iliad, 632—According to my literal translation, the Greek says, "A most handsome cup (*δίπας περικαλλής*), studded with golden knobs with four handles (*ἄρα*, ears). Two doves of gold were nestling under each (handle), and beneath, two branches of vine." Nothing can be plainer than this, and the dullest mind can imagine at once the type of the bowl. But see! the Latin translation in my edition (*Cantabrigiæ*, 1679), runs as follows:—

Poculum perpulchrum  
Aureis clavis transfixum: anasæ autem  
ipsius  
Quatuor erant: binæ autem columbæ  
circum quam libet  
Aureæ pascabantur, due autem infrâ pedes  
erant.

It is obvious that the word *pedes* is wrong, since it appears hardly possible that such a cup as no man, except Nestor himself could be strong enough to hold up, when full, should have had but two feet to support it. Madame Dacier says, "Cetteroupé étoit d'une rare beauté et ornée de clous d'or; elle avoit quatre anses, soutenues chacune de deux colombes d'or et elle étoit à deux fonds." This translation is elegant and faithful, as far as the words, "elle étoit à deux fonds." This might be understood of those magic cups exhibited by legerdemain gentlefolks at fairs, who make you drink out of a cup which appears to be empty, or tantalize you by making the drink run away from your lips. As for Pope, he made a cup of his own—

Next her white hand an antique goblet  
brings,  
A goblet sacred to the Pylian kings

From oldest times; embossed with studs of gold.

Four feet support it, and two handles hold,  
On each bright handle, bending o'er the  
brink,

In sculptured gold two turtles seem to drink.  
If we overlook the equivocal word "turtles," instead of "turtle-doves," we may find all this very pretty, but it has hardly any thing to do with the original. Here we have four feet and only two handles, which certainly is more natural than four handles and two feet; but it is not a genuine translation of the text. The word *Πυθμῶνες* means here, as Genesis, xi. 10, 12, lxxii. *Palmites*—branches of vine, or any other tree—(*Vid. Schrevel. Lexic. ad verbum*). According to this I will propose the following as a more literal translation of the original:—

Then to the board the beauteous damsel  
brought

A noble bowl for Pylian monarchs wrought  
In times of yore, and deck'd with studs of gold.

Four ear-like handles give a steady hold;  
Under each nestle two fair golden doves,  
And round the foot a double foliage roves.

Another difficulty hangs upon this famous goblet. What was it made of?—metal or precious stone? Perhaps, and probably *lapis lazuli*, like the foot of the table mentioned at verse 628, of the same book—*καλὸν πίζαν*. However, it is stated to have been so heavy that no one except Nestor could, as it has been mentioned before, lift it up from the table when charged with its adequate quantity of wine; and if we consider that the beautiful Hecamede brought it up herself when empty, we must conclude that its capacity was so great that the contents were much, very much heavier than the vase itself.

Having written "enough," not to say "too much" about the famous bowl of the Pylian sire, it may

may not be amiss to speak of the contents; but here I am afraid not to be equally acceptable to bibotomists, for few among them would delight in quaffing such a potion as was presented to the heroes. Homer describes it as follows:—"The goddess-like maid (Hecamede) mixes Promnian wine, into which she, with a brass knife, scrapes hard cheese, and sprinkles some wheaten flour." It was well that she had provided an onion, or a head of garlic to excite their thirst, for such a mixture does not appear very enticing. But do we not grate nutmeg, and float lemon-peel upon wine and hot water to make negus? And if the ghosts of Nestor and Machaon were invited to a full glass of it at the London Coffee-house or any where else, to make a flourish after a good dinner and plenty of excellent wines, I doubt not but it would go very smoothly down their gossamer throats, and that they would not serve us with any wry faces or ultra-Stygian gesticulations when swallowing the cheering draught. And indeed, according to Homer's opinion, ghosts are rather fond of drinking any thing that looks like the purple stream of the arterial channels. (Odys.)

"The Promnian wine, (says Pliny, B. 14, c. 4,) which Homer has so highly commended, continues in credit, and holds the name still: it comes from a country about Smyrna, near to the Temple of Cybele, the mother of the gods." (Philemon Holland's translation, but without his contemporary spelling). This sort of wine, as well as others made in Anatolia or Asia Minor, and the islands of the Archipelago or Ægean Sea, was really so substantial, so thick, so

powerful, that we might place them above the confectionary level of electuaries, jellies, and syraps—they could not become potable unless they were properly diluted. When kept long in warm places at the tops of houses, they hardened into such a concretion, that the botler was called to cut out of the stock with his hammer and knife the quantity required for the use of the family, on particular occasions. How odd it would sound to our ears, if a gentleman was heard to say to his servant, "Joe, cut me out of that lump of wine about a gallon and a half; for I expect some friends at dinner to-day."

(To be continued.)

#### LEGALITY OF SETTING SPRING GUNS.

*Court of King's Bench, June 2.*

AT the close of a case argued to-day (itself of no general importance), in which Mr. Justice Bayley referred to an authority bearing on the question under consideration taken from Mr. Nolan's Treatise of the Poor Laws, and printed in Mr. Chetwynd's new edition of Burn's Justice,

Mr. Justice Best said, Mr. Chetwynd's book having been mentioned by my Learned Brother Bayley, I must take this opportunity, not without some pain, of adverting to what I am reported, in his work, to have said in the case of *Holt v. Wilkes*\*, and of correcting a most gross misrepresentation. I am reported to have concurred with the other Judges, and to have delivered my judgment at considerable length, and then to have said, "This case has been discussed at the bar, as if these engines were exclusively resorted to for the protection of game;

\* See page 189, vol. v. N. S.

but I consider them as lawfully applicable to the protection of every species of property against unlawful trespassers." This is not what I stated; but the part which I wish more particularly to deny, as ever having said, or even conceived, is this—"But if even they might not lawfully be used for the protection of game, I, for one, should be extremely glad to adopt such means, if they were found sufficient for that purpose." I confess I am surprised that this learned person should suppose from the note of any one, that any person who ever sat in a Court of Justice as a Judge could talk such wicked nonsense as I am made to talk; and I am surprised that he should venture to give the authority he does for what he has published; for I find that the reference he gives in the Appendix to his book is 3 Barn. and Ald. 304, where there is a correct report of that case, and where it will be found that every word uttered by me is directly contrary to what I am supposed by Mr. Chetwynd's statement of the case to have said. I don't trouble the Court with reading the whole of what I did say on that occasion, but I will just say that I said—"My Brother Bayley has illustrated this case by the question which he asked, namely, can you indict a man for putting spring guns in his inclosed field? I think the question put by Lord Chief Justice Gibbs, in the case of *Dean v. Clayton*, in the Common Pleas, a still better illustration, viz.: can you justify entering into inclosed lands to take away guns so set? If both these questions must be answered in the negative, it cannot be unlawful to set spring guns in an inclosed field, at a distance from any road, giving such notice

that they are set, as to render it, in the highest degree, probable, that all persons in the neighbourhood must know that they are so set. Humanity requires that the fullest notice possible should be given, and the law of England will not sanction what is inconsistent with humanity." A popular work has quoted this report from Mr. Chetwynd's work, but has omitted this important line (which omission reminds one of the progress of a thing, the name of which one does not choose to mention) "that I had concurred in what had fallen from the other Judges," and omitting that line, they state, that I had said, "It is my opinion, that with notice, or without notice, this might be done." Now, concurring with the other Judges, it is impossible I should say that. It is right that this should be corrected, not that I entertain any angry feeling, for too much time has elapsed since then for any anger to remain on my mind; but all I claim with respect to the observations made in that work, severe as they are (and I, for one, feel, that I should deserve no mercy if I should ever entertain such doctrines), is, that I may not be misrepresented. It is not necessary for me, in this place, to say, that no man entertains more horror of the doctrine I am supposed to have laid down, than I do, that the life of man is to be treated lightly and indifferently, in comparison with the preservation of game and the amusement of sporting; that the laws of humanity are to be violated for the sake merely of preserving the amusement of game. I am sure no man can justly impute to me such wicked doctrines. It is unnecessary for me to say, that I entertain no such sentiments, and therefore

I hope

I hope I shall be excused, not on account of my own feelings, but as far as the public are interested in the character of a Judge, in saying, that no person should blame a Judge for what has been unjustly put into his mouth."

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SMALL BEER.—AN ANECDOTE.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.

SIR,

IF you think the following trifle will at all amuse your readers, you may rely upon its authenticity. Yours,

R. C.

A circumstance occurred lately in a small village, in Essex, which excited great merriment amongst the lower classes.

An old lady, proprietor of the chief house of public entertainment in the place, but not at all remarkable for her generosity towards the poor, being in the daily habit of vending that potent beverage, called small beer, lately had a quantity fresh in from her brewer. Shortly after its arrival one of her principal consumers, a labourer, burthened with a numerous family, and who daily *drew* largely upon her, sent his daughter for a quart of this "nectar," and finding it on her return unusually good, he quickly dispatched the girl for half a gallon more by way of replenish. On her return, and "mending his draught," he became so exhilarated, that to this luxury he resolved to add another, and the dry and musty pipe being drawn from the rack overhead, he set himself to enjoyment in "*real earnest*." By this time he was become quite *cozy*, and a neighbour calling in, was quickly summoned to join him, and a third was soon added to their number. Jollity beginning now to make them *wondrous wise*, and the sub-

ject of the *belly vengeance* (as it is usually termed when bad) being uppermost, they unanimously came to the sagacious conclusion, that it must arise from the new method of brewing partly with barley; this, with the cheapness of bread, they agreed would immediately restore the golden age, and enable them to live well according to their wishes, viz. having little or nothing to do for it. News of this sort quickly spreads in a country place; swarms of pitchers, pots, bottles, and flasks, were soon seen issuing from the adjoining cottages on the same errand, and their repeated visitations quickly enlivened the vicinity with joy. So numerous and incessant were they indeed, that the cask, though large, soon yielded up its contents to the rapacity of the assailants, and quickly did it assume the initials of *Moll Thompson*. One villager having congregated together several of his associates, became a customer for several gallons, and the old dame chuckled finely at the rapid consumption of the third mash's produce, till arriving at the bottom of the cask, and a host of applicants still importuning her for more on account of its *goodness*, she began at length to wonder what could be the cause of this uncommon demand. Enquiries ensued, and dreadful to relate, Mr. Editor, *mais, trop tard*, in the hurry of unloading the brewer's dray, instead of small beer, a similar cask of strong ale had usurped its place, and thus were the poor, by accident, for once completely in the possession of their vulgar saying—*small beer I like the best*, to the no small mirth of the neighbours, and the chagrin and grief of the landlady, who had thus retailed at twopence per gallon what usually sold at two shillings.



skillings. The tale is daily repeated by those who consider themselves *so fortunate* as to have enjoyed it.

#### PUGILISM AT MOULSEY HURST.

**T**HE battle between Sampson, the Birmingham man, and Gyblett, both known bruisers, took place on Tuesday, July 17, 1821, on Moulsey Hurst. A sentence of their biography is unnecessary, as they had before been tried in various combats, and their talents approved of. The seconds were Harry Harmer and Purcell, for Gyblett; and Spring and Gas, for Sampson.—Betting, upon the average, 13 to 8 upon Sampson.

##### ROUNDS.

1. Gyblett made play by two short hits, which Sampson broke from. In a bustle an exchange of blows took place, and Sampson was thrown, without any mischief to either.

2. In making play again, Gyblett was received by a dexterous left-handed facer. Sampson broke ground, and on his adversary rushing in again, Sampson *floored* him cleanly by a right-handed blow upon the temple. Two to 1 on Sampson.

3. A smart rally, and Sampson was thrown.

4. Sampson drew first blood by a left-handed hit upon the mouth, and broke away; and again placed his left-handed hit, but he was thrown.

5. Counter hits were exchanged, and Gyblett wasted his strength in hitting short at his adversary, and his face was crimsoned with claret. Sampson met him again on the nose, and kept the claret in full action, but he was again thrown.

6. A repetition of the former

round, and both down, but Gyblett had the worst of the fall.

7. A very gallant round. The men stood to each other, and hit away fearlessly. Many blows were exchanged, and Sampson was thrown.

8. Gyblett was hit at going in, but he returned a severe blow upon the throat, which floored Sampson.

The battle continued in Sampson's favour by placing left-handed hits and breaking ground for several rounds, and Gyblett's face was much scarified. In the tenth round Gyblett fell from weakness, and clung to the thighs of his antagonist in going down, and, as some said, plunged his knee at him. Cries of "foul!" "fair!"

Sampson continued to lead with much gaiety, and in the 13th round it was the City of London to Puddle Dock. Sampson had kept his adversary bleeding, and in this round he received his rush with the left hand, and hit him to that state of stupor, that he fell on his blow from weakness, and his ogles were much damaged. Gas observed to Sampson that the new chaise and horse was won to take a trip to Birmingham.

19. Gyblett had the best of this round for the first time. He placed a hit upon the throat and a good body hit, but hitherto Sampson had had it so much his own way that he had not a mark. This round closed by his slipping down through Gyblett's grasp.

At the 23d round, Gyblett had the advantage, Sampson's activity in breaking his ground having left him, besides which his strength was much impaired.

The fight was declared in favour of Gyblett at the end of the 35th round. Sampson had a slight advantage in the 26th round, by  
A a placing

placing flush hits left and right, but his adversary's head seemed as callous to punishment as that of a bull. In the 28th round it was from 5 to 1 on Sampson, to 3 to 1 on Gyblett, and in the four last rounds the poundage was refused.

After the fight was over between Sampson and Gyblett, Josh. Hudson threw up his hat to fight the latter for 100l. a-side. There is no doubt but a match will be made between them.

#### JOHNSON AND GARROL.

A second fight followed the above, between Johnson, the man of colour, and Garrol, the Suffolk Champion, for 10l. aside, which *outraged Herod!* The Black was under the care of Paddington Jones and Joshua Hudson; and Garrol was *handled* by Harry Harmer and Tom Shelton. The long arms of Johnson were terrific; and in the course of the two first rounds, hit down Garrol in such a decisive manner, that ten guineas to one were offered, and also a guinea to a shilling, but no takers. The Suffolk Champion had been in company all the morning with Mr. Lushington; but a few hits on his nob from the Black removed this troublesome customer from his upper works; and he in turn became the assailant. Johnson displayed not only good humour, but game of the highest quality, throughout the fight; and Garrol astonished the amateurs with the high courage he displayed. The Black shewed nothing like fighting after a quarter of an hour had elapsed; and Garrol, when he became sober, punished the Black in every direction, and threw *Massa* dreadfully every round. When eighty rounds had elapsed, the umpires, and several of the amateurs, recommended that a *draw* should take place;

but the *gameness* of both the men spurned the offer, and declared they would fight out the battle, and only wished the best man should have the money. After eighty-six rounds had elapsed, occupying one hour and forty-three minutes, the Black resigned the contest. *Massa* was terribly punished; and the high courage displayed by Garrol, who was nearly two stone lighter than his opponent, received the loudest cheers of approbation.

The battle between the Suffolk Champion and the Black was pronounced by all present, to have been the most terrific contest ever witnessed; not excepting the battle between Gulley and Gregson. Garrol has raised himself so much in the estimation of the amateurs, that already he can be backed against any one of his weight for 100l. a-side. Such a prime day's play has not been witnessed for several years.

The fight was so terrific that the amateurs were positively tired of it; and the Black displayed more real game, good nature, and true courage, than were ever seen in a prize fight; he was put to bed completely insensible. Gyblett viewed the above fight; and in consequence of *Massa's* having no colour to fight under, he generously lent him his own, the *yellow man*. A subscription was made for the losing men; but in consequence of the *swells* not being present, it did not turn out so well as has been experienced on former occasions.

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#### FASCINATION OF ANIMALS.

A Correspondent who has read the article which treated of fascination, in p. 229 of Vol. VII. of the New Series of the *Sporting Magazine*,

*Magazine*, thinks that the author of that, and Buffon, are egregiously mistaken in their supposition, "that it is experience alone which causes wild animals to fear mankind." He then refers to the following facts, on the authority of Dr. Sparman, late professor of physic at Stockholm; his words are, "From the most credible accounts I could collect concerning the lion, as well as from what I myself saw, I think I may safely conclude that this wild beast is often a great coward, and deficient in courage comparatively to his strength; on the other hand, he often shews an uncommon degree of intrepidity." This cowardice with which the lion is charged refers only to his conduct with the human race, so that he may be scared with a few cracks of the whip; he will sooner attack a Hottentot or a black slave than a white man. Whenever he does attack a human creature, it is by stealth and behind; and Sparman gives an instance of a colonist, who being pursued by a lion, boldly turned round and looked him full in the face. The animal stopped like the cow and the buffalo, referred to in the former Number, and eventually ran in the same skulking manner as Sonini's jack-all. There are further instances related, where lions have let men go, after they had actually got them under them; (circumstances incredible, were they vouched for on other authority than that of a respectable traveller;) and giving them merely a scratch by way of remembrance. Demont, a French slave lately in Algiers, whose duty it was to keep the lions from his master's cattle, assures us that they will not under ordinary circumstances attack a man. Lessop also relates, that the Kamschatka-  
dales are so conscious of the cow-

ardice of the bear, that it gives them confidence in hunting him.

#### WHITTINGTON'S CAT IM- PROVED.

(From the *Bibliothèque Universelle*.)

**T**HERE has lately been presented to the Imperial Society of Natural History, at Moscow, an animal which appears to be a cross breed formed by the common cat and the pine martin, the fur of which promises to be a valuable article of commerce. The specimen referred to was sent from the Russian Government of Penza, where the pine martin is very abundant. A domestic cat disappeared from a house at Penza, and returned, after some time, in a state of impregnation. At the usual period the cat littered four young ones, two of which very much resembled the martin. Their claws were not retractile as in the cat, and the snout was not elongated like that of the martin. The two others of the same litter more nearly resembled the cat, as they had retractile claws and a round head. All of them had the black feet, tail, and ears of the martin; and they killed birds and small animals more for the pleasure of destroying them than for food. The proprietor has multiplied this bastard race by preventing them from intermixing with the domestic cats, and has been completely successful, as in the space of a few years he has reared more than a hundred of these animals, and made a very beautiful article of furtiery of their skins. The specimen presented to the Society was of the third or fourth generation, and retained all the characters of the first. The fur is as beautiful and as silky as that of the pine martin.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

### HUNTING AND ANGLING.

"Ne dérangeons pas le monde,  
Laissons chacun comme il est."

*The burthen of a French Vaudeville.*

MR. EDITOR,

**E**VERY man has a right to keep a hobby horse, and to ride him where, and whenever, and as long as he likes, provided that this said hobby of his own does not come within contact with any passenger on the King's highway, does not splash, kick, or hurt any body, and keeps himself clear from committing any nuisance, or sinning against the established laws of the land. No one can deny to another this original and unalienable privilege without injustice; no one can counteract it without disturbing the order of things as they naturally exist. This short exordium leads me to a singular anecdote, which I should presume is not generally known, although it is a fact of the truth of which I do not entertain the least doubt.

A country squire, or, as the French term it, "*un Seigneur de paroisse*," being summoned out from his ancient manor house in the Limousin to Paris, in order to attend the trial of a suit in one of the high courts of justice there, had most reluctantly left behind him his stud, his pack of hounds, and the "tallyho-choing vales," where, in imitation of his Nimrod-like ancestors, he had proved himself "a mighty hunter before the lord." But he could not help packing up in the Limoges-stage, two favourite hounds, his green jacquet, with his French horn, or "*cor-de-chasse*," to console him, as he thought, but surely to remind him,

of the venatorial enjoyments he was obliged to forego during his absence from home.

He alighted in the metropolis at an ancient hotel in the "Rue St. Germain l'Auxerrois" (near the old "Pont-Neuf,") which had been for many years the temporary abode of his forefathers when they visited the capital; and that never happened but upon interesting and solemn occasions. His apartment was on the first floor, and, as it is generally the case in those convenient hotels, served both for a parlour and a bed room. When the toils of the day were fairly over; when he had done at last with the raven crew of attorneys, solicitors, and proctors; had paced for a few hours the public gardens and the quays, and visited some places of evening entertainment, he used to repair to his hotel between ten and eleven o'clock. His room, as luck would have it, was hung with old arras, representing hills and dales; deer followed by dogs and huntsmen in the act of sounding the exhilarating horns; dark woods and plains of great extent, chequered by lines of hounds hurrying after a fox or a hare; ponds and rivers, and the panting stag, swimming across with his yelping foes in the rear. Then, oh then! all his soul was on fire—he sounded the horn, waked his harriers, and thundering his tantivy—tallyho, halloo—whip-in, all a-head,—hunted for two or three hours without intermission, till the sly wand of Morpheus consigned the noisy hunter and his dogs to silence and to bed.

So far all this seems to be perfectly right. This squire, forced out of his wonted habits, rides his hobby-horse as well as he can, and makes

makes the most of him—but does he ride the dear hobby without interfering with any body else's comfort, or happiness?—" *Nous allons voir*"—we soon shall see.

Over him, on the second floor, abided *pro tem.* a thing called an author, who, like Dryden and many worthies of the Parnassian order, lived by the *per-sheptage*\* of his labours, and who, as he generally rose early in the morning to correct proofs, compose, compile, and yield matter or copy to the printer, went to bed about ten in the evening. The "*son du cor*," the barking of the dogs on the scent, the loud exhortations of the chief and sole huntsman, were a downright martyrdom to him whose eye-lids sleep did not attempt to close till this "infernal Bacchanal" was over. What to do? He remonstrated most humbly with the country squire, talked of want of rest, of head-ache, of being deprived of the right he had to sleep undisturbed. Young Nimrod, looking at him most contemptuously over his left shoulder, answered peremptorily, "Sir, I am fond of hunting, and nobody has a right to preclude my enjoyment of it. I am fond, very fond of hunting, Sir; take that with you, and be gone."—The author bowed, and went. They say that authors can submit to many hardships—I believe it—but again, "*Nous verrons*"—we shall see.

The next morning the author sends for a mason, directs him to wall up the door of his apartment to the height of two feet and a half. The job is done according to his direction. About eight in the evening he hires two water-carriers from the nearest pump, and orders

them to fill his room nearly to the height of the little wall before the door. This is done also according to his order. However, the wag took care to stretch himself on his bed, "*before the flood*."

At the usual hour the hunter arrives, full of glee, and warmly bent upon the chase; the dogs are roused from their mats—the French horn is put to the mouth—but what a scene! his room is turned into a shower-bath—water pours down from all parts of the ceiling—he is deluged—he is wet to the skin; his bed is not fit to sleep on; his two dogs shake themselves, and yell most piteously—What's to be done? He calls up the maids, and puts all the mop-squeezing sisterhood into immediate requisition. Mops and sponges prove of no avail; the rain from above increases, and the hunter's room ceases to be tenantable. Amazed and enraged, he flies to the second floor, opens the door in the most furious hurry—and what does he find there? "*Vous allez voir*;" you will soon see. The author is in bed, holding most composedly a book in one hand, and a fishing rod in the other.—"What in the name of all the powers in heaven and on earth are you doing, sirrah? My room is filled with water—it pours on my bed, on my clothes; I am not a man to be thus insulted with impunity. What do you mean by this cursed whim of yours?—I must have due satisfaction." As cool as the water of the surrounding pond, the author just answered with a significant smile—"My good Sir, you are fond of hunting—I am fond of angling; good night."

I remain, &c. Z.

\* An excellent expression used by "A BIT OF A JOCKEY," Vol. V. N. S. p. 27.

## EXTRACTS

*from SCOTT'S Sketches of France, Switzerland, and Italy, just published.*

## FRENCH POSTILLIONS.

"**L**AVALLE, a large town, was our first stage from La Gravelle. On arriving here, our postillion told us that he could proceed no farther with us; that we must procure another carriage to proceed to Angers, and that he would be paid half the sum stipulated with him for taking us there, though he was some miles short of half the distance. We soon found that he had never an intention to fulfil his agreement; he lived in fact at Lavalle, and was only anxious to have passengers back from Rennes, being engaged to convey some people from the fair of Lavalle, which was held on the day we arrived there. This accounted for his anxiety to get us off so early from La Gravelle, which before seemed quite inexplicable; and we afterwards understood, that, by refusing to move before nine o'clock, we had very materially impeded his honest plan. We appealed to his positive engagement to take us to Angers; his reply was a smile, and 'Ce n'est pas possible: nothing else was to be got from him. Our dispute collected at least two hundred of the market people around us in the streets. All through France it happens that people meddle themselves most familiarly with your business whatever it may be, and if it is transacted where they are present. It is impossible for a stranger to ask even a question in the street, without being instantly surrounded by a crowd. The present altercation was of too serious and vehement a nature, not to collect an ample congregation; and, as we felt our-

selves rather embarrassed by having such a difference in so strange a place, we were not altogether disinclined to hear the opinions of the town's-people and farmers on the affair. Then began a warm discussion amongst the French, and as by far the great majority were on our side, the postillion clamoured with them most vociferously, while they attacked him in the same strain. Fortified in this support, which could not be but impartial, we refused to pay the money he demanded, but told him he might decline going further if he pleased. As, however, he had broken his engagement, we were determined to pay him but one-third of the sum for which he had agreed to take us to Angers. He stood guard on our trunks, hindering them from being taken from the carriage until his demand was complied with. There was no way then left but to apply to the police, and we accordingly sent the waiter of the inn for two officers. A commissioner of police and a gendarme soon arrived. The first heard our story, and afterwards the postillion's, and their decision was, that we could compel the man to proceed to Angers. The fellow appealed to the '*Juge de paix*,' and to his house we were conducted. Instead of hearing the cause in a room, he came to us in a yard, and his appearance at once made me tremble for the decision, for I felt how unpleasant it would be to be defeated. He had as much of the look of a blackguard as I have ever seen; he was dressed in the style of the lowest turnkey of Newgate, and, though there were ladies present, he shewed the state of his feelings towards the English, by not even touching his hat, which is so very common a civility in France.

France. I whispered to one of my companions, that I was sure we should lose our cause, and that I thought the only way now was to retire with dignity, which might be done by informing this French Justice of Peace, that his manner and appearance had already convinced us that we were wrong—in coming before him; and that we declined putting him to any trouble, being rather willing to pay the rascal what he asked. It was thought, however, that this might be acting rashly, and we accordingly entered on the merits of our case. We were first permitted to address the ill-looking Magistrate; the postillion followed. His speech perfectly astonished us. I may safely, and without the least exaggeration say, that there was not a word of truth in it from beginning to end. Nay, his statement of facts, as he called it, had not a foundation in fact of any kind; it bore no sort of affinity to the truth. It was all his own, and it was volubly delivered, in a tone of ease and candour the most provoking, and at the same time astounding to us. We heard a story in which we were conscious that we had no earthly concern, yet it was applied to us before our faces; and we were even appealed to in persuasive, moderate language, and with civil gestures, to acknowledge the fairness of the specious rascal's narrative. We could only affirm to the Judge, upon our honours, that the tale was throughout false, and offer our oaths to the facts we had stated. He replied, that it was not usual to administer oaths in such cases; and he saw no reason to disbelieve the postillion, but strangers often gave a great deal of unnecessary trouble, through not knowing the customs

of the country through which they travelled; that the sum was altogether a trifle to the English, who generally described themselves as very rich: he finished by adjudging us to pay the fellow's charge! Against this we loudly protested, urging that the words of three or four travellers, bearing the external appearance of respectability, ought to be permitted to outweigh the unsupported assertions of a postillion; and we repeated our desire to be put to our oaths, as our judge did not seem to understand the worth of a gentleman's word. His former decision was obstinately and sulkily repeated, without his condescending to explanation or argument. I then apologized to him for our perseverance, stating that his *costume* had not at first convinced us that he stood in the sacred character of a judge, and that we would now be glad to know if he were judge *sans appel*. He exclaimed, "*Oui*."—"Pauvre ville!" was our last rejoinder, and with it we took our leave, while he bawled after us, that he would send us to prison if we did not take care.

"Rather than put ourselves to farther trouble, and incur the risk of farther degradation, after so bad a specimen of French magistrates, and the mode of their administering justice to strangers in France, we thought it best to get rid of the matter altogether, by submitting to the imposition, in preference to seeking redress at the hands of the superior authorities. They might have been swayed by the decision of one of their number; and his declaration, that we had made use of insolent expressions to him as a magistrate, would infallibly have weighed much against us with his brethren. But, certainly, the transaction

action is calculated to give one a low idea of the character and condition of the magistracy of France, in comparison with the corresponding ranks of magistrates in England. The man before whom we went, corresponds in official situation with one of the justices of the peace that sit at Bow-street. The latter are obviously dressed as gentlemen, and in society they take the place of gentlemen. Our Laval justice had holes in the elbows of his coat, and coarse dirty worsted stockings on his legs. A steel watch-chain hung from his fob, and a silk handkerchief was tied round his neck. His manners were those of a revolutionary ruffian, and we afterwards heard that he was a zealous Bonapartist. This news afforded us consolation under our defeat; the ill-treatment we had received only justified our opinions of the character of the Bonaparte faction, and shewed the base qualities of the hearts that sympathized with his, and the coarse nature of his instruments. We were enabled to trace our private discomfiture to the rage of an individual, disappointed through the glory of our country. In general, however, it may be said, that all the various *grades* of society and office in France, are at least three degrees behind the corresponding *grade* in England. A member of the Chamber of Deputies cannot be raised to a par with a member of the British Parliament: a French nobleman is somebody or nobody, as may happen: there are but few instances in which a British nobleman does not carry with his name high consideration and extensive influence. This is another proof how much France is behind England, in all the essentials of society.

"When we went to the place where carriages are let in Laval, we found that the story of our dispute with our former postillion had got before us. A smart lad was sent by his master to shew us his carriages. 'Ah,' said he, 'that fellow you have just dismissed, does not know his business: he cannot understand how to please his passengers; he is not a person to have any thing to do with the English. You are too good for him. Try me, and I'll shew you what driving is; you shall confess that you are satisfied à merveille.' The young fellow had a smart brisk exterior, which gave favourable testimony to the truth of what he said. He seemed born to be a postillion. He had scarce a shoe on his foot, and no stockings; but his hair was powdered and tied up in an immense club-knot behind. We agreed with his master, and set out for Chateau Gontier.

"Our driver was determined to keep his promise; he cracked his whip, and at every crack looked back upon us for applause: when he cut his horses he seemed to demand a double portion of approbation. One of his horses was restive, and this gave him occasion to shew his horsemanship, which was excellent. He cursed his master for a *cochon*, because he kept the horse in question, after many proofs of his viciousness. He told us that the animal's freaks were peculiarly violent, because he had not been out with his present rider for some time, and the other boy could not ride him. We trembled for the lad's leg frequently: it would certainly have been broken against the clumsy awkward shafts of the voiture, but for his admirable dexterity. It was altogether a scene worthy Astley's. He was on and

off



off his horse twenty times in half an hour, and a great part of the distance he went, sitting on his saddle as a woman, to save his leg from being hurt by his horse's sudden plunges.

"Mentioning that he sat as a woman, suggests to me that the women in all this part of France ride *en cavalier*, that is to say, astradle. Nothing can be more disgusting than this practice at first sight; it is so contrary to an Englishman's ideas of decorum and propriety. The farmers' wives ride, displaying their legs without scruple; young ladies have a sort of black apron, which, being cut down the middle, divides, and pretty well conceals them. But still the appearance is loathsome. The riding-master at Angers told us that the fashion was spreading to Paris; but he being an equestrian of the old school, who derived his notions of this sublime art by direct hereditary descent from Monsieur Pignerole, resolutely set his face against the vulgar innovation. He assured us that his female pupils were not permitted to mount *en cavalier*, though many of them expressed a wish so to do. He traced the riding astradle of women to the revolution, and in the revolution Monsieur Pignerole lost his head, and the riding-school of Angers was destroyed with its churches; hence the existing riding-master was horrified at riding astradle. It was a practice which the King ought to have forbidden on his return, he thought. The constitutional chart conceded too much if it conceded this. He was quite ultra on this matter. No dispossessed nobleman can be more anxious for the restoration of the national property, than the riding-master of Angers to see women

compelled to be seated sideways on horseback. Times, he thought, would never be well in France till this was done. On every occasion when we saw him, he insisted vehemently on the necessity of effecting this return to past habits.

"The country still continued thickly wooded, and we passed through a large forest. At the entrance of this a large gallows was erected, and on the beam were nailed the carcasses and skeletons of wolves, foxes, and other animals of prey. An inscription was placed over this fearful exhibition, which stated, that it was to deter the wicked by a display of the miserable consequences that follow robbery and murder. 'Therefore, oh, ye sanguinary wolves, ye knavish foxes, and predatory vermin, beware, for thus does your sovereign lord, man, reward your guilty deeds!' The childishness of this may give an idea of the fanciful, trifling cast of the minds of the French. This board was put up by the proper authorities—by order of the prefect, perhaps. What should we think of a mayor in England, who had conceived, and caused to be executed, so elaborate a composition? The postillion pointed out the executed felons with a serious face, and stopped of his own accord, that we might read the touching inscription. He then cracked his whip, and went on in his old style, occasionally combating with his restive horse, and, after victory had declared for him, looking back on us with eyes as conscious of glory, as if he had been a general at the head of a triumphant army."

#### RIDING SCHOOL AT ANGERS.

"Angers was famous for a riding-school, unique in the world for

its reputation and the rank of its scholars. The English laws have left an immortal name behind them here: the education of a fine gentleman in Queen Anne's time was not complete till he had been instructed in the *grand manege* at Angers. It had then all the forms, pedantries, solemnities, and accommodations of an ancient university, where Greek and divinity are taught; and this to honour and promote the gay and elegant exercise of riding. Monsieur Pignerole, the last master of this superb institution, from the description of him given to us by the inhabitants, must have been just such an individual as would be formed by compounding the separate vital essences of Beau Nash, the late master of ceremonies in Bath, with that of the most learned doctor of theology that ever taught at Oxford. Kings were proud to study under this great man, who, in extreme old age, had a very suitable death, falling, shortly after his Sovereign, under the axe of the Jacobins, or according to their other name, the *Philosophers*. On the walls of the ride, there are still to be discerned the words *Anglais*, *Eccossais*, below the effaced arms of many noblemen who put themselves under Monsieur Pignerole, or his predecessors; and the travelling names of Peter of Russia, the King of Spain, and the King of Poland, are also to be traced on these memorable walls. The mob thought that if kings had been instructed how to sit their horses by Monsieur Pignerole; if the place had furnished models of elegant accomplishment; if it perpetuated the memory of nobles and princes, and cast back the recollection upon the glories of the French monarchy,

and the splendours of an age of chivalry and politeness; it was not fit that the school should stand in the age of reason and throat-cutting, or that the master should continue to live amongst a people, every soul of whom was far exalted above a riding-master, being a citizen-philosopher. They accordingly cut off Monsieur Pignerole's head, and did their utmost to pull down the building. They tired, however, in attempting to effect this last exploit, and probably took an excuse to quit their labour, that they might perform the necessary civic duty of hanging some old priest, or piking some young woman.

"The walls, and even the apartments of this fine edifice, remain pretty entire, but sadly defaced. We were led through the range of gentlemen's apartments: one room was devoted to each scholar, with a small chamber for a domestic. We might fancy these filled with the finest gentlemen of the age of the Spectator, mingled with the flower of the court of Versailles. Our female conductor pointed out to us the room of *Monsieur Pignerole*, as a Mussulman would point to the black stone at Mecca, or a Catholic to our Lady's image at Loretto. It was in no respect distinguished from the others, but in having two chambers attached to it instead of one. The floors were all of mere brick. On the second floor was a similar suite of rooms for the lady students. The finest women of the various European courts lived here for months, and one can easily picture to one's self the gay and gallant scenes that took place. On this floor there was a ball-room, the disfigured remains of which are enough to prove that it was very elegant. This, then,

then, is the ruin of a magnificent institution, displaying the grace, and pride, and luxury, and charm, and accomplishment of the feudal system of manners and ranks, which having now faded from the world, cannot be again seen in it. The whole thing is now over: the Bourbons are restored, and may keep their places; but that high feeling of native superiority, that fearless carriage of innate and imperishable rank, that florid air of unquestionable privilege, that good humoured tyranny, which displayed itself in the wantonness of having every thing at command, and not in the harshness of having any thing to struggle for; that manly gaudiness, that brave foppishness, that unconscious profligacy, which seemed rather an attribute of the class, than the quality of an individual;—these, and the character they formed, are gone for ever."

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#### ARDESOIF AND HIS GAME COCK.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

I Well recollect Mr. Ardesoif in his phaeton: it was his *hobby* to drive about the streets of London, when most crowded and embarrassed. He was, I believe, the son of a cheesemonger in Thames-street, who acquired a fortune by his trade. This son, our lamentable subject, was also much attached to cocking, and the following anecdote is related of him in a convenient little Treatise on Poultry, which goes under the name of Monbray. Of the authenticity of the fact, there is no question, many living neighbours\* being its melan-

choly vouchers; and one, since dead, was reported to have been ever after scarcely able to rid his auditory imaginative sensations of the dying screams of the poor bird. Such atrocities should ever be chronicled in the most authentic form, for the instruction and the warning of posterity, and *no palliatives or deceptives ought to be used by the particular posterity of the delinquents*, to detract from the force of the example by public execration.

"Every one has heard the horrible story of Ardesoif, of Tottenham, who about thirty years since, being disappointed by a famous game cock refusing to fight, was incited by his savage passion to roast the animal alive, whilst entertaining his friends. The company, alarmed by the dreadful shrieks of the poor victim, interfered, but were resisted by Ardesoif, who threatened death to any who should oppose him; and in a storm of raging and vindictive delirium, and uttering the most horrid imprecations, he dropped down dead. I had hoped to find this one among the thousand fanatical lies which have been coined, on the insane expectation, that truth can be advanced by the propagation of falsehood; but, to my sorrowful disappointment, on a late inquiry among the friends of the deceased miscreant, I found the truth of the horrible story but too probable."

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#### HUNTING IN AMERICA.

Jefferson, N. Y. May 4.

FEW examples of successful hunting can be found that will bear

\* While rambling across the fields lately in the vicinity of Tottenham, I was shewn where Ardesoif had resided, and the horrid anecdote was repeated of him by a person of respectable appearance, whom I casually met in my excursion.

comparison, under similar circumstances, with the following. The hunting was done from a single camp, and on ground contiguous to an old settled country. The hunters suffered great inconvenience from crowding upon each other, and had they not possessed skill of the highest order, and been animated by the most enthusiastic zeal, their success must have been very limited.

About the middle of November last, a select company, consisting of Mr. Elijah Sexton, jun. Captain N. Hodskin, and Mr. H. Parker, of Chenango county, and Lieutenant R. Simons, of Chataugque county, encamped in the woods, about twelve miles east from Lowville, for the purpose of hunting; they were joined early in December by Mr. E. G. Potter, and occasionally visited by Dr. S. Guthrie, who, however, hunted but little, both of Jefferson county. The company left the woods the last of December, having killed 190 deer, one panther, and one eagle, besides a large number of other animals. The five first-named hunters, killed in eighteen days, 124 deer, one panther, one eagle, one fisher, fifteen martins, and shot one wolf through the body.

The number of deer respectively killed by each of these five hunters were nearly equal. Mr. Sexton, however, had the greatest number, whilst Mr. Potter killed a greater number than any one else, after he joined the party. The number of deer killed on each hunting day was from six to thirteen.

For the precision of shooting in this excursion, probably a parallel cannot be found. Their shots were almost invariably fatal. Mr. Potter made thirty-two shots in the whole; including four shots made

at a deer upon the run, and killed twenty-eight.

The following example of the ardour with which this little band devoted themselves to the chase may not be uninteresting:—

A panther made his appearance near the camp about the last of November. The party had no dogs, but they determined upon a chase. In a short time he was started, but after a rapid pursuit through swamps and windfalls, for twelve hours, it was found impossible to bring him to battle, and he escaped.

The track of a small panther had been seen in the wilderness, east of Beaver river lake, in the September preceding, and it was decided that this panther must be hunted up, and brought into camp. On an extreme cold morning in December, Messrs. Sexton and Simons, with two dogs, started for this object; they travelled in a north-eastern direction about fourteen miles, when they fortunately found a track, but the panther had been gone four or five days. They had made no preparation to lay out, and had taken no nourishment with them; the snow was of considerable depth, and the travelling laborious; they had already made great exertions, and had travelled as far as a person could well go in these woods in a day, and were most probably five days behind the object of pursuit; to lay out, from the extreme cold of the day, would have been dangerous, and it was impossible to say where the track might lead them. But they came to kill a panther, and they determined to execute their purpose. They started upon the track, and after a number of hours of almost incredible exertion, they found by its appearance that they had nearly

nearly overtaken him; the dogs were suffered to go, and in a few seconds they had the satisfaction of knowing that they were up with him. After a chase of about one hundred rods, he ascended a tree, and took his station upon a limb thirty feet from the ground; our hunters advanced within eight rods of the tree, when Mr. Simons fired and shot him through the heart, which brought him, after some most violent struggling, dead to the ground. In the pursuit, two places were found where he had made furious efforts to catch deer, but had failed in both instances; he had, however, killed one just before he was started. It was now sun down, and our hunters had to

return to camp, a day's journey, and drag a panther of nearly 100 lbs. weight most of the way through a trackless wilderness; a task, which, in the course of the night, they accomplished, one of them having been severely frost bitten, and both nearly exhausted.

The latter part of the time, the camp exhibited a noble and interesting spectacle; the ground around it was covered by an enormous assemblage of deer of every size, from that of the fawn to the most majestic buck, whilst the door of the camp was canopied by an eagle, whose wings were spread over an extent of eight feet, and its entrance was guarded by the tyrant of the American forest.

## FEAST of WIT; or, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

THE following anecdote was related by an eye and ear witness, the late Earl of Chesterfield, to a particular friend. George the Second was frequently importuned by a lady (as far as recollection may be depended upon, the eldest Miss Chudleigh, of *transparent* celebrity) for a favour, which he found inconvenient, or had resolved not to grant. One day she renewed her importunity with a whisper in the court circle. The old King, unluckily in one of his pettish humours, during some of which he has been reported to have kicked and cuffed his nobles, vociferated, in his broken English—"Git to all wid on, Madam," and instantly turned his back upon her. "Excuse me, please your Majesty," replied Miss C. with equal quickness, "he'll is already so full, that the Dutch women sit with their legs out of the windows." The King

heard this, but having no relish for a joke at any time, only knitted his brows with additional severity.—The above continued a common saying among the polite vulgar, during many years afterwards, descending to the lowest for as many more.

EPITAPH ON A LITTLE HORSE, NAMED DUKE, WHO DIED OF THE STAGGERS, AT CARSHALTON, SEVERAL YEARS SINCE.

Buried beneath this spot, alas! poor Duke doth lie,

A striking proof that even Dukes must die;

A little horse he was, but great in name,

(The world has many people much the same);

He good conditioned was in all his ways,

And many words would scarcely speak his praise;

Yet not his swiftness nor triumphant neigh

Could

Could death outrun, or keep the fiend away;  
No, death no doubt will make the breach still wider,  
And hence will call again and take his rider.

**ANACHRONISM.**—Mr. Holwell, who wrote a very learned account of the doctrines of the Gentoos, is at great pains to solve the reason why the fishes were not drowned at the general deluge, when every other species of animals suffered death.

**PAID AND RECEIVED.**  
Received from Ellen kisses seven,  
And every kiss as sweet as heaven;  
Repaid the dear one with thirteen,  
And only breathed a sigh between;  
Lent her on credit twenty more,  
On promise to repay the score:  
And, yes; a bet she's deign'd to lay me  
With twice, twice twenty, to repay me!

W. U.

**LEARNING.**—An ancient Welch justice, threatening to send a defaulter to prison, instead of *volens volens*, said, "to prison you shall go, *nogus vogus*."

**Exclamations.**—When a Frenchman gets bad wine, he says, "*Mon Dieu*;" when he gets good wine, he exclaims "*Diable*."

**THE ROSE.**

"My wife," says Jack, "looks very pale,  
"Her cheeks have lost the rose."  
"True, Jack," said Tom, "nor that bewail,  
"You have it on your nose!"

W. U.

**Irish Legacy.**—"What will you leave me in your will?" asked a lady of an Irishman. "*The wide world*," he replied.

**THE AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND.**  
When Orpheus went down to the regions of hell,

To bring his dear charmer away,  
Some devil must surely have issued a spell,

To wheedle Eurydice's stay.

"O, yes, and were I there," said Susan to Ned,

"You'd take better care beyond doubt."

"I would; my affection so strong is," he said,

"I would take care *you should not get out*."

W. U.

A BISHOP of Amiens, a pious and yet a facetious man, was requested by a lady for permission to wear rouge. The lady's character was half coquettish, and half devotee. "I can give you permission, Madam," replied the Bishop, "for *one* cheek only."

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ON Saturday, June 30, the Duke of Rutland, Lord G. Cavendish, and a large party of sporting noblemen and gentlemen, attended the Stud House at Hampton Court, where the annual selection of horses for sale took place. The whole of the party afterwards partook of a sumptuous dinner with Sir B. Bloomfield.

THE Earl of Portarlington and R. S. Keatinge, Esq. have had the honour of two interviews with Sir Ben-

jamin Bloomfield, relative to his Majesty visiting the Curragh of Kildare, on the approaching tour to Ireland; the King was pleased to signify that he was fully sensible of the attention of the noblemen and gentlemen of the Turf Club, and, should time and circumstances permit, that his Majesty would feel considerable pleasure in accepting their kind invitation. A grand and splendid meeting will take place on this occasion.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEET.

**MEETING, 1821.**—*Monday*, the Garden Stakes of 100gs. each, T. M. M.: Sir J. Shelley's b. h. Antar, 5 years old, 9st.; Lord Jersey's Sporus, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.; Mr. Wyndham's colt, by Octavius, dam by Gehanna, out of Allegretta, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. —*Friday*, Mr. Udny's br. c. Abjer, by Truffle, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. agst Mr. L. Charlton's b. c. St. Patrick, by Sir Walter, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. A. F. 300gs. h. ft.

**NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING, 1821.**—*Monday*, Mr. Bouverie's Tressilian, 8st. 7lb. agst Lord G. H. Cavendish's c. by Partisan, out of Ridicule, 8st. 4lb. A. F. 300gs. h. ft.

**NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING, 1824.**—*Monday*, Duke of York's f. by Election, dam by Sorcerer, 8st. 9lb. agst Gen. Grosvenor's f. by The Flyer, out of Briseis, 7st. 9lb. D. M. 200gs. h. ft.

Mr. Kirby has purchased, to send to Russia, Lord G. Cavendish's Tiger, by Middlethorpe, out of Cat; the beautiful black colt, Brother to Smolensko; Lord Foley's ch. filly, by Soothsayer, out of Pipylina; and Lord Rous's Incantator, by Sorcerer, out of Hanna.

The match which was run on Friday in the Epsom Meeting, this year, between Mr. Theobald's pony, Mat-o'-th'-Mint, and Mr. Farrell's Mangel Wurzel, is *again* made to be run over Epsom Course, August 8; Mat-o'-th'-Mint, 6st. 7lb. Mangel Wurzel, 6st.; three two-mile heats, 100gs. h. ft.

A FAVOURITE blood mare, the property of Mr. Humphreys, of Coed, Carmarthenshire, has foaled *four* colts; all of a brilliant jet black, the dam being a bright bay.

STAMFORD races were well attended, but the sport was not nearly so good as in former years. In the race for the Burghley Stakes, the knowing ones were taken in, and much money was lost, the odds having been freely betted on the filly by Woful. The Stewards nominated for next year's races are, the Hon. G. J. Watson Milles and Lionel Heathcote, Esq.

The course at the Bath Meeting

was well attended both days; on Wednesday in particular, when the sport was excellent, each heat being closely contested. The ordinaries at the respective inns were excellently served, and Sir T. B. Lethbridge, as Steward, well kept up the spirit of the entertainments; but the thin attendance made it, we fear, an *ordinary* affair for the landlords. J. G. De Burgh, Esq. and Major Quantock, are appointed Stewards for the ensuing year.

The races and other amusements lately held at Hawick, passed off with great *eclat*. The weather being remarkably fine, the company was numerous. As the amount of the purses run for was considerable, several horses were brought from Glasgow, Edinburgh, and the neighbourhood of Bampton. We understand that the old and very excellent course at Belmarig is likely to be opened against next year, considerably improved: Hawick races will then probably excite that attention which is due to the amusements of its spirited inhabitants.

**CHELTEMHAM RACES.**—First Day —*Wednesday, July 18.*—The Cheltenham St. Leger Stakes of 25gs. each, for colts and fillies then three years old; six subscribers; Three-year-olds' Course, about a mile.  
Mr. T. Sadler's Pastorella, by Fyldener, out of Folly ..... 1  
Mr. R. Jones's Valentina ..... 2  
Mr. J. Stevens's ch. c. by Fyldener, dam by Sancho ..... 3

The Gloucestershire Stakes of 25gs. each, 15gs. ft. and only 5gs. if declared, &c.: two miles; sixty-four subscribers: twelve horses started, three were placed.

Mr. Sadler's Strephon, 6 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. .... 1  
Mr. Mytton's Claudius, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. .... 2  
Lord Warwick's Roman, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. .... 3

The Berkeley Hunt Stakes of 15gs. each, 5gs. ft.; two-mile heats; three-year-olds, 10st. 4lb. four, 11st. 6lb. five,

five, 12st. 8lb. six and aged, 13st. & twenty-four subscribers: to be ridden by gentlemen of the Berkeley Hunt.—Col. Berkeley's m. Chantilly, walked over.

Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 3lb.; one mile and a quarter; six subscribers.—Mr. R. Jones's c. Valentine, walked over.

## SPORTING OBITUARY.

Lately died, at Corscombe, in the county of Dorset, the Rev. Doctor Munden. This highly-respected gentleman, even in the last season, and though upwards of seventy years old, frequently across the vale led the field. At the time Mr. Calcraft and Mr. Phelps hunted the country, each of whom having an excellent pack of hounds, Dr. Munden was considered the best rider of the day: he was one of the few who saw the famous ran from Prince's Wood, near Holnest, with Mr. Phelps's hounds, about nineteen or twenty years ago; which run is recorded in the *Sporting Magazine*. To the poor, no one could be kinder; as a clergyman and a magistrate, no one could act more conscientiously. He was a perfect gentleman in all his dealings and actions, and a sincere friend and good neighbour. He lived beloved by every class; and died universally regretted. His loss will be severely felt for a long time in that neighbourhood.

LANCASTER.—A main of cocks was fought during the races, between — Breckholes, Esq. (Moorhead, feeder), and John Hunter, Esq. (Woodcock, feeder), for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main—thirty-eight mains, and three byes.

MOORHEAD. M. B. WOODCOCK. M. B.		
Monday	10 0	4 2
Tuesday	2 0	6 1
Wednesday	3 0	4 0
Thursday	3 0	6 0

18 0 20 3

NANTWICH.—A main of cocks was fought during the races, between the gentlemen of Lancashire (Fletcher,

feeder), and Clitchire (Gosling, feeder), for 300gs.

GOSLING. M. B. FLETCHER. M. B.		
Wednesday	8 2	1 1
Thursday	3 1	6 2
Friday	4 2	6 2
	15 5	13 5

PRESTON.—A main of cocks was fought during the races, between the Earl of Derby (Potter, feeder), and Richard Legh, Esq. (Gilliver, feeder), for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main—thirty-three main battles, and ten byes.

ED. BERRY. M. B. R. LEGH, ESQ. M. B.		
Monday	3 1	3 1
Tuesday	3 1	3 1
Wednesday	3 1	4 1
Thursday	2 2	5 0
Friday	4 2	3 0

15 7 18 3

ARCHERY.—At the meeting of the Royal British bowmen, which took place on Friday, July 6, at Llanverda, Wales, the seat of H. W. Williams Wyan, Esq. the prize for the ladies, an elegant bow and arrow in jewellery, was, after a skillful contest, won by Miss Harriet Phillips.

Lady Kinnaird is this year the Lady Paramount, and the Duke of Devonshire President, of the Derbyshire Bow Meeting, at which both ladies and gentlemen are to appear in a new costume.

The silver arrow, given by the city of Edinburgh, was shot for, last month, in Hope Park, and won by John Lanning, Esq. Secretary to the Royal Company of Archers.

Sir William Maxwell's celebrated race horse Cleotie (formerly Lucifer) was found dead in his stall, at Gullin Links, on the 12th July. He was quite well the evening before.

THE House of Commons rejected the Extra Post Bill, on the 2d instant, there being 39 for, and 31 against it.

EQUESTRIAN MATCH—for three hundred guineas, between the Guildford and Royston ponies.—This match, which excited much sporting interest, took place on Saturday, June 30, at Nettlebed Flats, in Buck-



Buckingham, over a mile circle. The match was to trot six miles, and to carry seven stone each. The miles were done as follows:—

GUILDFORD PONEY. ROYSTON PONEY.			
Min.	Sec.	Min.	Sec.
1st.....3.....50		1st.....3.....42	
2d.....3.....41		2d.....3.....46	
3d.....3.....58		3d.....3.....54	
4th.....3.....56		4th.....4.....2	
5th.....4.....6		5th.....4.....20	
6th.....4.....30		6th.....4.....50	
24	1	24	34

The ponies started from different ends of the mile, and both were backed to do the six miles in twenty-five minutes. It was a fine race, and the winner was sold on the ground for eighty guineas.

We learn from a correspondent, that Purday has adapted the detonating principle so judiciously and with such perfection to his guns, that he has many orders from some of the best shots around the metropolis.

**PIGEON-FLYING.**—*Antwerp, July.*—Some pigeon fanciers of this city, have sent this year, thirty-two pigeons to Orleans, where, according to a *procès verbal*, drawn up in due form, they were let loose on the 1st of July, at twenty-five minutes past seven in the morning. Orleans is one hundred and twenty-two post leagues from Antwerp, and the pigeon which arrived the first had performed the journey in seven hours and a half: five others arrived the same day, almost immediately after the first; four returned the next day; one on the third; many more would undoubtedly have returned, had not the weather been very bad. Considerable wagers were laid on the issue.

**LADY Morgan** relates, in her work on Italy, that “the King of Naples never goes forth for the chase without arming himself with a heron’s foot; which he places in his button-hole, as the most effective charm against the *Monacelo* (the Neapolitan hobgoblin); or against the ill-luck of meeting an old woman or priest, as he crosses the threshold—both ill omens for the day! When Lord ———

came to an audience to take leave of his Majesty on his return to England, the King told him he had a little *bouquet d’adieu* for him; and when his Lordship probably dreamed of a gold snuff-box with the royal face set round with brilliants on the lid, he was presented with the heron’s foot, as a spell against all accidents in an English fox-chase, and a remembrance of royal friendship and Neapolitan field sports.”

**IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, Guildhall, July 16,** a horse cause was tried—*Heming v. Marnes*.—It was an action on a breach of warranty. The plaintiff’s servant swore that his master purchased two horses, one gray, for 13l. the other black, for 12l. from the defendant, who warranted both sound. The black, however, was discovered, on the same evening on which it had been bought, to be broken-winded, and was consequently returned to the defendant, who refused to take it back. The defendant’s witnesses swore that he had not warranted either of the horses; and that he had sold both together for 25l. the price of the gray being 18l. and he therefore refused to take one back without the other; but offered, if both were returned, to receive them and return the money. His Lordship left it to the Jury to say, whether it was likely that the plaintiff would purchase horses without, as one of the witnesses for the defendant had stated, even asking if they were sound, or that, if the defendant had not warranted the animals sound, but sold them with all their faults, he would have consented to receive them back and return the money.—**Verdict** for the plaintiff, 16l. 4s. the price of the horse and the cost of his keeping.

A NUMBER of young partridges were destroyed early this month, by some incendiaries setting fire to the cover of ling, on Sherwood Forest, near Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, which burnt rapidly for full five hours, and at length reached the beautiful plantation, a cover of Racher Hill, which it much damaged; twenty-five ancient oaks were greatly injured.

C c

injured. The destruction of ling is estimated at 600 acres.

A GREAT deal has lately been said in the Northern journals of a 'genteel beggar,' who has appeared in various parts of the North of England, some persons having taken it into their heads that it was Captain Barclay, performing the terms of a wager. The *Dumfries Courier* states that the mysterious individual recently paid a visit to that city, "but he was no more like the Captain than Criffel is like Mount Caucasus. In his person this man is rather diminutive, and nothing but the circumstance of his wearing a frilled shirt, and being dressed shabby genteel, could have given rise to that delusion which draws hundreds around him wherever he goes. His singing too, is completely in the falsetto style; and is occasionally interspersed with recitations, delivered in a manner which confirms our suspicions that he is neither more nor less than a poor strolling player, who, finding himself out at elbows, has fallen upon this novel mode of raising the wind. Yet strange to say, rich and poor, gentle and simple, young and old, rushed to their doors or to the streets, to listen to the unskilful performance of a strolling musician, who, if not Captain Barclay, they all took to be 'at least a gentleman in disguise;' and every time the hat went round, sixpences and shillings as well as coppers, were plentifully dropped into it!"

**PEDESTRIANISM.**—Monday, the 9th of July, in order to determine a bet of ten guineas between some gentlemen of Carlisle, Bell, the huntsman of the Stanwick pack, went to Penrith and returned, on foot, a distance of thirty-six miles, in six hours and fifty-two minutes. The bet was, that a man could not be found capable of performing the journey in nine hours!

A match from Kensington to Salt Hill and back, forty miles, for one hundred guineas, was undertaken early in the morning of the 12th of July, by Mr. Besborough. His time

was seven hours; he did the fourteen miles in two hours, and reached half the distance within three hours; he refreshed at a friend's house a quarter of an hour, and did six miles in the fourth hour; he had under five miles an hour to accomplish the undertaking, and he felt no inconvenience until the last two miles, but he had twenty-six minutes to do them in, and he won by three minutes.

THE populous hundred of Kilmersdon, near Bath, was enlivened, on the 3d of July, by a display of various gymnastic performances. The foot races, which formed a prominent feature in the exhibition, were held in the extensive inclosure at Ammerdown:—

"Gramineum in campum quem collibus undique curvis,  
Cingebant sylvæ."

The most successful of the numerous competitors were:—J. Coles, W. Hodges, R. Ford, G. Smith, S. Timburn, W. Holbrook, S. Gullick, Horatio Snook, G. Gane.—We shall feel much pleasure, says the *Bath Herald*, in noticing other rural sports, conducted on similar principles; such occasional exhibitions encourage energy in individuals, and it is from the union of individual energy that national strength is composed.

#### PUGILISTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

"To Mr. Thomas Spring.

Bristol, July 5, 1821.

SIR,—Having seen several advertisements in the papers, stating that you would fight any man in England within the space of three months; that time not yet being expired, I will fight you for one hundred guineas, which sum I have forwarded to Mr. Thomas Belcher, who will make a deposit for me (play or pay) to fight you within three months from this time; to take place halfway between London and Bristol, in a twenty-four-foot ring, half-minute time, each man choosing an umpire and referee, to be named on the ground. To prevent any quibble, Mr. Belcher will do the *needful* immediately,

medately, for a stand-up fight, on the usual terms.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, Wm. NEAT."

"To Mr. Neat.

"SIR,—If you will send up to London the sum of 25l. which is indebted to me on account of your forfeit, I will give you an immediate answer to your challenge; although you must have been aware, from the public newspapers, that the time (three months) had expired.—I am, yours, &c. T. SPRING.

"July 21."

SPRING, whose real name is Winter, was married lately, at Hereford, to Miss Elizabeth Griffiths, of that city.

#### CHALLENGE FROM COOPER TO HICKMAN.

"Britannia Tavern, Edinburgh, Leith-street, June 26, 1821.

"HICKMAN,—Having seen, from the newspapers, that you wish it to be understood that you will not fight me again under two hundred guineas a-side, my friends in Scotland are willing to back me for that sum, provided you come down here, and fight in the second week of October, and they will allow you twenty guineas to defray your expenses. If this meets your approbation, your answer, in course, will oblige your humble servant,

"GEORGE COOPER."

#### REPLY.

"London, July 5, 1821.

"COOPER—Sir,—I received your letter, and my friends are not willing for me to come to Scotland to fight; but as you are coming to London, to have a benefit, you can fight me then; and I and my money are ready, at from two hundred to five hundred guineas; but not under two hundred guineas.—I remain yours,

"THOMAS HICKMAN."

THE Fancy at Carlisle have also offered a purse of one hundred guineas (twenty out of which for the loser) for a third battle between Cooper and the Gas-light Man, at the next Carlisle races, in October;

and they add, by way of postscript to their letter, "that as Cooper did not hesitate in travelling four hundred miles to meet the Gas-light Man, they think the latter hero, as a matter of courtesy, or accommodation, should give the amateurs an exhibition of his tremendous powers at the above place."

RANDALL AND MARTIN.—Notwithstanding the doubtful state of condition of the former pugilist, i. e. whether or not he can be brought into the ring next September, so fine as he was on the day when he fought Turner, an amateur well known in the Fancy has laid at Tattersall's 1200 guineas to 800 in one bet; and also 600 guineas to 400. The betting has been already very brisk and heavy. The takers are equally sanguine, as they urge that Martin at the present moment is so improved, and at least a stone heavier in weight than Randall. It will be a rare sporting fight.

CARTER, the Lancashire hero, appeared this month at a benefit, on his return from a sparring tour through the principal parts of Ireland, after an absence of a year and a half. He does not look any the better for it; indeed, he seems quite out of condition.

On the 10th inst. after a sporting dinner, Carter and Shelton had a turn-up for 20l. but Carter could stand only two rounds.

THE GALLANT POINTERS.—Two very valuable pointer dogs, the property of Mr. Farncomb, of Fisham Farm, near Bexhill, Sussex, lately fought, until they actually killed each other, both being taken dead from the field of battle. A proud bitch was the object so desperately fought for. Mr. Farncomb greatly regretted the circumstance, and has since declared, that he would not have taken fifty guineas for his dogs, which were as staunch before the gun as brave in battle.

JUNE 29, a trout was caught by Mr. Weston, in the Kennet river, near Newbury-bridge, in high perfection

fection, which weighed upwards of ten pounds.

**CURIOUS FACTS IN ORNITHOLOGY.**—Within the last three years Mr. Joseph Bowman, of Melbourne, game-keeper to Sir William Rumbold, Bart. has shot a white snipe, a white sparrow, a white swallow, and an Osprey eagle; the latter bird measured five feet four inches from tip to tip of the wings. On the 30th June last a white jackdaw, with straw-coloured legs; and on the 2d instant was shot on the river Trent, opposite Weston Cliff, a black swan, a native of New South Wales, and called *mulgo* by the inhabitants. It is a remarkably fine bird, measuring four feet two inches from bill to tail, and five feet six inches, from tip to tip of the wings; the pinions of which are white; the bill a fine red with the exceptions of a black spot at its extremity, and a narrow stripe of white just above it. This latter bird is at present in the possession of Mr. Joseph Bowman.

A DUMFRIES paper states that a horse, belonging to a farmer in that neighbourhood, "having lost a shoe, left the field where he was grazing, and went to a smithy about a mile distant, where he used to be shod. On arriving, he was observed to pause a few minutes, as if in expectation that the owner of the house would come out, and introduce him in due form; but finding nobody in attendance, he walked in, placed himself in the corner where he used to stand during the operation of shoeing, and on the smith's coming in, he instantly made known his errand by holding up the shoeless foot. Soon after, the owner of the horse having missed him, came to the smithy in the course of his search, and to his no small surprise, found the smith engaged in putting on a shoe."—For our own parts we should feel no surprise if on his next visit, the horse were to shoe himself!

A CARP weighing twenty-two pounds was taken on Friday, July 6, in a pond at Newton Park, near Bath, the seat of W. Gore Langton, Esq. One of the labourers, observing something

struggling in the weeds near the bank, undressed himself and went in; when he found this enormous fish apparently in the act of depositing its spawn. This is by far the largest fish we at present remember to have heard of. Some years ago a brace of carp was taken from a piece of water in the Duke of Portland's grounds, at Welbeck Abbey, Notts; one of them weighed seventeen, and the other twelve pounds, and these were then considered to be of such an extraordinary size, that his Grace presented them to the King, his late Majesty.

**CRUELTY TO FISH.**—The dreadful cruelty of boiling shell-fish alive, or, what is not unfrequently done, of putting them over the fire in a saucepan of cold water, it is hoped will be reflected on as it deserves. Shell-fish possess an amphibious property, and are therefore capable of existing out of the water a considerable time without the power of life being impaired; hence it is just as shocking to dress shell-fish alive as to convey a mackerel (which does not possess an amphibious property, but dies in a few minutes after being taken out of the water), instantaneously out of the sea into a frying pan of boiling water. The ignorant prejudice that lobsters, crabs, &c. are not good if dressed after they are dead, would vanish as soon as humanity were permitted to make the trial. When dressed many hours after they are dead, it is found that the weight of the fish is not lessened, or the flavour in the slightest degree impaired; if it were, that could hardly be a sufficient reason to torture a poor animal, to gratify the pampered appetite of an epicure. Eels too possess this amphibious property, therefore they are skinned alive, rolled in salt, and fried whilst they are beheld writhing in agony. Every one must acknowledge that the same God that made us made brutes, and might have placed us in the situation of brutes.

AT Chelmsford races, which began on the 24th, the Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, for 3-year-old colts and fillies, was won by the Marquis of Exeter's

Exeter's Augusta, beating Lord Grosvenor's Adolphus, and Mr. James's Fleur de Lis: a fine race.—Lord Rous's Romp walked over for the Oatland Stakes of 30gs. each.—The King's Plate of 100gs. for mares of all ages, was won at two heats by Mr. Bouverie's Tipsey, beating Lord Clarendon's Antiope, and Mr. Barham's br. filly, by Young Whiskey.—On *Wednesday, July 25*, the course was thronged with beauty and fashion.—The Gold Cup of 100gs. value, by subscription of 10gs. each, was won by Lord Clarendon's Antiope, beating Mr. Wright's Tipsey, and Mr. Rush's Romp: five to four on Tipsey.—Romp fell in running.—Mr. Meux's ch. f. Miss Flirt, beat Mr. Farrel's Mangel Worzel, for 100gs.—The Marquis of Exeter's Augusta walked over for the Sweepstakes of 5gs. each.—The Town Plate did not fill.

THE Hon. H. Lascelles, son of the Earl of Harewood, has unfortunately sustained a very serious injury in one of his hands, by the bursting of his fowling-piece.

### SPORTING ANECDOTES.

Communications for this Department of our Work are respectfully solicited.

REMARKABLE DEPREDEATION OF A FOX.—In the night between Monday the 18th, and Tuesday the 19th of June, the poultry-roost of Mr. Johnson,

of Hill-top, near Wetherby, Yorkshire, was entered by a fox, which destroyed fourteen hens and a cock. The wily animal, not being able to gain admittance by the door, which bore many marks of his teeth, ascended the roof, and by scratching away the mortar, removed two tiles, and thus effected his purpose. The mangled carcasses of seven of the hens and the cock, which had its head bit off, were found in different parts of an adjoining field, several of which he had attempted to conceal, by covering them with earth and grass for his future use. Very lately one of the above hens, sitting in her nest in the stable, was inadvertently covered with a load of straw, under which she remained fourteen days before discovered, and was reduced almost to a skeleton; an egg was found in the nest in which were two yolks; and from shells also found, it appears she had subsisted on others that she had laid.

At the latter end of last season, as a gentleman was shooting in some water meadows, he sprung a snipe, which he shot at and killed. Immediately on the discharge of the gun, two brace of partridges rose in the direction of the snipe, and when the gentleman went to pick up the bird he shot at, found a leash of partridges which he had killed in the act of shooting at the snipe.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Numerous applications having been made for the Plates of this Magazine, the Publisher respectfully announces that he now takes off a few proofs on India paper in quarto, which may be had separate from the work, price 2s. each. He has also some impressions by him of the most esteemed subjects of the last four or five years.

One of the embellishments of our next Magazine will be a sketch, representing the Champion Dymoke throwing the gauntlet of defiance at Westminster Hall, on the day of his Majesty's Coronation, from a drawing by Mr. Cooper, R. A.

In reply to the inquiry of "AN OLD SPORTSMAN," we can, we believe, assure him, with some confidence, that "Floyd's Observations on Dog-breaking" are genuine, and that he is the gamekeeper of Sir J. Sebright. Our Correspondent complains of half a crown being charged for so short a production, and condemns the mode of breaking dogs recommended by the writer. He says: "that many good dogs are ruined by ignorant game keepers, is a fact which has repeatedly fallen under my own observations, and I believe tolerably well known to all experienced sportsmen; and I will fearlessly assert that dogs broke by the peg and cord system of gamekeeper Floyd, must be the most spiritless creatures imaginable. Nothing can be more ridiculous than to compel a dog to lie down continually, without pointing out to him the object for which he is thus to become prostrate."

Mr. Nelson's song, we suspect, sung better than it reads; we cannot promise its insertion.—Verses on W. H. are also declined.

POETRY.

## POETRY.

## THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

## "THE FANCY" AT THE CORONATION.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.  
SIR,

July 23, 1821.

THE following is a copy of a letter which was picked up in the Green Park last Thursday evening: it was not directed—neither was it sealed or signed: it was, therefore, probably only the Poet's draft, and this will account for any loose lines that you may meet with in its perusal.—Though there was nothing about the picked-up paper to inform us by whom it was written, yet I think there is internal evidence of its being the production of the Laureate of the *Fancy*, BOB GREGSON; and appears to be descriptive of a meeting held a few evenings ago, to appoint a Deputation from the *Fancy* to attend the Coronation, in consequence of an application to the "DAFFY CLUB" from the Great Officers of State, requiring the attendance of a sprinkling of the *Knights of the Fist*.—But you shall see the letter, Mr. Editor.—

"Kings, Peers, and Boxers, graced the show." ANON.\*

"You know, my friend, I often write  
To you—and seldom miss  
Tipping my version of a fight  
In song—as I do this;

For there is something gay in rhyme—  
And then the *slang* comes in so prime  
And glib, that, 'pon my soul! I deem  
Rhyming, of all good things the *cream*—  
That is to say, of course excepting  
"The Ring," when graceful *covers* have  
stept in;  
And, all being ready, are about  
To tip the *mill*—and then the *shout*—  
And then 'the shout'—for I will say,  
(As sung a friend the other day)—

\* I don't believe this is a quotation from any old author: it appears to me to be a trick of the writer's, to make his friend imagine that "Kings, Peers, and Boxers," have been associated in great ceremonies from time immemorial;—but it won't do.

† The Champion (like other great Chairmen) generally keeps the assembly waiting. These *swells*, I suspect, hold back from policy till the room is well filled, in order that they may make their *entrée* with a sort of 'loose dignity;' besides, there is something fine in being expected; and then the anxious buzz of 'he's coming,' and the lane made through a mob to let a big one pass, are no small things.

Anticipation makes the blessing dear.

"'Tis held—and I believe it true—  
(The sound however rude,)  
There's nothing we can equal to  
A shouting multitude."

"But to the point. The other night  
(Due notice had been made)  
There was a meeting—and I might  
Say that every blade  
Of any note—of any fame  
In boxing annals, whose fair name  
Stands, where it ought to stand, on high—  
A lamp to light posterity—  
Was there. The meeting was select:  
It would have been a disrespect  
To the great cause on which we met,  
If kids who *sluice* the heavy wet—  
If *ruff*, who always run their rigs,  
And suit the purpose of the *prigs*,  
Had been admitted—but again  
I say, we met as gentlemen.

"Tom being named to take the Chair,  
At six was sought†—but not being there,  
A murmur ran along the room,  
And faces wore the shade of gloom;  
But soon they brighten'd—up came gin,  
And cheerful looks—and Tom stept in:  
You've seen, I know, a patriot *file*;  
And you've been often forced to wait  
A patriot's coming; and, I guess,  
You've mark'd the grace and the address  
With which SIR FRANCIS takes the Chair,  
'At any meeting anywhere.'  
Now TOM was quite as fine as he—  
And did the thing as gracefully.

"Of course there was a lot of cheering,  
And 'twas some time ere we could hear  
him—  
At length he rose—and after saying  
He hoped the *gemmen* would be paying  
Attention to the weighty matter  
On which they met—began to chatter  
(As folks who *sput* most often do)  
Of 'honour,' 'diffidence,' and what was  
due

To so respectable a meeting—  
 (And here, of course, he *napt* the greeting  
 Most lustily.)—The *tag*\* being ended,  
 ‘Gemmen,’ says he, ‘it is intended’—  
 (Hem—hem—Tom got beyond his reach,  
 And stuck—a dull hand at a speech)—  
 ‘It is intended, as you know,  
 To send, at the request  
 Of coves in power, a brace (or so)  
 Of us—of course the best  
 And stoutest of the ‘Fancy Ring,’  
 To do all honour to the King—  
 (Applause)—on the great day  
 When he is crown’d. I’m glad to say  
 That I have latterly found out  
 My error—and have turn’d about:  
 I hate all patriots—and admire  
 Kings, and all that.”

Here the MS. is unfortunately defective:  
 from what I can gather, this part of the  
 Champion’s speech created much confusion  
 —some gentlemen considering it personal.  
 —The names of Caleb Baldwin, West  
 Country Dick, Josh. Hudson, and several  
 other well-known characters, appear as hav-  
 ing taken part in the row. ‘Tis clear,  
 however, that an explanation took place  
 across the table, and the Champion pro-  
 ceeded—

“ ‘Gemmen, our business is to name  
 Those who have got the greatest claim,  
 As men of worth, to represent  
 THE DAFFY at the tournament.†  
 One word more—of course I’m reckon’d  
 For one—now you can move and second.”

Here follow various speeches, proposing  
 several Members of “THE DAFFY” for  
 the honour of attending the Coronation.—  
 Much warmth was displayed, but tolerable  
 order was preserved for a considerable time.  
 Richmond, on his part, insisted that the  
 gentlemen of colour should be represented;  
 and Randall was equally anxious that he  
 should himself represent the Irish. Josh.  
 Hudson at length moved that Cribb, Rich-  
 mond, and Randall should be the deputa-  
 tion. Martin proposed his name instead  
 of Randall’s; and Caleb Baldwin and  
 West Country Dick wished to petition  
 Lord Sidmouth to permit a *turn-up* in the  
 Abbey, Dick offering to accommodate any  
 of his Lordship’s friends, or the Corona-  
 tion Champion himself.—Josh.’s motion

\* Cant.

† There is an observation here, that the speech was evidently written for the Cham-  
 pion, from the big words that it contains, and which the orator had more trouble in deal-  
 ing out than he would have had in letting fly as many forcible arguments at the head of a  
 friend. It is added, that it was clearly not extempore, from the recollecting pauses of  
 the speaker, made longer too from the copious application of the ‘ruin.’—

But if the eloquence of tongue he miss’d,  
 ‘His was the soft persuasion of the fist.’

‡ In pursuance of this decision, it appears, the three gentlemen attended the Cora-  
 nation; and, as the *Times* informs us, (Cribb being dressed in scarlet, with a blue sash,)  
 ‘moved backwards and forwards in the Hall with a mimic air of official confidence.’

was at length carried by a *rust*: while se-  
 veral of the members had retired to arrange  
 about including Spring’s name in the list,  
 the remainder divided—†

For Cribb, Richmond, & Randall	- 16
Against them	- 12
Majority	- 4

I believe, Mr. Editor, I have given you  
 the substance of the letter; and am, Sir,  
 Yours, †††

## THE HORSE OF HASSAN THE ARAB.

(From *Lyons’s Northern Africa*.)

BEHOLD me (sung Hassan the fearless  
 and free,)  
 On the steed which obeys not a master  
 but me;  
 Who points like the quills of the eagle  
 his ears,  
 And whose bound o’er the desert is light  
 as the deer’s.  
 Behold me, with sabre well polish’d and  
 bright,  
 And pistols new flinted and burnish’d for  
 fight;  
 My cap with fresh scarlet so gaily bedone,  
 And my baldrick of silver, which gleams  
 in the sun.  
 When my true love espies me, the heart  
 in her breast  
 Shall beat quick as the pigeons when robb’d  
 of her nest;  
 She will hush the hoarse watch-dog, and hie  
 to the grove,  
 That the eyes of her kindred espy not her  
 love:  
 Yet let them descry me—their wrath I  
 defy—  
 And why should she tremble when Hassan  
 is nigh?  
 Like the hawk from the covey selecting  
 his prey,  
 From the midst of her tribe I would bear  
 her away:  
 I would mount her behind me (sung Has-  
 san the free)  
 On the steed which obeys not a rider but me;  
 Who points like the eagle’s sharp feathers  
 his ears,  
 And whose bound o’er the desert is light as  
 the deer’s.

CHANG.

## CHANGING QUARTERS.

**F**AIR laughs the morn, and out they come,  
At the solemn beat of the rolling drum,  
Apparell'd for the march;  
Many an old and honoured name,  
Young warriors, with their eyes of flame,  
And aged veterans in the wars,  
With little pay and many scars,  
And titled Lord, and tottering bean,  
Right closely wrapt from top to toe  
In vanity and starch.

The rising sun is gleaming bright,  
And Britain's flag is waving light,  
And widely, where the gales invite,

The charger's mane is flowing;  
Around is many a staring face  
Of envying boor and wondering grace,  
And echo shouts through all the place,  
"The soldiers be a-going!"

Beauty and bills are buzzing now  
In many a martial ear,  
And midst the tumult and the row,  
Is seen the tailor's anxious bow,  
And woman's anxious tear.

Alas! the thousand cares that float  
To-day around a scarlet coat!

There's serjeant Cross, in fume and fret,  
With little Mopsa, the coquette,  
Close clinging to his side;  
Who, if fierce Mars and thundering Jove  
Had had the least respect for love,  
To-day had been his bride.

And, midst the trumpet's wild acclaim,  
She calls upon her lover's name,  
In beautiful alarm;

Still looking up expectantly  
To see the tear-drop in his eye,  
Still hanging to his arm.  
And he the while—his fallen chop  
Most eloquently tells,  
That much he wishes little Mop  
Were waiting for—another drop,  
Or hanging—somewhere else."

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

## TO THE FOUNTAIN BANDUSIA.

*O! Fons Bandusiae, splendor vitro.*

HOR. B. I. O. 13.

**M**ORE clear than polish'd glass thy waters shine,  
Worthy sweet flowers and goblets crown'd  
With wine:

A tender kid prepar'd for love,  
Whose budding horns the contest prove,  
(Pride of the wanton flock,) to-morrow  
alain,  
With scarlet gore thy gelid stream shall stain.

Screen'd from the burning dog-star's potent glare,  
To thy cool brink the ranging herds repair:

Thou lasting honour shalt acquire,  
Whilst gently on my sounding lyre,  
I sing the oak which shades thy murmuring rill,  
Trickling from sandy rocks adown the turfey hill.  
*Bloomsbury, July 18, 1821.*

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

## THE TEMPEST.

**T**IS Night,—and the tempest sweeps  
onward with force,  
The dark wave is whiten'd with spray;  
The sea-gull scarce holds on its wind-beaten course,  
Nor darts on his swift-gliding prey.

The water sprite rides on the tremulous cloud,

Wild float his black locks in the storm;  
Now hark!—"Tis a shriek!—Again—piercing and loud,

And lo! a tall maiden's white form.

"Great God, in thy mercy," (she ardently cried,)

"O grant me thy heavenly bias;"  
Maid, vessel, and sailors, all whelm'd by the tide

Sank deep in the yawning abyss.  
*Bloomsbury, July 18, 1821.*

## THE COLLEGE HORSEMAN.

*Translated into the Literary Gazette, from Vincent Bourne's Eques Academicus. §*

**T**HE youth is spur'd;—what boots he may have got,  
Or boot, or whose, or whence, it matters not;  
Nor if the whip, *sine qua non*, be his,  
Or any other, so that whip it is.

Thus furnish'd and agreed upon the price  
Of hackney, he is mounted in a trice.  
Fearless and gay, behold him how he plies  
His heel, indifferent by what road he flies;  
Through lanes and towns at random how he spurs,

The mirth of goodies and the rage of curs;  
Down on the restive steed descend his blows,  
And close and quick the leg assiduous goes.  
But scarce, with bitter flogging and stern kicks,

Full speed the jade has run five miles or six,  
When spent and breathless, with a sudden pitch,

He lays himself and rider in a ditch;  
No *Chay* is near, no *Chay* the man can meet,  
Oh, furies! he goes back upon his feet!  
Would young men profit by what old men know,

They sometimes would proceed a little slow.  
The rule which I commend is short, but tried:

That you may go the faster, softly ride.







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## Embellished with,

I. Portrait of a TERRIER, the Property of the late C. Sturt, Esq.

II. The KING'S CHAMPION, Henry Dymoke, Esq.

### PORTRAIT OF A FAVOURITE TERRIER,

The Property of the late Charles Sturt, Esq.

Engraved by COOKE, from a Painting by J. WARD, R. A.

THE late Mr. Sturt was among those unlucky visitors to France who were detained by Bonaparte at the commencement of the last war; he was consequently a prisoner in France seven years; the dog whose likeness is given, was his companion. Mr. Sturt escaped by an American vessel, to the Captain of whom he gave five hundred guineas. They experienced a severe gale as soon as they got to sea, and the vessel was considered in danger. The Captain offered Mr.

Sturt to keep at sea, but which he refused, as there were a number of passengers on board, and Mr. Sturt would not have the fate of so many persons on his conscience. She returned, in consequence, to the port from whence she set off, and by that time Mr. Sturt having been missed, the gens-d'armes came on board to search for Mr. S. who was compelled to get into a locker with this dog, in which he remained some hours with the French soldiers seated upon it regaling themselves, and abusing Bonaparte, whilst joking with the company in the cabin, almost to the suffocation of Mr. Sturt.

The remarkable circumstance (and that which has caused the like.

D D

like.

likeness of the animal to be transferred to our pages) was, that this dog, which was one of the most restless of animals, suffered himself to be locked up in this chest with his master without once moving, or uttering the least noise of any kind, but appeared as if sensible when taken in, that there was something wrong. On returning home, Mr. Start ordered a picture of the dog to be painted by Mr. Ward, and such was the affection, if it may be so termed, which Mr. Start had for his favourite, that he requested in his will to be buried with him, under a knoll of fir trees in Brownsea Island, but which did not take place, his surviving friends thinking, it may be presumed, that a church yard would be more appropriate.

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#### THE LATE ROYAL PACK OF STAG-HOUNDS.

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*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

ON looking over my number for the last month, I read the extract from the *Lewes Journal* respecting the destruction of his Majesty's hounds, with the comment of your old correspondent thereon: the editor of the *Lewes Journal* speaks of them as "the best trained, and, of the species, the most valuable dogs in Europe." His commentator says, their destruction "is described as particularly affecting to the huntsman, and will, in a certain degree, be lamented by all the gentlemen to whose sport their excellence contributed." Being well acquainted with the pack, and living in the vicinity of the hunt, I am induced to trouble you with a few remarks on the above statements.

That their destruction was par-

ticularly affecting to Mr. Sharpe, cannot be doubted for a moment; indeed I heard him give the relation of it with tears in his eyes: to witness, or to hear of the death of so many innocent animals, must give pain to every feeling mind; but, barring regret on that score, I venture to assert, they are not lamented by any of the gentlemen who used to hunt with them: they were presented about the year 1814 to his present Majesty by the Duke of Richmond: how they ran foxes in Sussex I do not know, but certain I am they never ran deer well in Berkshire: when their progenitors came up from Goodwood, they had been bred in and in, until a dwindling in size and make had taken place; this their descendants never recovered. Being thus light and dwarfish, and with all of a very high courage, their usual pace was tremendous, and the scent of deer lying high and sweet, and the hounds, from their low stature, being near their work, without stops, to which recourse was often had, scarcely any horse could lay with them, at least with any pleasure: a further and worse consequence was, they continually ran mute: I have repeatedly seen them running a fine scent for a quarter of a mile with only one, two, or four, opening at all: this average number of those who owned the scent by voice, I am certain, seldom exceeded one-third of the whole number running: this was perhaps farther occasioned by their catching the scent all at once, and finding it without trying for; however unsuspectingly, the huntsman might endeavour to draw them over the spot, they always knew, by the "group," pretty well where it was, and never went off so steadily as if they had found it with trouble,

trouble, and got settled to it by degrees; this of course, is an evil attendant on the cart system, and cannot be remedied. When they were running merrily in their own way, being stopped by the whip rendered them wilful and angry: if a view was caught, the deer became blown, and could seldom get away.

All this had long been matter of loud complaint, and the Royal Hunt, though conducted on an expensive and liberal scale, has been for some years nearly deserted by real sportsmen, except when late in the spring, the different fox-hunts being over, some "good ones" deigned to grace it with scarlet. The conclusions I would draw from the above facts are these: that as a fair opportunity is now gained, some draughts of heavy hounds should be carefully selected from different quarters: these, with the fifteen couple of unentered hounds still left, and which are said to have been crossed with a heavier strain, may soon form a pack better suited for hunting the stag;—worse suited than the last were, they cannot be. Mr. Sharpe and his assistants, who are kind and civil men, are capitally mounted.

Hoping the King's Hunt will once more regain its pristine superiority, and that you will excuse this long article, I remain, Mr. Editor, yours, &c.

A LOVER OF REAL HUNTING.

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#### OPERATING ON THE FLEXOR TENDONS — REPLY TO MR. DICK.

---

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,  
IN the *Sporting Magazine* for June last, a gentleman, by the

name of W. Dick, has detailed several cases of horses, in which an operation of a novel kind has been performed on the flexor tendons with (apparent) success: his communication is entitled, "Operating on the Flexor Tendons." The horses above alluded to were, it is evident, the subjects of incurable lameness, in consequence of repeated disease in the back sinews, from which there can be no doubt (for it is almost invariably the case), it had extended itself to the joints, ligaments, &c. in the vicinity; setting, however, the last remark on one side, I merely wish to enquire whether your correspondent "D." has not taken an erroneous view of the *sinewy malady*. He describes it, in particularising the first case, as "contracted sinews;" in consequence of which, he says "it was impossible for the animal to place his heels in contact with the ground." Now, although I must perfectly agree with him in the effect, I cannot but dissent in *tofo* from the notions which the words "contracted sinews" seem to convey of the nature of this ailment; for, as professional men, we must not forget that tendons, being of themselves *inelastic*, will not admit of contraction or extension without rupture.

As is too frequently the case, an erroneous theory as to the real nature of these cases has led your correspondent to adopt a mode of practice by way of palliation (for such cases do not admit of one), which must ever prove highly objectionable, for the most simple and obvious reasons; first, I contend, and I will appeal to any veterinary surgeon for his opinion, that *the remedy is worse than the disease*, i. e. that the operation must, of necessity, be productive

d d 2 of

of more mischief, and of a more irremediable kind, than what pre-existed. Of the truth of such an assertion, I have only to enumerate the different parts *cut through and into*, in order to convince any person at all acquainted with the structure of a horse's leg; what! divide the *perforatus*! open the joint formed between it and the *perforans*! and then, as if not content with having inflicted such irreparable injury, cut through the *perforans* itself! While I recollect how extremely well adapted these several parts are to perform their various functions, even under the most unfavourable circumstances, never will I *go such lengths* as these; for, whatever may be the temporary advantages gained by such an operation, I can tell Mr. D. (for he does not appear to know it) *that the mechanism of these parts, once destroyed by long-standing disease, can never, in the natural course of things, be repaired by the knife*. Let us be very cautious then, how we disturb that harmony so beautiful and conspicuous in the construction of the animal machine. Mr. D. has said that the sinews will re-unite, and become again of their natural texture. Though the *tout ensemble* of this statement be true; and though, for the sake of argument, it were strictly so, yet will it not help him over the insurmountable barrier of restoration of function. If we destroy the texture of a part, and can repair it so as to put it *entirely* in its original condition, the use which it performed heretofore, will also now be accomplished; but if these parts, when repaired, be in any way altered from the state in which they were, then their economy must be imperfect. This argument alone,

founded on a principle in the animal economy, must shatter the fabric of "D.'s" operation; but when I tell you, that not only does the originality of the parts never return, but that other adventitious materials are employed in cobbling them together, if I may so insult nature, and that even these will tend to defeat the purposes they are destined to answer—the whole fabric of it must give way. I might go on to adduce more in confutation of the principles of such an operation, but I trust what is advanced will prove satisfactory.

Mr. D. will say, perhaps, that he was aware that his operation was contrary to the established laws relative to anatomy, &c.; but that he has only instituted a less evil to relieve a greater one. I deny that he does in the least palliate the disease in question, and I will prove it, beyond the sphere of doubt, if called on to do so at any future period. One more argument remains for "D." viz. that *practice* is even better than *theory*; and that whatever I or any body else may say, he has *found it to answer*. In opposition to this, I have only to repeat my disbelief of its possibility; and to add, that I will furnish him with more *practical matter*, should he still persist in operating.

Begging "D." will excuse any argumentative warmth of expression made use of in this communication, which has been addressed to you, Mr. Editor, *purely* for the sake of endeavouring to nip in the bud a mode of practice, which I humbly conceive may tend to cripple and render useless one of the most useful of quadrupeds, I take my leave.

Yours,

V. S.  
ON

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

# ON WORMING THE DOG.

**B**RAVO! Master Editor—you are the man for a shining head to an article—mercy on us! HYDROPHOBIA RENDERED HARMLESS!!! Do but prove it, *facto et actu, et eris nobis magnus Apollo!*

I do not for a moment doubt the practical claims of your correspondent, and most heartily wish I could agree with him on the point in question. The matter is of the deepest interest, and one on which mankind have been deceived too often, and their vigilance fatally lulled by a dependence on remedies equally irrational and inefficacious. In order to put them on their guard, I have made the following transcription from the "British Field Sports." A BIT OF A JOCKEY.

"To the Rev. Mr. Daniel, the same sentiments are respectfully addressed, on the point of WORMING THE DOG, as a preventive to his power of using his teeth in the rabid state. This remedy, in Dr. Johnson's emphatic language, 'the extraction of a substance nobody knows what, and nobody knows why,' was originally received on the authority of Pliny; and it was either Pliny, or one of his wonder-working cotemporaries, who prescribed, as a cure for the *belly-ache* in a beast, the simple and easy mean of the patient beholding a duck swimming on the water! But an elder of Pliny, Columella, if I recollect aright, who had anticipated him, and forestalled all the knowledge and all the fame of this most important discovery, resolved on driving madness out of the dog, either at one end or the other. This sage thus instructs posterity. 'If a whelp's tail be bitten off, and the string taken away, neither will the

tail grow again, nor will the dog ever go mad.' At any rate, one limb of the proposition remains to this day, unbroken. He proceeds to explain, that 'there is a small worm in the tongue of dogs, which, if taken out while they are young, they never go mad, nor lose their appetite.' Until of late, we find worming was to prevent rabies itself; that failing, we are to be content, it seems, with the power of incapacitating the dog from biting during his rabid fits. But on what ground of argument, bearing any kind of relation to *cause and effect*, is this power accounted for? How is it possible that the mere loss of a strip of skin, drawn from his tongue, which soon becomes whole, and remains unaffected by the operation, should prevent the closing of his jaws after he shall have become rabid, and yet permit him to do so *ad libitum*, and perpetually while he is in health. This is not elective purgation in a medicine, but elective *bitation* in worming. Why does the tongue swell merely from the absence of the worm, unless in the old mode of accounting for events—*post hoc, ergo propter hoc*? Is it not full as rational to suppose that, from some, to us occult, symptomatic anomaly in the disease, or at some particular stage, the tongue is too much swollen to admit the jaws to come together, at others not. Worm is, in all probability, in this case, a misnomer, the real and orthodox term being an ancient *maggot*.—The fact is, there is no such thing as a worm in the *case*, which is the dog's mouth; it is merely a portion of the *frænum*, or bridle of the tongue, so often clipped by the scissors of the nurse. 'In the operation of worming,' says Mr. Blane, 'it is common to strip off this

this *fratum*, or bridle, from the tongue; the violence made use of in doing which, puts it on the stretch, so that when removed from the mouth, its recoil is adduced as a proof that it is alive, and proves it a worm in the opinion of credulity—a worm, which I humbly conceive ought to rank with its brother worm in the tail of a beast—another Pliny, I believe likewise; and with the *pip* at the end of the chicken's tongue. This *laidly* worm, however, has penetrated the *intellectuals* of thousands of his Majesty's liege subjects; and a gentleman of late, who surely must need cutting for the simples, as much as our dogs do worming against *rabies*, has actually proposed to petition the legislature, for a law to compel us all to mangle the tongues of our puppies!

"But worming is, at no rate, a practice of yesterday in this country, however great a novelty its pretended success. Hear what Markham says on the matter, and mark well how the philosophy and common sense of his directions *gibe* together. 'January, February, and March, are the best times for them (dog and bitch) to be lined; and if they couple when the moon is in *Gemini*, or *Aquarius*, you will have more dogs than bitches, they will never run mad. When young, a little worm is subject to breed under their tongues, that makes them bark much; take it out with an awl, and it prevents them going mad.'—'It is said, there are seven sorts of madness in dogs; the dumb madness, the running, the falling, the lank, the lean madness, the sleeping, the slavering, and the hot burning madness; and in my opinion, the best and only cure, is to knock them on the head for it.' Notwithstanding this

most rational opinion, Markham is nowise backward in prescriptions, ordering, amongst other curious articles, sow-thistle, fat meat, filberts, dry figs, and woman's milk, calomel, wild tare seed, asses milk, child's piss, urine, garlic, rue. But I have failed as yet to trace the *bas*, infusions and decoctions of the leazes, flowers, and shavings of which, were favourite *sudorifics* with certain physicians of former times.

As another specimen of the medical learning and talent of these old writers on the subject of dogs and horses, the prescriptions of whom have been treasured up with so much care, and periodically sent abroad, as grand secrets and nostrums, the following quotations are submitted from Leonard Mascall, who had the honour to be employed by King James I.—'In hounds and dogs which fall mad, the cause is, that black choler hath mastery in his body, which choler once roasted in them, through vehement heat, it overcometh the body, and maketh him to run mad. For the black choler, which is so strong, infecteth his brain, and so from thence goeth to all the other members, and maketh him venomous.' This is a *literal* transcription: hereafter follows a medicinal list equally wonderful:—'Also calamint, the seed of wild tares, sea onions, water cresses, herbgrace, salt, aristolochia, nuts with rue, the roots of asperage and the seed, *balsamum*, vinegar, and the milk of an ass, a child's piss, the stones of a hedgehog, the stones of a stag or an ass dried and drunk; also *castoreum*, garlic, gentian, mint, and dittany.' Here is choice for the seekers, and for the charitable fraternity and sisterhood of nostrum-mongers and lady-bountifuls.

Dr.



"Dr. Bracken, who wrote seventy or eighty years ago, observes—'I know the common story of the worm under the tongue; viz. that it not only causes a voracious appetite, but likewise by stirring, gives such uneasy sensations to the dog, that it makes him gnaw and tear every thing about him; but this proceeds rather from his playfulness as a *whelp*, and not from any such thing as a *worm*.'

"To proceed to the last act of this worm farce: where is the proof of the existence of a worm growing out of a dog's tongue? where is the evidence that the fibrous or skinny substance, nick-named a worm, possesses any constitutional, nervous, muscular, or fibrous influence, in the case of *rabies* or madness, so as to urge or assist the dog in the power of biting, prevent his tongue from swelling, or that its absence will deprive him of such power? It is always necessary that we have reason as well as facts, since the latter are so liable to misrepresentation and misconception; and had we a sufficiency of well-attested and well-marked cases, there can be no doubt that the unwormed, equally with the wormed dogs, when rabid, have had swollen tongues, which have prevented the closing of their jaws. And we do know, on good authority, that many dogs which had been wormed; have actually bitten and propagated *rabies*, within both the last and present years, 1816 and 1817. Nevertheless, it is most willingly conceded, that all must submit to the imperious rule of *unanswerable* fact; and that the most acute and apparently soundest theory, may be utterly baffled by occult and inscrutable causes. Give us a sufficient and regular series of evidence as to the efficacy of the practice,

and we will gladly worm our dogs, independently of all ideas of its rationality."

The *Medical and Physical Journal* has printed the following letter on the subject of hydrophobia:—

"The possibility of a slight hint sometimes exciting others to grave researches, and leading to some useful discovery, which we have not leisure or ability to institute, or produce ourselves, has caused me to address you in the present instance.

"Some weeks ago, I read an account (for the truth of which I cannot of course vouch) that the King's stag-hounds had been sent to Brighton for the benefit of sea bathing, by order of the master of the hounds, and that this order was given because symptoms of madness had shewn themselves among them. I was much astonished to find that even in our days any reliance could yet be placed, even by a layman in the healing art, on such a remedy as sea bathing, in such a disease as hydrophobia; and the wish that some more rational method of treatment than we at present possess, might at last be propagated, was strongly raised in me. This brought to my recollection, that the Professor, whose veterinary lectures I attended on the Continent, once stated that the probable cause of the *rabies canina*, was the disparity of the female dogs, who were suffered to live with the males, and the consequent impossibility, with many of the latter, of fulfilling the call of nature for sexual intercourse. As some proof for the truth of this position, he further stated, that all the individuals, to whom he could

could ever trace the origin of hydrophobia, had been invariably male dogs, and as I do not remember having heard this circumstance mentioned since I have been in this country, I am desirous of submitting an account of it to your numerous readers, in the hope that if it is really new to them, some one might be instigated to further enquiry.

K. LANG."

"Kensington, July 14, 1821."

#### RACES APPOINTED IN 1821.

<b>PONTEFRAC</b> ..September 4	
Warwick.....	4
Basingstoke.....	6
Bridgwater .....	11
Lichfield .....	11
Morpeth .....	11
Northampton .....	12
Doncaster .....	17
Shrewsbury.....	18
Leicester .....	19
Lincoln .....	26
Walsall .....	26
Glamorganshire .....	26
Newmarket.....	October 1
Wrexham .....	2
Perth .....	3
Enfield.....	9
Pembrokeshire Hunt .....	15

#### BETTINGS.

**BETTINGS** at Tattersall's, on the Doncaster St. Leger, August 27, 1821:—

- 11 to 4 and 3 to 1 agst Gustavus.
- 11 to 2 agst Mr. Powlett's br. colt, Jack Spigot, by Ardrossan.
- 15 to 2 agst b. c. Vingt-un, by Smolensko.
- 15 to 2 agst Mr. Ridsdale's br. c. Statesman.
- 13 to 1 agst Sandbeck.
- 100 to 6 agst My Lady.
- 100 to 6 agst Fortuna.

- 100 to 7 agst colt out of Aktisidora.
- 100 to 4 agst Lunatic.
- 100 to 4 agst Pastorella, by Fyldener.
- 100 to 3 agst colt out of Brush's dam.
- 100 to 2 agst Mr. Gascoigne's Hamilton.

#### BETTING ON THE DONCASTER ST. LEGER AT YORK.

- 11 to 4 agst Mr. Hunter's gr. c. Gustavus.
- 11 to 2 agst Mr. Powlett's br. colt, Jack Spigot, by Ardrossan.
- 7 to 1 agst Mr. Ridsdale's br. c. Statesman.
- 15 to 2 agst b. c. Vingt-un, by Smolensko.
- 12 to 1 agst My Lady.
- 13 to 1 agst Sandbeck, by Catton, out of Orvillina.
- 14 to 1 agst Mr. Watson's ch. f. Fortuna, Sister to Woodbine, by Comus.
- 100 to 5 agst Pastorella, by Fyldener.
- 100 to 6 agst Brother to Caesar.

#### INFORMATION TO BIBOTAMISTS.

A Gentleman who is a lover of good wine, on looking into his wine-cellar, where there was a pipe of Sherry lying near to a pipe of Madeira, discovered, with great surprise, that on the head of the Sherry pipe there were a great many long-small worms round the little wood peg where the cask had been bored to taste the wine, but not one worm near the peg of the Madeira pipe; and on inquiry of different wine merchants, he finds that it is constantly the case, that Sherry always breeds worms, but Madeira does not.

HIGH-

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

# **HIGHFLYER—OMISSIONS IN THE LAST NUMBER SUPPLIED.**

MR. EDITOR,

**H**ASTE and good speed do not always travel successfully together; which sage adage may help to account for my strange omissions, both of proprietors' names and of races, in the list of Highflyer's performances; and that with the calendars spread upon the table before me, and in relation to a period of time when the transactions of the turf were most interesting and familiar to me. In order to make the best reparation in my power, and that the whole of Highflyer's performances may be seen at one view, I have imposed upon myself the task of re-passing over the whole of the ground.

In the first place, Lord Bolingbroke was the first purchaser and trainer of Highflyer; afterwards, Mr. Compton, and lastly, Mr. Tattersall. Secondly, he ran once from the Ditch-in; his other races were all four miles. He travelled also to Nottingham, York, and Litchfield. He was considerably upwards of sixteen hands in height, and the notion of his getting stock of all colours was erroneous. It is a curious fact, that neither Highflyer nor Sir Peter ever got a chesnut foal, though the former had more chesnut mares than of any other colour, on account of the Eclipse cross, that horse's stock running generally chesnut.

At Newmarket Second October Meeting, 1777, Lord Bolingbroke's Highflyer won a Sweepstakes of 900 guineas, for three-year-olds, colts, 8st. fillies, 7st. 11lb. Ditch-in, beating Justice, Bourdeaux, Sweetmarjoram, Quicksand, &c.:

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4 to 1 against Highflyer, 6 to 4 agst Bourdeaux. According to my memorandums, Halliday rode Highflyer, Goodison rode Lord Grosvenor's Herod colt, which came in second, and South rode Bourdeaux.

Second Spring Meeting, 1778, Mr. Compton's Highflyer won a Sweepstakes of 2600gs. (100gs. each), colts, 8st. fillies, 7st. 11lb. B. C. beating Ilmio, Thunderbolt, Jupiter, Chesfield, &c.: 6 to 4 on Highflyer.

July Meeting.—The Grosvenor Stakes (600gs.) 25gs. each, by four-year-olds, colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb. B. C. won by Highflyer, beating Stormer, Satellite, Dragon, Laburnum, &c.: 4 to 1 on Highflyer.

First October Meeting.—The renewed 1400gs. a subscription of 200gs. h. ft. by four-year-olds, colts, 8st. 10lb. fillies, 8st. 7lb. B. C. won by Highflyer, beating Ilmio, Jupiter, &c.: 9 to 1 on Highflyer; also the Weights and Scales Plate of 100gs. free for any horse, &c. four-year-olds, 7st. 4lb.; five-year-olds, 8st. 5lb.; six-year-olds, 8st. 11lb.; and aged, 9st. B. C. won by Highflyer, beating Pearl, Vestal, and Tremamondo: 7 and 10 to 1 on Highflyer.

Second October Meeting.—A Post Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 7lb.; fillies, 8st. 4lb. B. C.; Highflyer received 400gs. forfeit.

Houghton Meeting.—Highflyer, four years old, 8st. beat Lord Clermont's ch. h. Dictator, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. B. C. 500gs.: 2 to 1 on Highflyer.

First Spring Meeting, 1779.—Sweepstakes, 300gs. each, h. ft. B. C. won by Highflyer, beating Magog; Dictator paid: 4 to 1 on Highflyer.

Second Spring Meeting.—Sweepstakes,

Ee

stakes,

stakes, 200gs. each, h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each, B. C. won by Highflyer, beating Dorimant and Dictator; Shark paid forfeit: 4 to 1 on Highflyer.

Nottingham, August 4, 1779.—Subscriptions of 10 guineas each, 21 subscribers, with 70gs. added by the Grand Stand, for all ages; Mr. Tattersall's Highflyer walked over.

York, August 25.—Fifty Pounds given by the City, added to a Subscription Purse of 295l. for five-year-olds, 9st. one four-mile heat; Highflyer walked over.—Same Meeting.—The Great Subscription of 295l. for six-year-olds and aged horses, was won by Highflyer.

Litchfield, Sept. 14, 1779.—Highflyer won the King's Plate of 100gs. for five-year-olds, 8st. 7lb. at two heats, though lame, beating Lord Grosvenor's mare, by Dux, and Mr. Smallman's Chesfield, drawn the second heat: 9 to 1 on Highflyer. This was his last race. The stakes won and received by Highflyer, amounted to 8,920gs. In April, when rising 5 years, he beat Dorimant easily, rising 7 years old, at even weights, over the B. C.

J. L.

#### REMARKS ON FOWLING PIECES.

A New and improved edition (the eighth) has been published by Mr. Baker, the gun-maker of Whitechapel, of his "Remarks on Rifle Guns," in which he treats of loading, presenting, and taking aim, judging distances, casting balls, and many other subjects appertaining to the use of the rifle and fowling piece. The following are among the author's remarks on fowling pieces:—

"In a preceding part of these 'Remarks,' I have stated, that, by

way of experiment, I had tried various lengths of barrels, with joints to be removed at pleasure; which have served rather for amusement than use: but after an experience which will justify an opinion founded on practice, I am assured the following will answer every purpose for field sports, and will do as much execution as may reasonably be required.

"*Single Barrel.*—Two feet 10 inches, and 13 balls to the pound; weight, 3lbs. 4 oz.; for its load, 2½ drams of powder, and 2½ oz. of shot.

"*Ditto.*—Two feet 10 inches, and 17 balls to the pound; weight, 3lbs.; for its load, 2 drams of powder, and 2 oz. of shot.

"*Ditto.*—Two feet 8 inches, and 13 balls to the pound; weight, 3lbs.; of powder, 2 drams, and of shot, 2 oz.

"*Ditto.*—Two feet 8 inches, and 17 balls to the pound; weight, 2lbs. 12 oz.; of powder, 2 drams, and of shot, 2 oz.

"The average weight of a single barrelled gun should be from 6lbs. to 6lbs. 4 oz.

"For wood or cover.—Two feet 6 inches, or 2 feet 4 inches, of the preceding dimensions, I consider the best adapted for this amusement.

"*Double Barrels.*—Two feet 8 inches, and 18 balls to the pound; weight, 3lbs. 10 oz.; of powder, 1½ dram, and of shot, 1½ oz.

"*Ditto.*—Two feet 6 inches, and 18 balls to the pound; weight, 3lbs. 6 oz.; of powder, 1½ dram, and of shot, 1½ oz.

"Weight of gun, 6lbs. 12 oz.

"*Ditto.*—Two feet 8 inches, and 22 balls to the pound; weight, 3lbs. 9 oz.; of powder, 1½ dram, and of shot, 1½ oz.

"*Ditto.*—Two feet 6 inches, and

and 22 balls to the pound; weight, 3lbs. 5 oz.: of powder,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  dram, and of shot,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz.

"Weight of gun, from 6lbs. 4 oz. to 6lbs. 8 oz.

"Frequent accidents occur with double barrelled guns; and as I am anxious to put every one on his guard, I will endeavour to point out in what manner they happen, and how to prevent them. It is a common occurrence, that gentlemen usually fire the right-hand barrel at a single bird; and if another do not rise to discharge his left-hand barrel, he will continue to fire the same barrel for many hours. In this case, the charge in the other barrel will become loose: and the same will occur with the right, if the left be fired first. When the shot by this practice becomes loose, the air will find its way between the powder and shot, and there is then great danger of the barrel bursting. To prevent such catastrophe, when you charge the barrel which has been fired, put your ramrod down the other, or loaded barrel, by which means both charges become solid, and no danger can accrue. By this method, however, I have known much trouble arise by carelessness: for example; having reloaded with powder the barrel fired off, many gentlemen, who are aware of the necessity of ramming down the charge in the other barrel, leave the rammer in the one while they put the shot into the other—and it sometimes happens, from hurry, or some other cause, that a few shots will fall into that barrel where the ramrod remains quiet, and thus fix it so tight, that it is not easy to remove it. In this case the piece must be turned upside down, and the ramrod gently moved, when the shot so fallen in

will come out. Of course the charge of shot in the other barrel will fall out too, as there is no wadding to prevent it. I mention this last trifling loss of shot, as even that may be saved by turning the gun over into your hand. I have also known barrels burst from the sportsman falling, or from getting dirt or snow in the muzzle—in either of which cases the gun should never be fired until it has been carefully inspected for the former, and perfectly cleaned from the latter.

"Duck or wild fowl.—Three feet 8 inches, and 10 balls; weight, 6lbs. 4 oz.; of powder,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  drams, and of shot,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  oz.

"Ditto.—Three feet 4 inches, and 12 balls; weight, 5lbs. 8 oz.; of powder, 3 drams, and of shot, 3 oz.

"Weight of gun, from 8lbs. to 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

"I consider that all fowling pieces exceeding the above in weight would be attended with no possible advantage, but would be rather cumbersome to the sportsman in general.

"I do not wish to lay down the preceding as rules from which no deviation should be made under particular circumstances—I have detailed them rather as a guide for younger sportsmen. The experienced will be aware, that nothing but practice will give the average proportion of powder and shot to each fowling piece; as it is well known a specific charge apportioned to one gun will not do for another."

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#### BRITISH BIRDS.

IN Mr. Bewick's work on "British Birds," printed in 1805, to which he has been for some time pre-

preparing a Supplement, there are sixty-four species of birds wanting figures. The third volume of "Montagu's Ornithological Dictionary," published in 1813, contains thirty birds which were not known as permanent inhabitants, or temporary visitants, of this kingdom, eight years previous to that period, making in all ninety-four species of strongly marked varieties. Of these, Mr. Bewick has since delineated thirty-two, with his usual accuracy; but the subjoined lists will point out the subjects that are still desiderata. The following is a list of land birds, figures of which are wanting in the edition published in 1805:—1, jer falcon; 2, gentil falcon; 3, lanner; 4, great-eared owl; 5, little-eared owl; 6, woodchat; 7, carrion crow; 8, rose-coloured ouzel; 9, missel thrush; 10, middle spotted woodpecker; 11, lesser spotted woodpecker; 12, pine grossbeak; 13, snow bunting; 14, canary finch; 15, greater redpole; 16, field lark; 17, grasshopper lark; 18, spotted flycatcher; 19, fauvette pettichaps; 20, yellow willow wren; 21, least willow wren; 22, grey plover. Of Nos. 4, 5, 8, 9, 15, 16, 17, 18, and 22, Mr. Bewick has procured specimens some time since. Among the water birds wanting in the former edition of Mr. Bewick's birds, are the following:—1, great white heron; 2, great snipe; 3, cinereous godwit; 4, Cambridge godwit; 5, lesser godwit; 6, shore sandpiper; 7, gambet, a variety of the ruff; 8, ash-coloured sandpiper; 9, brown sandpiper; 10, Greenwich sandpiper, a variety of the ruff; 11, black sandpiper; 12, red sandpiper; 13, greater coot, a variety of the common coot; 14, phalarope; 15, eared grebe; 16, black chin grebe, a variety of the little grebe;

17, black billed auk; 18, spotted guillemot; 19, imber; 20, black-throated diver; 21, black tern; 22, sterna nivea; 23, brown tern; 24, herring gull, the old state of the wagel; 25, winter gull, the young of the common gull; 26, brown-headed gull, the young of the black, also the red-legged gull; 27, tarrock, the young of the kitty-wake; 28, Arctic gull, the old of the black-toed gull; 29, red-headed smew, a variety of the common; 30, lough driver; 31, wild swan; 32, Canada goose; 33, Egyptian goose; 34, white-fronted wild goose or scalp duck; 35, bean goose; 36, musk duck; 37, hook-billed duck, a variety of the common; 38, red-breasted shoveler; 39, gadwall; 40, bimaculated duck; 41, ferruginous duck; 42, morrilon, a variety of the golden eye. Of Nos. 12, 14, 15, 17, 21, 22, 32, and 41, Mr. B. has procured specimens.

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#### PUGILISM,

BETWEEN COOPER, THE GIPSY, AND O'LEARY, THE IRISHMAN.

THIS fight excited much interest from the goodness of the men. They had fought a very gallant battle some months ago, when Cooper won it very hard; and as O'Leary had been fed upon potatoes rather than beef-steaks, a countryman of his, of some weight in the sporting world, anxious to couple condition with the manhood displayed in the former combat, backed him at once for fifty guineas. This battle took place eighteen miles from London, on Tuesday, Aug. 7, 1821, where Spring beat Bob Burns, and Cooper beat West Country Dick. At half-past one the men entered the ring. Seconds, Shelton and Gas for Cooper, and

and Randall and Jones for O'Leary. Average betting, even.

#### ROUNDS.

1. O'Leary made play, false hits. Cooper went over blooded, missed all hits, but threw his adversary by a superiority in that qualification.

2. Cooper made play with the springing right-handed hit, but he missed his distance, and in closing, O'Leary was again thrown.

3. Cooper tried right-handed hits half round over his adversary's guard, which partly told, and partly were thwarted by the caution of O'Leary in parrying. Hitting to a stand-still, but O'Leary's left-handed work gave him best; but Cooper rushed in again, and threw his man. Even betting.

4. Cooper threw away a right-handed blow at the head, and O'Leary missed his left-handed hits in return, and was hurried to the ropes, but he clawed himself up from the stakes, and threw his adversary.

5. The men had tried to do more than they could last at. Cooper's right hand was placed flush upon the ear, which did not seem to do any mischief. In a close, both down, and betting even.

6. Cooper made the play, and did not make a hit, nor could O'Leary, from weakness, return upon him.

Until the 10th round both were at bay, but in that round O'Leary placed a sort of jobbing hit, but was thrown for it.

11. O'Leary hitting out with his left hand repeatedly, and his antagonist not stopping, received until his head was chanciered, and his snorting made his *pals* mourn. In a close both down, Cooper uppermost.

In the subsequent rounds, Co-

per received a hard hit in the 16th round, his adversary thinking he had a superiority in throwing.

We pass over this part to the 21st round, when an excellent rallying hit and hit-round followed, to the advantage of O'Leary, who received a heavy fall, which a good deal spoiled him.

22, 23, and 24. All in favour of O'Leary.

26. Cooper was thrown in a close, and in the 27th he was worsted also; and in the 28th, he received a flush hit on the mouth, and was thrown. Three to 1 on O'Leary.

Nothing particular occurred till the 31st round, which began in favour of O'Leary, who made play, but was floored at the end by a right-handed hit upon the head.

In the 37th round Cooper was thrown.

The last and 38th round. Cooper appeared at the scratch, with his left eye closed, and his right handed up. Cooper hit his adversary a heavy blow on the temple, which finished the fight for the Gipsy.

#### OBSERVATIONS.

Previous to the fight, betting had rapidly changed from 6 to 4 on the Gipsy, to the like odds on O'Leary. The 'hero of the bush' appeared to have had the "best of it" in point of training; but these travelling coves are always rough and ready, and are scarcely ever in want of training. O'Leary soon began to exhibit symptoms of piping, but it was more owing to the numerous heavy body blows he received from the left hand of the Gipsy, in close conduct, than bad condition. The Gipsy also adopted the Gas-light Man's mode of fighting, in some instances, feeling for the nob of his opponent with his

his left hand, and then administering severe punishment with his right hand. One of the peepers of Gipsy was closed; and he fought many rounds under great disadvantages. We are sorry to say that the blow which decided the battle proved fatal to O'Leary. He was taken off the ground in a state of stupor, to the Cock Inn, at Sutton, where he expired about nine o'clock; he was bled, and there was no want of medical aid, but it was all to no purpose, as the blow caused a rupture of one of the vessels of the brain.—A verdict of *Manslaughter* was returned by the Coroner's Jury against Cooper.

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#### CONJURATION, A LA MODE DE LONDRES.

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CONJURATION is nearly as old as the creation, and no doubt mother Eve, obviously born with her full share of irresistible female curiosity, would have consulted a sage, had one existed, on the event of plucking the forbidden fruit; but unfortunately, no one was present but Adam, and he was no conjuror. The *Magi* of ancient Egypt were the highest reputed conjurors upon the whole earth, until their unfortunate competition with Moses, who, though he gave them so much weight, beat them all easily over the course. In fact, wise men and conjurors abounded throughout all antiquity, not to forget witches, of which there has been an unbroken succession, from the Witch of Endor to Grace Pitt of Ipswich, who *exploded* in 1744, leaving no other relics than her toe and finger nails, and a sample of her bones, and whose great granddaughter was a *real witch* at fifteen, as we can vouch. Is it in

nature, or possible, for the moderns to neglect authorities of such high antiquity? We shall presently see that no blame can attach to them on that score. All history confirms our verdict. To pass over foreign examples, and take a leap backward to the era of our civil wars, Lilly, the almanack maker, astrologer and conjuror, was conjuror enough to butter his bread on both sides, and to raise a comfortable independence, on which to live and laugh at the credulity of mankind. He was consulted by both parties. Charles I. was so weak as to have recourse to the *sortes Virgilianæ* at Oxford (see Clarendon's History), and when the book opened with some lines of tremendous import, changed colour, and left the room under obvious embarrassment. That grave Monarch was even weak or orthodox enough to apply to Lilly for a peep into futurity, previously to hoisting the Royal standard at Nottingham. Nor was this sage custom confined to the *enlightened* nations of Europe, for the voyagers on discovery had already discovered, among other notable discoveries, that the unenlightened heathen, whether of India or America, were not far behind their polite superiors in this important science. Witness Butler, in his account of the magician Sidrophel, in *Hudibras*—

"Your skillful Indian Magician  
Makes but a hole in the earth to p— in,  
And straight resolves all questions by 't,  
And seldom fails to be in the right."

To come to our own times, the most magnificent Emperor of China, with his string of jaw-setting names, who has lately "set out to dwell with the immortals," never engaged in a war, made a progress, built a temple, granted permission for the drowning of a few thou-



thousand infants, took a puke, a dose of salts, had an *enema* administered, or swallowed a few grains of mercury on a particular occasion, without consulting his conjurors, of whom he kept a numerous and regular stud. To look at home, the ladies of our old Court (hush! not a word of the new) were too intelligent, and had too great a regard for precedent, to neglect the occult science, as is well ascertained, and "proved in print" by many authentic details of journeys by moon and star-light, from St. James's to Moorfields. Besides, modern ladies of all ranks, from the scullery upwards to the drawing-room, entertain an unconquerable conviction of the existence of such a power as that of conjuring. The argument, "why, he told such a person the truth," is unanswerable; and neither will the capricious scepticism of the nameless young woman be able to prevent casting of nativities or foretelling future events; nor the rigour of a barbarous, cruel, heard-hearted, and unlearned Magistracy, with their whole host of myrmidons, who have ungenerously suspended the professional duties of Joseph Dixon, succeed, with all their Gothic rage, in extinguishing the light of vaticination.

We conclude our article with the following statement, which the newspapers give from a police office in the Borough of Southwark:—

UNION HALL.—Thursday, Aug. 16, a man, who gave his name Joseph Dixon, a professor of the *black art*, was brought up on a warrant in the custody of Collingburn and G. Smith, officers, charged with defrauding a young woman of 13s. in silver, under the following circumstances:—

The complainant had often ex-

pressed an inclination to pry into the secrets of futurity, and as "kitchen report" spoke highly of the prisoner's talents in that respect, she was induced to pay him a visit. On Saturday, the 4th inst. she waited on the conjuror (having previously obtained the secret of his residence from another female), at No. 15, Queen-street, near the Cobourg Theatre; she was led into his *awful* presence with great caution by the people of the house, and having informed him of the nature of her visit, he took a pair of compasses, and with great solemnity began to consult a globe, and then a scroll, and he occasionally appeared to compare his observations thereon. At length, he rose with great dignity, and told her that she was born under a warm planet; but the complainant did not comprehend the nature of his discourse, being but ill versed in the planetary scheme. He next told her that when she was eight years old, she had had a fall of a very severe nature, and that her mother had a great deal of trouble with her. Of the latter she was unable to say much; but the fall she could not recollect, and had never heard the least mention of it. These doubts she accordingly ventured to mention to the *seer*, who at once silenced her with a controlling shake of the head, adding that he never yet was deceived in his calculations. Her confidence, however, was shaken, and a momentary pause ensued, during which the conjuror again explored the mystic scroll; on turning to her, his countenance bespoke a discovery of some consequence, and taking hold of her hand, he asked, in a sepulchral tone, "Tell me, young woman, had you not an offer of marriage when you were twenty?" With the greatest vene-

eneration for the profundity of his knowledge, she admitted the delicate fact, and all her doubts were now vanished—even to the fall at eight years old she was perfectly reconciled, and no longer entertained a doubt of it. He next added, that she had experienced a great deal of illness; on which she began to charge her memory, and could immediately recollect numerous tooth-aches, colds, catarrhs, spasms, &c. He, however, consoled her with the intimation, that, although she would encounter a violent fit of sickness at the age of 35, she would, nevertheless, be better off than ever she was before. He then closed the scroll, stating, that he could perceive nothing else of an "eventful" nature; and the complainant, highly gratified at the success of the business, offered him a fee of 2s. 6d. but he demanded 3s. which was cheerfully paid him. Still, however, there was a subject upon which the *oracle* had not touched, and which seemed sorely to grieve the credulous young woman, lest it should form no part of her destiny. Without, therefore, overstepping the modesty of her sex, she determined to make a last effort, and for that purpose she requested to know if he would cast her nativity, and what he would charge for writing it out. His answer was 11.; but on her representing that she was only a servant, he consented to take 10s. The complainant had now no doubt that a husband awaited her, and she immediately paid the prisoner a sovereign, who returned her the change, at the same time desiring her to call on the Saturday following, at which time every thing would be ready. With this understanding they parted mutually satisfied. Next day, the complain-

ant having reflected on her adventure with the magician, began to think that her money had been very foolishly expended. She did nothing all day but repent of her folly, and at length she determined on sending one of her fellow servants to the prisoner, with a request to return the money, as she had changed her mind; but this he was *too wise* to consent to. She called on him herself on the Saturday, and proposed to let him have 2s. out of the ten for his trouble, if he returned the other eight. He declared he had not so much about him, but she might take the pictures in his room (which were of no value) if she pleased, and if that did not satisfy her, she might do her worst. On the next Wednesday she called again, on which occasion he called Nathaniel Smith, the landlord, who turned her out of doors with considerable violence, threatening her with worse treatment if ever she came there again.

The officers stated, that, in consequence of information which they received from the prosecutrix, they proceeded with a warrant to the prisoner's residence, where, after considerable difficulty, they gained admission, and found the defendant in the exercise of his *professional* duties with two young ladies. At first he offered bribes, and then resistance, but the *charm* availed him nothing; the *spell* was broken, and he was compelled to surrender. The officers then entered his *sanctum sanctorum*, a small anti-chamber, which they found full of instruments generally used in the cabalistic art.

Mr. Chambers committed the conjuror as a rogue and vagabond, and ordered Smith, the landlord, to find bail for the assault.

## UNQUALIFIED PERSONS

NOT PERMITTED TO KEEP SPORTING  
DOGS.*Action tried at Essex Lent Assizes, Aug. 8,  
before the Hon. Mr. Justice Burrough.**Hayward, Esq. qui tam, v. Horner.*

**T**HIS was an action upon the statute of Anne, against the defendant, to recover a penalty of 5l. for keeping a dog for the purpose of killing game, not being duly qualified.

The plaintiff's case was conducted by Mr. Marryatt and Mr. Jessopp, and the defendant's by Mr. Gurney and Mr. Chitty.

The plaintiff was stated to be a gentleman of landed property at Haverill, Essex, and the defendant a considerable landholder in his neighbourhood, in the parish of Steeple Bumpsted. The facts proved against the defendant were, that he kept a setter bitch and two puppy pointers in his house. About two years since he had used the setter for the purpose of killing game; but from that time to this there was no proof that he had ever used the dog, except for the purpose of taking it out now and then for a little air and exercise. In other respects it was only used as a house-dog. The question was, whether the defendant was liable to a penalty for keeping a dog for the purpose of killing game?

Mr. Gurney, for the defendant, submitted that this was clearly not a case within the statute. To bring the defendant within the penalties, it must be clearly shewn that he kept the dog with the intent to kill game. He referred to a case in the 15th East's Reports, where it was held by Lord Ellenborough, under nearly similar circumstances, that a young dog kept in the house, though of a sporting breed, was not

sufficient to subject the party to the penalties of the statute.

Mr. Justice Burrough thought it was a question for the Jury, and said he was not aware that it had ever yet been distinctly decided, that a person who kept a sporting dog, though he did not actually use it for that purpose, was exempt from the penalty. The case referred to was distinguishable from this, because there the dog was so young that it would have been useless for the purpose of killing game; but here the dog was obviously a sporting dog, and, two years since, had been so used by the defendant. He could have sincerely wished, however, that the law would have enabled him to nonsuit the plaintiff, for he had never heard of a more cruel or unjustifiable action on the Game Laws.

Mr. Gurney then went to the Jury, and put it to them in strong terms, whether the defendant had kept the dog with intent to kill game. He urged that the evidence in the cause completely negated the intention. He animadverted upon the iniquity of the action, which strongly marked a spirit of oppression which, he hoped and believed, was not prevalent amongst the gentry of the country towards their tenantry. If they believed that the defendant had not kept the dog for the purpose imputed, he was entitled to a verdict. He hoped the law of England was not yet so oppressive that a man might not breed dogs either for sale or domestic uses, without subjecting himself to penalties. The Game Laws were written in sufficiently strong characters, and were already executed with a sufficient degree of rigour, without putting this additional construction upon them, which would render the situation

of a farmer under an oppressive Squire absolutely intolerable.

Mr. Justice Burrough expressed extreme regret that this action had been brought by a gentleman, described as a man of fortune and respectability, because he thought it one of the hardest that ever came to his knowledge; but he was bound to tell the Jury, that a man who kept a sporting dog, though there was no proof of his having actually used it to destroy game, was liable to a penalty. The same observation would not apply to the keeping a gun, because a gun was necessary to the defence of a man's house: but there was no occasion for a man keeping a sporting dog for that purpose. A common house dog would answer the same object equally well. If he was wrong in his ruling, the defendant would have an opportunity of correcting his judgment in the Court of King's Bench, and with that view he would reserve the question, in order that the point might be finally settled.

The Jury expressed great reluctance in finding a verdict for the plaintiff; but, in deference to his Lordship's opinion, in point of law, they felt themselves bound to find a verdict for the plaintiff—penalty, five pounds.

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#### SPORTING OVER THE YORK (ASSIZE) COURSE.

*Sir John Bayley the Judge.*

*Breach of Promise of Marriage.—Davison v. Wilson.*

**MR.** Coltman opened the pleadings.—The plaintiff, James Davison, asked compensation in damages for breach of promise of marriage by Rachel Wilson, the defendant. The defendant denied that any promise had been given, and upon that issue was joined.

Mr. Scarlett.—He had to state to them the case opened by his learned friend. The plaintiff now applied to them for some reparation in damages for the loss he had sustained, in being deprived of a marriage which had been contracted, and from which he had reason to expect comfort and happiness. A celebrated writer who would be admired as long as the English language lived, and whose observations on life, manners, and human nature formed the surest authority to which their attention could be directed—he meant Lord Bacon; this celebrated writer had said, that “a young man marries for a mistress; a middle-aged man for a companion; an old man for a nurse.” This remark was authorised by the highest species of philosophy, and by the justest views of human nature. “It is not good for man to be alone.” Solitude at any period of life was not good: we were made for society, and for communicating and enjoying pleasure or consolation by reciprocity of attention and kindness. He made these remarks, because he observed a smile upon some faces on account of the age of his client. He admitted that he was 68; and if at least he could not provide himself with a nurse, on account of the defendant's conduct, he was entitled to damages, and must feel as sensibly as a younger man the loss he suffered. The defendant was sufficiently advanced in life, to be answerable for her promises; she had attained to all the discretion which years ensured; she was not a giddy, thoughtless, extravagant girl; she was not of an age that would make her marriage with the plaintiff unhappy, as in many cases which occurred. She was a very steady, a very discreet, a very sensible lady, and

and of an age quite suitable for the plaintiff. Miss Wilson, he understood, was sixty-four years of age. (The burst of laughter infected the learned counsel himself, and occasioned a short pause in the love-story.) They saw how difficult it was to excite sympathy for love at this age. He wished he possessed the genius and the eloquence of a celebrated writer, a foreigner, who charmed all his readers by the description of love at the age of sixty, or that he felt the genius and poetic fire of a great writer of our own age and country, Lord Byron, who had made the love of an old man of eighty the subject of a tragedy. The love which he had to state to the Jury, was one of the soberest views which the passion presented. But there was great advantage, after all, in aged love—in having the comforts and advantages of a steady and matured union of sentiments. A true friend was not to be found in any other state, if it was true that there was no real friendship but in perfect community of interests. The plaintiff had been originally a sea-faring man, and by his distinguished gallantry on board of a vessel which he commanded, he had raised himself to notice. He had been married, and had had a family, of whom some were now living. His wife had died in 1805. Since that time he lived in Ayton, where the defendant lived with her father, mother, and younger sister. The plaintiff's and defendant's families meeting, in the same line of life, they became acquainted. From long acquaintance, Mr. Davison and Miss Wilson learned to esteem each other. When he became a widower, his visits were more frequent. She had then a brother, who was his particular friend, but was now dead. They thus

became extremely well acquainted with each other, and cherished the greatest mutual respect. —At length, her father, her mother, and her younger sister died, leaving her alone of the family. He (Mr. Scarlett) was able to shew, that before this period great intimacy and constant intercourse had subsisted, though there had been then no views of a matrimonial connexion, but of friendship only. But at that time the mutual attachment which had been so long increasing had taken a different turn. She was left desolate, not in fortune, for she had 10,000l.: but she was alone in life; having lost her father, mother, brother, and sister. This gentleman continued to be one of her most intimate friends; in him she reposed confidence; him she consulted in the administration of her affairs. In this state she would not find it inconvenient to have the affection and attachment of one who understood the world, and who could be of great use in managing her affairs. She, living alone in the house which her family had occupied, had resolved, from the extreme inconveniences of the house, which was old, and too large, to sell it. She quitted it, and took lodgings of a Mr. Williams, in Gisbrough, leaving the plaintiff to arrange the various matters which she had to settle in Ayton. At this period he should begin to lay before them evidences of that contract, the breach of which was the ground of the present action, although he felt averse to expose the enlightened communications which were made upon this subject. She had actually made the plaintiff engage a house in order to live together in it as man and wife. How it was, then, that the union had

not taken place would be shewn to them. He (Mr. Scarlett) did not mean to say that his client had been so absurd as to despise the additional comforts to be derived from a wife's fortune; but her fortune had not been his object. He had said—"With respect to fortune, I ask not a farthing: settle it as you please, except what may be necessary for our living comfortably." But as matters approached a crisis, and after she had left the house at Ayton, he wrote her a letter, which the other party were now challenged to produce, saying—"that she ought to communicate to Mr. and Mrs. Dodds her intention of changing her condition." That was the cause of the present action, for they, one or both, had dissuaded her from fulfilling her engagement. He would now lay before them the correspondence. They would not find in it the strong expressions of passion which a girl of 18 might be expected to use: but the sober discretion and the prudence which were required in a wife predominated. (The learned counsel here read extracts of several letters, in which the maiden lady made arrangements respecting her nephew, William Wilson, an orphan, and the mortgage of an estate, and from which the learned counsel inferred unbounded confidence in her plighted lover.) Her letter of Oct. 7, 1820, she directed him to burn. Why that caution? What she wrote must have meaning in it, when so much caution was applied to it. In her letter of October 18, the first intimation of her intention to change her condition appeared. She avowed some views which she was unwilling to commit to paper. Those views were communicated at a personal interview. They

could not be proved as thus communicated, but they could be inferred from other letters. In her letter of the 2d of December she wrote—"Time brings all things about." Just what a lady always said when the fixing of the day was proposed. Ask that it should be to-morrow? Impossible: but time brings all things about. "If it should be told to Mr. —, it will make me quite unhappy." This must have been some jester, who would make her uncomfortable by his jest on the subject. "None of my relations would disapprove of it." Let them observe that. Disapprove of what? The directions for taking a house, the apprehensions of ridicule, the reference to time bringing about all things, that was clearly the wedding day: then the allusions to the month of May proved distinctly what step the lady meant to take. She directed that two cows would be sufficient. This was prudent attention. She further regretted that she had not been able to go to Ayton on a certain day to drink tea, but she would go on a certain day for the *electrifying machine*. (Here the learned counsel was interrupted with laughter.) He would explain what this meant. Her young nephew was supposed to require electric shocks, and she would go to Ayton for the electrifying machine, and thus see Captain Davison, whom she had disappointed by not having kept her engagement in going to tea. This was a good excuse for going to Ayton. She had been invited by some friends to the York Assizes. The Spring Assizes at York were pleasant. He understood that there were festivities on those occasions, of which persons partook who did not work so hard "as you and I." May time, too, was approaching.

proaching. That was the happy month, which time, that brought all things about, was to bring. That was the month which the poet celebrated as the month of marriage :—

“ Now from the virgin’s cheek a fresher bloom

Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round.

Her lips blush deeper sweets—

The shining moisture swells into her eye.

—her wishing bosom heaves.

With palpitations wild, kind tumults seize

Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.”

(Repeated bursts of laughter.)

“ Whenever you marry again, gentlemen, May is the proper time.” She intimates to her accepted lover that she was to be gay next week at York, where she was to attend concerts and other amusements, suited to her prospects, and she directs him to take the intended house only for six years. This was extremely prudent and proper, for the house might not be large enough in the course of six years. She approved of his advice to communicate her intention to Mr. and Mrs. Dodds, because they were good religious persons, and very friendly to her and her family. She next corresponded respecting her residence after her return from York till the merry month of May, and in one of her letters she wrote, “ I am very much watched here.” She felt inconvenience in writing her letters and getting them into the Post-office. It had been all probably kind attention only, but she thought, as ladies in such circumstances were apt to think, that all eyes were upon her. (A laugh.) In this correspondence it appeared evident that she was to change her situation, that she knew the plaintiff’s attachment, and approved of it, and that her wedding day was put off till May, for that was the time to bring all things about. But

upon consulting Mr. and Mrs. Dodds a change of mind took place, and she wrote a cold and doubtful letter. He asked an explanation. She answered with the same coldness and reserve. This was no doubt the advice of respectable persons. He did not blame Mr. and Mrs. Dodds; every one had his own views of happiness.

Mr. Justice Bayley.—A very kind advice it was to prevent them from doing a very foolish thing.

Mr. Scarlett.—Another letter was written, intimating that the house would not be required, and this letter was subscribed “ your obedient servant, Rachel Wilson.” (The former subscriptions had been “ yours, sincerely, &c.”) The Jury would see from those circumstances the ground of complaint. She was most competent to judge for herself. There was a great deal of good feeling and good sense in the letters which he had referred to. If, then, the contract was such as she had thought proper to make, and then to break, ought not some compensation to be made to the plaintiff? There were many reasons which might induce a man to look to marriage for happiness. Looking up to a matrimonial situation was surely a meritorious thing in any man. For the last fifteen years the plaintiff had been intimate with the defendant, and he was now thrown back on all the miseries of solitude. He was deprived of the prospect which her promise had encouraged him to look to, and he lost a companion to support his old age. He would prove the promise from the letters of which he had read extracts.

Mr. Justice Bayley.—And the breach, too, I suppose? His Lordship then held a short conversation with Mr. Scarlett, we suppose  
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in recommending an arrangement of a cause which his Lordship evidently thought was ill fitted for a court of justice. The attempt, however, appeared in the first instance to fail.

Mr. George Dodds looked at a volume of letters put into his hands, and said he believed they were Miss Wilson's hand-writing. I think I have not seen any of Mr. Davison's letters to the defendant. I do know from Miss Wilson that she received some. I think she did not shew me any. At my age I cannot remember things as I ought. I think I did not hear any of them read. I don't know from Miss Wilson that she intended to marry. She did mention her intention of changing her situation—in respect to the house taken at Ayton. That was the only change of situation she communicated to me. I swear it. She did not communicate any other change of situation to Mrs. Dodds in my hearing.

An arrangement was again attempted.

Mr. Scarlett.—Gentlemen of the Jury, I accede to a proposition from my Lord to take a verdict for a very small sum, and proceed no further in this cause. I beg to say that I did not mean to cast any reflection on the lady. Persons have a right to judge what is most suitable for themselves at every period of life; and though solemn promises are not to be broken with impunity, yet, considering the ages of the parties, and their situation in life, I could not expect such damages from you as if they were younger, and there were more love and sentiment in their attachment.

Mr. Raine.—I am very glad, Gentlemen, that this cause is put an end to.

Mr. Justice Bayley.—Twenty pounds is all in the circumstance which I have thought the plaintiff entitled to.

The Foreman.—That is as much as we should be disposed to give.

Mr. Justice Bayley.—I am happy that we have the same understanding on the subject.

Verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, 20l.

The Court was extremely crowded, especially with ladies, and we never saw more merriment excited by the afflictions of disappointed love.

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#### ON CONFINING SINGING BIRDS.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*

SIR,  
SOME years since, I made my appeal to the fellow feelings, so to express myself, and humanity of the readers of the *Sporting Magazine*, against the abominable and cold-hearted, though universal custom, of making poor birds prisoners for life, confining them between wires, in a narrow cage, and robbing them of all the rights and blessings of nature; and all this for the paltry gratification of being amused by their song, paltry, since the pleasure is obtained by cruel means. Looking lately over my old papers, I found the following verses on this subject, written in the year 1782, by a lady at New York, which I think will not disgrace your pages.

#### VOX HUMANITATIS.

ADDRESS IN FAVOUR OF A SINGING BIRD.

The tuneful strains that glad thy heart,  
Ah! whence, obdurate, do they flow?  
Thy warbler's song, unknown to art,  
But breathes its little soul of woe.

His life of pleasure but a day,  
That transient day, how soon it flies!  
Regard, my friend, the plaintive lay,  
Restore him to his native skies.

E'er,



E'er, while a tenant of the grove,  
And blithest of the feather'd train,  
He gave to freedom, joy, and love,  
The artless, tributary strain.

Indignant, see him spurn the cage,  
With feeble wings, its wires assail;  
And now despair succeeds to rage,  
And sorrow pours the mournful tale.

O you, whose fond parental care  
First bade my grateful song arise,  
First taught me how to wing the air,  
And range abroad the boundless skies;

My grief for you, ah! what can tell!  
Who now, each duteous right performs?  
And, when you bid the world farewell,  
With leaves shall shroud your lifeless forms!

But oh! still deeper than the rest,  
For thee, dear partner of my love!  
No anxious cares assail my breast—  
Ah! whither, whither does thou rove?

What clime, what unknown region hears  
Thy tender song of sorrow flow?  
Who now, thy pensive moments cheers,  
And soothes or shares thy every woe!

For thee I fram'd the tuneful lay—  
Then, tuneful lay, farewell to you!  
To all that's charming, all that's gay,  
And thou, dear flatterer, hope, adieu!

#### SPORTING IN THE MIRACULOUS; OR, REVERIES ON THE SAGA- CITY OF ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

*To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.*  
SIR,

BEING curious in observing what foreigners write upon English manners and customs, and meeting with a work of the last century in the German language, under the alluring title of *Miscellanea Curiosa*, I observed that the author, after noticing the common practice in some parts of the Continent of sending dogs on errands, mentions a sportsman who had a dog that had been taught to cover and lay the table. Sometimes, when placing spoons, &c. if his master cried out, "Do you know who that is for?" he would change the article for one better adapted to the quality of the guest. Several years ago, it seems to have been the

custom to bring learned horses to Leipsic, Dresden, and other places, particularly from England. One horse, brought from Italy, is said to have understood the German and the Italian languages. This horse would make his obedience to the company, stand as a sentinel, and point out the hour when he expected to be relieved; fetch wood to lay upon the fire, or fetch water in a bason to wash the hands; select the handsomest woman in company, and make his obedience to her, &c. These actions, the author thought, could not have been performed by any animal totally devoid of the least spark of reason. After noticing a variety of instances of sagacity in animals generally known, the author refers to the feathered creation, and asserts that it is commonly believed that the stork, previous to the breaking out of a fire, has left the place of her residence, with her young, particularly at Bergen, in Norway. In May, 1702, another instance, not less remarkable, was, that during one of the wars, when the Palatinate was over-run by the French, about three days before their army crossed the Rhine, the storks, as the public papers of that time testified, left the Palatinate, Spires, and Baden Durlach, in sufficient time to escape the unusual devastations that followed that incursion. The same author relates an anecdote of a parrot that was kept at Chelsea, in the house of the celebrated Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England under Henry VIII. Poll being often carried over the Thames, had frequently heard the watermen call out, "a boat! a boat!" and happening once to fall into the water, immediately exclaimed, "a boat! a boat! twenty pounds for a boat."

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The waterman that saved Poll, is represented as having been simple enough to apply to Sir Thomas More, and plead her promise of a great reward: but the question being put to Poll, she exclaimed, "No, no! give the knave a groat." But, waiving these exaggerations, the offspring of credulity, it is certain that there is almost an infinite variety in the notes and tones of various creatures on different occasions. The cry of the hen when she produces an egg, is different from that when she has hatched it; and that with which she calls her young brood together, may be distinguished from that which she uses to warn them of danger, as the approach of a hawk or a kite.

Among the singular narrations of the intelligence of the stork in Germany, one of them is calculated to favour the opinion that this bird during winter retires to the East Indies. It is commonly said that among the Dutch and Germans, who are fond of seeing these birds build in and about their houses, some have observed the storks, especially on their return, endeavouring to give all possible notice of it by a noise they make resembling *cooing*. One of these, as his host approached to caress him, shaking his long neck, dropped him out a fine root of fresh ginger. Franzis in his *Historia Animalium*, relates, that a woman sitting in the fields, seeing a number of storks flying, observed a young one drop to the ground and break its leg, upon which, taking up the bird, and binding up the limb, the bird was soon able to fly again. But it happened in the following summer as this woman was nearly on the same spot, she again saw the same flight of storks, when one of them alighted close to her feet, and from

its gullet emitted a precious stone as a token of gratitude to its benefactor, then resting for a short time upon the low roof of a cow house, the woman observed the fracture of the leg she had bound up the preceding summer. The third narration that borders still more upon the marvellous, is said to have occurred in Italy, where a serpent had several times writhed up a tree to a stork's nest and devoured the young ones; but the third time that this was likely to have happened, the stork who had been abroad, returned in company with another bird smaller than itself, but with a wonderfully long and sharp beak. As it seems to have been expected, soon after the stork had hatched her young, her old enemy the serpent made his way to the nest, when a most extraordinary conflict commenced; all the serpent's attempts to wind himself round his opponent were in vain, the strange bird continually sprung up in the air, and then descending plunged his sharp beak into his enemy, who at length had scarcely vigour enough left to draw its slow length along. The consequences to the bird from the poisonous embraces of the serpent was the loss of all its feathers. Perhaps it is unnecessary to add, that the strange bird was suffered to remain in the stork's nest till its feathers grew again, when the stork, and his little spirited ally, flew away together.

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#### ALLEGED CRUELTY TO A HORSE.

*Trial at the Devonshire Assizes, by a Special Jury.*

The King v. Cox.

THIS was an indictment against the defendant, Mr. Isaac Cox, a very respectable solicitor, at Honiton,

sion, in that county, as the avowed author of some paragraphs which appeared in Trewman's Exeter paper of the 1st of February, and in the *Alfred* Exeter paper of the same month, with some additional observations. The alleged libel was as follows\* :—

" January 30, 1821.

" **SIDMOUTH.**—An instance of most brutal cruelty was witnessed at this place last week. A young man, about nineteen years of age, a student at the Royal Military College, at Sandhurst, after riding his horse on the beach, ordered his groom to take it into the dung-courtyard of the York Hotel stables. The groom soon discovered his intention was to destroy the animal, and petitioned in vain that it might be spared. The young man fired a smelt pistol at it, and the bullet entered just under the eye. The poor creature flew out of the back of the groom, and dashed itself against a wall: as it went off, another pistol was fired at its hind parts. He then had it caught and brought up to him, in order that he might again fire. The wretched state of the poor animal beggars description; it had a wound under its eye, where the first shot entered, the eye partly destroyed, and blood and water running profusely down its face, whilst every part of its frame trembled with agony; it was thus kept whilst the young man sent his brother, a lad of about eleven or twelve years of age, to cut fresh bullets. A quarter of an hour elapsed before the bullets were brought, and the poor creature was twice more fired at by its inhuman master. The repeated discharge of pistols brought several persons into the yard; who, at length, sent for the proper people

to put the suffering animal out of misery: but this was not effected till it had been kept in a most mangled and pitiable state three quarters of an hour from the first shot. Those who witnessed this savage conduct loaded the young wretch with reproaches, but drew from him no expression of feeling or sorrow. Many of the inhabitants determined to institute a criminal prosecution against him, and were about to open a subscription for the purpose, when they were informed, to their surprise and sorrow, that there is no law to punish acts of this description however barbarous or cruel." This was inserted in Trewman's paper on the 1st of February; and on the 6th of that month it again appeared, with some very trivial alterations, in the *Alfred* paper of the 6th, with the following observations prefixed:—" We cannot avoid directing the serious attention of our readers to the following circumstance which lately occurred at Sidmouth. The atrocity of the deed has excited, wherever known, a general feeling of abhorrence towards the wretch who possesses a heart so lost to the feelings of humanity, as to imbrue his hands in the blood of a useful and unoffending animal. We have not been able to ascertain what induced the youth to act thus, but it proves a savage ferocity of nature greatly to be deplored, and it is a subject of regret that there is no law in our code to recognize and punish the perpetrators of such cruelty. The frequent instances of brutality to animals that have of late disgraced our land will, it is hoped, induce some philanthropic member of the Legislature to bring the subject before Parliament, and provide a

\* See our Magazine for February, page 226.

mode of punishment for offences of a similar nature." Then followed the former article.

It was stated by Mr. Serjeant Pell, on opening the case for the prosecution, that it was not the punishment of Mr. Cox, the defendant, that was the object of the prosecutor or of his family, but that it was to clear the character of the young man from the stain which had been thus cast upon it, and which, unless removed, would not only prove a bar to his advancement in the honourable profession which he had embraced, but in every other. That being the object, the Learned Counsel courted the inquiry to the fullest extent, and for that purpose called the following witnesses:—

Francis Stevens, the solicitor for the prosecution, resided at Sidmouth; saw the defendant at the hotel, at Exeter, during the assize week in March or April last, produced the newspapers in question; in conversation with Mr. Cox respecting a prosecution against the newspapers, Mr. Cox observed that under all the circumstances the man was justified in the comments or expressions which he made use of. This alluded to the observations in the *Alfred*, Mr. Cox having before admitted that he was the author of the paragraph in *Trewman's paper*.

Thomas Norman, the father of the prosecutor, was living at Sidmouth at the time in question; has a wife and six children; the prosecutor, Charles, is the eldest son; he is a student at the Military College at Sandhurst; he is not 17; in January last had a mare in his possession; the same that was afterwards shot; had had it three years and a half; it was too light to carry witness; gave it to his

son to ride at the vacations; his son hunted it; the mare was unsound at the time of the purchase; she had been fired, and at the time in question was visibly declining; he wished her to be shot, and desired his son to dispatch her. The mare was a favourite, and treated more like a dog than a horse. This expression, at the suggestion of Mr. Baron Graham, was qualified to that of a "favourite dog." He saw his son load the pistols, and desired him to shoot the mare in the head, and it would do the business.

Charles Norman, the prosecutor, said, that the mare had infirmities in her knees and legs; she had been fired; rode the mare on the 25th of January for a short time on the beach; the mare was kept at the York Hotel stables; it was a half-blood mare; she was weak in the legs, and had cracked heels; his father desired him to shoot the mare in the head, as it would kill her; he went down to the stables and ordered the mare to be banded; holding the halter in his left hand, he fired the pistol with his right; the ball entered just above the eye; the pistol was loaded with two bullets; the mare broke away; in the agitation another pistol was discharged towards the ground near his foot; it was not directed to the mare; he desired Drew, the servant, to go for more bullets, which being procured, he shot again; he wished he could have procured a musket; the second fire did not take effect; it was behind the ear; he fired again, and missed; he fired again behind the ear, but could not destroy the animal; a person was sent for, who did it with the assistance of a person of the name of Dunstan; they struck her on the head; he

had no ill will against the animal, but acted from motives of humanity.

On cross-examination, he said he had hunted the mare four or five days before, and about twice a week before in the course of the season; his brother accompanied Drew to fetch more bullets; a smith might have offered to put an end to the horse; he said he would fire again which he did in about eight minutes; in the interval the sufferings must have been excessive, in about twenty minutes after he sent for a farrier, and in about five minutes after that the horse was put to death. On being asked whether he had said that the horse was his own, and that he had a right to do with it what he pleased, the witness said that he considered that he had a right to shoot her. It was a quarter of an hour from the time of getting off the horse to the time the first pistol was fired; witness fired four or five times; several people said that it was an inhuman act.

Henry Dunstan, a saddler, of Sidmouth, saw a part of the transaction; he was of opinion that there was no cruelty on the part of the plaintiff; but admitted that he had not always given the same account. He admitted having said that he should get some money by it, meaning that he was to have the horse's skin.

On the part of the defendant, Mr. Adam made a very forcible speech, contending that although the paragraphs were somewhat highly coloured, yet that in substance, even by the admission of the prosecutor, the account was substantially correct; and Mr. Baron Graham, in his charge to the Jury expressed his opinion that there had been much of indiscre-

tion and thoughtlessness, to say the least of it.

The Jury, after a very short deliberation, returned a verdict of *Guilty*.

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#### NEWMARKET FIRST OCTOBER MEETING, 1821—GRAND DUKE MICHAEL STAKES.

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THIS meeting is likely to be the most attractive, and to draw the greatest share of company, of all ranks, to Newmarket, of any which have been witnessed of late years. The first race, or *Trial Stakes*, is particularly interesting to *amateur* sportsmen; but the chief attraction lies in the Grand Duke Michael's Stakes, to which there are sixty-five subscribers of fifty guineas each, added to the Cup of two hundred guineas value, given by his Imperial Highness when in England. There can be no doubt, but the best horses in England will start for these important stakes, and it seems probable that the greatest number of horses ever witnessed on such an occasion, will be brought to the post. A strong sporting interest will also be kept up by the Newmarket *St. Leger*, which will be run for on the following day; and whatever may be said of '*things running taper*,' in plain English, of a scarcity of money in these hard times, there will be immense sums won and lost on these portentous occasions.

We give the nominations for the Grand Duke Michael Stakes:—

The Grand Duke Michael Stakes of 50gs. each, with a Cup of 200gs. value, given by his Imperial Highness, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 3lb. A. F.

- Duke of York's b. c. by Blucher, out of Scrapall's dam.
- Duke of York's colt, by Aladdin, dam by Canopus, bred by Mr. Austin.
- Duke of Grafton's b. c. Titian, by Rubens, out of Pope Joan.
- Duke of Grafton's c. by Woful, out of Charcoal.
- Lord Exeter's b. e. Mekamna, by Soothsayer, out of Sister to Chippenham.
- General Grosvenor's ch. c. Atom, by Phantom, out of Mite.
- Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Potemkin, by Ditto, out of Bellaria.
- Sir W. Congreve's ch. c. by Election, out of Fair Helen, by Hambletonian.
- Mr. Villiers's ch. c. Soothsayer, out of John of Paris's dam.
- Mr. Villiers's f. by Selim, out of Donna Clara.
- Sir B. Bloomfield names Fleur-de-Lis, Brother to Bourbon.
- Lord J. Fitzroy's b. c. Reginald, by Haphazard, out of Prudence.
- Sir J. Shelley's c. by Walton or Orville, out of Cressida.
- Lord Jersey's ch. c. Prophet, by Soothsayer, dam by Buzzard.
- Duke of Rutland's f. (dead), by Juniper, out of Rosabella.
- Mr. Watson's bl. or br. c. (dead), by Pericles, out of Pentagon.
- Lord Stradbroke's b. c. Argonaut, by Quiz, out of Charlotte Maria, by Alexander.
- Mr. Rush's b. c. by Waxy, out of Ringtail.
- Mr. Rush's br. c. by Waxy, out of Chintz.
- Mr. Andrew's b. c. Tressilian, by Orville, out of Morel.
- Lord Foley's b. c. by Walton, out of Sycorax.
- Lord Foley's br. c. by Soothsayer, out of Eliza Teazle.
- Lord Foley's ch. c. by Soothsayer, out of Annette, by Volunteer.
- Lord G. H. Cavendish's th. c. by Rubens, out of Louisa.
- Lord G. H. Cavendish's f. by Soothsayer, out of Sister to Whalebone.
- Mr. Vansittart's ch. c. by Cardinal York, out of Selima.
- Mr. Uday's ch. f. Ible, by Truffle, out of Emily.
- Mr. Payne's Brother to Crispin, (dead.)
- Mr. Payne's c. by Woful, dam by Selim, out of Pipylin.
- Mr. Neale's ches. c. Brother to Canvas.
- Mr. Neale's b. e. by Blucher, out of Little Jane.
- Mr. Wyndham's b. c. (dead), by Whalebone, out of Sister to Castanea.
- Mr. Batson's c. Rieter, by Hedley, out of Jesse.
- Mr. Batson's c. Rosicrucian, by Sorcerer, out of Cecilia.
- Lord Maynard's b. c. by Partisan, out of Gin.
- Mr. Neville's Brother to Sir Joshua.
- Lord Rossmore's ch. c. by Sir Walter Raleigh, out of Josephine.
- Lord Rossmore's br. f. by Sir Walter Raleigh, out of Oriana.
- Mr. R. Wilson's b. c. by Walton, out of Mockbird's dam.
- Mr. Rogers's c. Cuyp, by Haphazard, out of Landscape.
- Mr. Rogers's ch. c. North Wester, by Haphazard, out of Charm.
- Major Wilson's b. c. by Juniper, out of Bolter's dam.
- Mr. Jones's c. Valentine, Brother to Funny.
- Mr. Jones's c. Euston, by Partisan, out of Sorceress.
- Sir W. W. Wynn's ches. colt, by Soothsayer, out of Mademoiselle Presle.
- Mr. Tibbitts's bl. c. Phidias, by Pericles, out of Petronilla.
- Mr. Wilson's c. by Smoleasko, out of Cowslip.

Mr.

Mr. Wildon's c. Ledstone, by Langton, out of Teese.

Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. Stringo, by Champion, a Son of Selim, out of Fasina, by Sir Solomon, the dam of Little Cymro.

Mr. Blake's b. f. Queen Catherine, by Haphazard, out of Sir Richard's dam.

Mr. Goddard's Lavator, Brother to Botadil.

Mr. Casman's f. by Orville, dam by Soother, out of Matilda.

Mr. Grieswood's b. c. by Phantom, out of Sally, by Old Whiskey.

Mr. Crockford's c. by Selim, out of Palma.

Mr. Crockford's c. by Haphazard, dam by Paynator.

Mr. Platel's ch. c. by Soothsayer, dam by Juvelin.

Mr. Turner's b. f. by Walton, out of Faring.

Mr. Jaques's b. c. Brother to Dardanus.

Lord Grosvenor's br. c. by Thunderbolt, out of Mop.

Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Capulet, by Thunderbolt, out of Meteora.

Lord Grosvenor's br. f. by Thunderbolt, out of Iris.

Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Bittern, by Thunderbolt, out of Plover.

Lord Grosvenor's br. f. by Thunderbolt, out of Opal.

Mr. Begbie names a bl. f. by Don Cosack, dam by Giles, grandam, Rosabella's dam.

Mr. Butler's br. f. Sister to Busto.

#### FIGHT AT LEOMINSTER.

ON Tuesday, the 3d of July, a *milling* match took place at Leominster, between Powell and Smith, both *good men*, which excited considerable interest amongst the *fancy* of that vicinity, and from the *corinthian* to the *pad* expectation was on the stretch to witness

the powers of the combatants. Powell is a miller, and had *dressed* himself into fame by *queering* the *nobe* of all who had ventured to oppose him at the surrounding country wakes; he had so often exerted his *striking* talents, that he began to get an *exquisite* in conceit, and with some justice perhaps, for not a single *Johnny Raw* of his neighbourhood could stand the *cleppers* of his mill, and the best amongst them had been *ground down* to crouch before his prowess. About two years ago, Powell was to have fought Edwards at Pembridge, and many of the *fancy* who *tagged* some miles to witness the fight, will recollect the *needful* was not *posted*, and returning as *wise* as they went — unless indeed paying *socket* for admission to see nothing, be excepted. For some time several of the *knowing ones* wished for a match for Powell, who had ably excused the want of *politeness* of his friends in not making good the stakes on a former occasion, and at length he resolved to *himself* to seek his man, and run his *napper* against a *stone wall*, as the saying is, just to have the conceit beaten out of it. On the above day he visited Leominster, and dared Smith, who is a mason there, to try his *metal*. Smith did not wait to be asked twice, although no *professor*, — he is a native of Leominster, as quiet as a lamb, if let alone, and respected in his native place for good conduct, civility, and industry. A fierce *Johnny* at Bodenham had endeavoured to *run the rig* upon him lately, but Smith would stand *no nonsense*, and *queered* the *swell* in style, *chizzeling* his capstiles into the *square* of civility, and *hammering* his *frontispiece* to the appearance of a *pudding-stone*. On the present occasion, the *preliminaries*

minaries between the potentates were soon adjusted, after the defiance had been given—the day being Leominster fair, and Spring, the renowned *champion*, with his friend Martin, being there to exhibit their powers, two better *Ministers of State* to the belligerent parties could not be found—so Spring stood forward as *second* to Smith, whilst Martin agreed to *pick up* Powell. The ring was formed in a meadow near Leominster, surrounded by between five and six thousand anxious *phizzes*, all eager for the fight, and the *lookers-on* were so well arranged, that every *goggler* had the combatants within its locus, and the amphitheatre of faces seemed so many statues rather than animated beings, from the silence that prevailed. Edwards, who was to have fought Powell at Pembridge, had accidentally arrived in Leominster as the men were going to the ground, and doubtless desirous to judge the *stuff* Powell was made of, volunteered to keep the time, which was a minute between each round. At a quarter before seven Powell first entered the ring, with Martin as his *squire*, and immediately afterwards Smith, attended by Spring as *Master of the Ceremonies*, appeared, and threw up his *topper*. On *peeling*, both the men appeared in excellent condition, about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, thirteen stone each, and Smith rather the tallest. They shook hands, seemed equally confident, and *set-to* merrily. Betting—two to one on Powell.

#### ROUNDS.

1. Powell shewed a decent attitude, and something of science, but it was soon discovered he had an awkward customer. Smith's position was good, and his long muscular arms seemed made for

hard work, not to be baffled or denied. After a few smashing hits Smith was *floored*, but was up and ready in an instant.

2. Powell had still the advantage, but little *business* was done: Smith was down.

3. Powell had the best of this round, but nothing *serious* ensued.

4. Both men a little cautious; they seemed now to have some idea of *driving a hard bargain*; to be sensible they had a *serious job in hand*, and to respect each other's strength. After a short time they *let go*, and an excellent rally ensued; several *chopping hits* were exchanged, till Smith put in a dreadful *planter* on Powell's throat, who went down like a millstone into a well, the *claret* flowing copiously from the effects of the *compliment*.—Betting even.

5. A good hammering round, both equal, and both down.

6. Powell rushed in full of metal, but the mason stood like a rock, and went to work with his *mallets* at a tremendous rate, which told dreadfully on the miller's *knowledge box*, without improving the *beauty of his countenance*; the blood ran fast and warm like *grit* from the *spout* from his mouth; and he had by far the worst of the round: he went down, but came to his time full of *pluck* after all.

7, 8, 9. Well contested, both the men a little winded, and very cautious; neither had much advantage.

10. Powell seemed full of life, rallied with good effect, and, like a *battering ram*, bored his adversary to the ground.

11. Smith now began to shew himself, and for the eight following rounds he carried *strange grists* to the miller's mill, levelling the *beauty of his structure* with terrible *facers*.



*flavours, dressing his bone-dry as he pleased; and, fairly, battering him out of the ring.—Betting: 3 and 5 to 1 on the mason.*

20 to 25. Powell much distressed, one of his *sparklers* nearly closed, his face the *map of Europe*, but yet unconquered in spirit: brave to the last, he stood up to his man like a lion. In all these rounds he worsted; and betting had ceased: 't was the Leominster Bank to a *whiff* of tobacco. Spring and Martin thought it would not do, but still the brave fellow would try his *luck*, and his friends could not refuse him.

Eight more rounds were fought, but it was *slaughtering* and distressing labour. Powell persevered under every disadvantage—*day-light* was closed upon him; but to the last, with invincible *pluck*, he continued to come to time; and *groped his way to the bore*, till, beaten to a *stand still*, the *docket* was struck, and he fell lifeless on the ground, more from want of physical power, than lack of courage; and when called for, he could not appear, yielding the palm of victory only when deaf to the shout of the conqueror, whose behaviour on the occasion did him more credit even than his coolness and gallantry. Spring threw his hat up in triumph, and the Leominster man received the congratulations of his applauding townsmen.

REMARKS.—The battle lasted one hour and five minutes, and was a series of *serious work* of thirty-two rounds. Powell was supported off the ground attended by a surgeon, and every care taken of him—he is a *fine fellow*, of great power, made as if from a mould for the art, and not deficient in science—but he is a weak *hitter*, and

his blows scarcely *told* on his adversary. Smith has all the requisites for a *practical* member of the *fancy*, great coolness and excellent temper, *hard to get at*, *heavy*, and *quick in striking*, as Powell found to his cost, and he walked home almost without a *scratch*.

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For the *Sporting Magazine*.

ON JOE MILLER.

WHY, Mr. Editor, do you know what you have been about—or did you really, by favour or purchase, obtain a dispensation to eat flesh in Lent? Otherwise how could you dare to give a biography of Joe Miller, whose renowned book is filled with all manner of witty and luscious things, not having the fear of the Vice Society before your eyes? Are you not aware that honest Joe's book is one of those, which the holy brotherhood above designated, has forbidden us to read, kindly substituting, in the mean time, immense bundles of precious little tracts, which would supply a world, could a world be discovered which would read them. But never mind, as to ourselves, we are truly, as Nap the Great said, whilst he could say any thing, *une nation boutiquiere*, of course have plenty of band-boxes to line, and cheese, butter, and soap to paper up; beside other necessary uses. If your conduct, however, in the premises, may be deemed passing cold, that of a very reverend contemporary of yours (the *Gentleman's Magazine*) must be surpassing, for it has not only sported the life of Joe Miller aforesaid, but even many of the choicest productions of his laughter-breeding brain. What will the saints say of this? Why, that they suspect by a little what a great deal means,

means, and that one or other, or both of you will be, by degrees, drawn into right down, absolute, what they used to call in Suffolk, *h—r—dy*. However, it is good to have companions in dangerous enterprises, and in such good company I will e'en venture to give a little say about honest Joe Miller, and eke about one of his great and high-bred admirers.

In days when I was a much younger man than I now am, I was acquainted with an old General officer, who had signalized himself at the battle of *Fontenoy*, and was much in the good graces of old George the Second. The General was also particularly intimate with the old Duchess of Queensberry, the great patroness of Gay, and who exerted all her powerful interest, both in Court and City, in favour of the immortal *Hoggar's Opera*, which the Methodist party of that day, then in its youth, clubbed all its little wits and its interests to suppress. God rest the soul of the old Duchess—she succeeded, and many a night's pleasure has your most humble servant enjoyed in consequence. The General used to make one frequently, with Gay and the Duchess, at the green-room of the theatre, where the old lady often set them in a bubble. He (the General) was one of the most constant at her supper parties, where, all being hail and well met, her Grace was at no rate reserved or prudent in her conversation; and with an infinitely better heart than old Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, was no more disposed than she to *stop betwix*, in the old phrase, or quench the spirit, by keeping back a good thing, merely on account of a few plain words. As some proof of this, she was well known to pre-

fer the second in the *Beggar's Opera* of *Mrs. Dis*, the tyre-woman, to any other part; and though our players of the present day have taken it into their wise heads to reject it, it was originally played with the utmost care and tosse of the house, by their elders—

In the days of my youth, I could bill like a dove,  
Fal de ral lal, tai de ral laddy!

This, by way of a friendly hint—every theatrical company in town, I have reason to believe, taking a monthly dip in your pages. To return to the General—being one evening at Queensberry-house, and the old set assembled, the Duchess was in high glee, having, as she informed them, that very day had a copy presented to her, of a new edition of Joe Miller, out of which she read, *con amore*, for the benefit of the company, a choice story, of the diffidence of an ancient quaker on his bridal night, contrasted with the *directing* courage of his youthful bride. As the *purism* of modern times, and your fastidious delicacy, Mr. Editor, I suspect, would not allow me to give this story at full length, I shall leave the reader to guess its meaning.

TOM MILLER.

Manxwell-street.

THE HON. THE KING'S CHAM-  
PION, HENRY DYMORE, ESQ.  
WITH A PLATE.

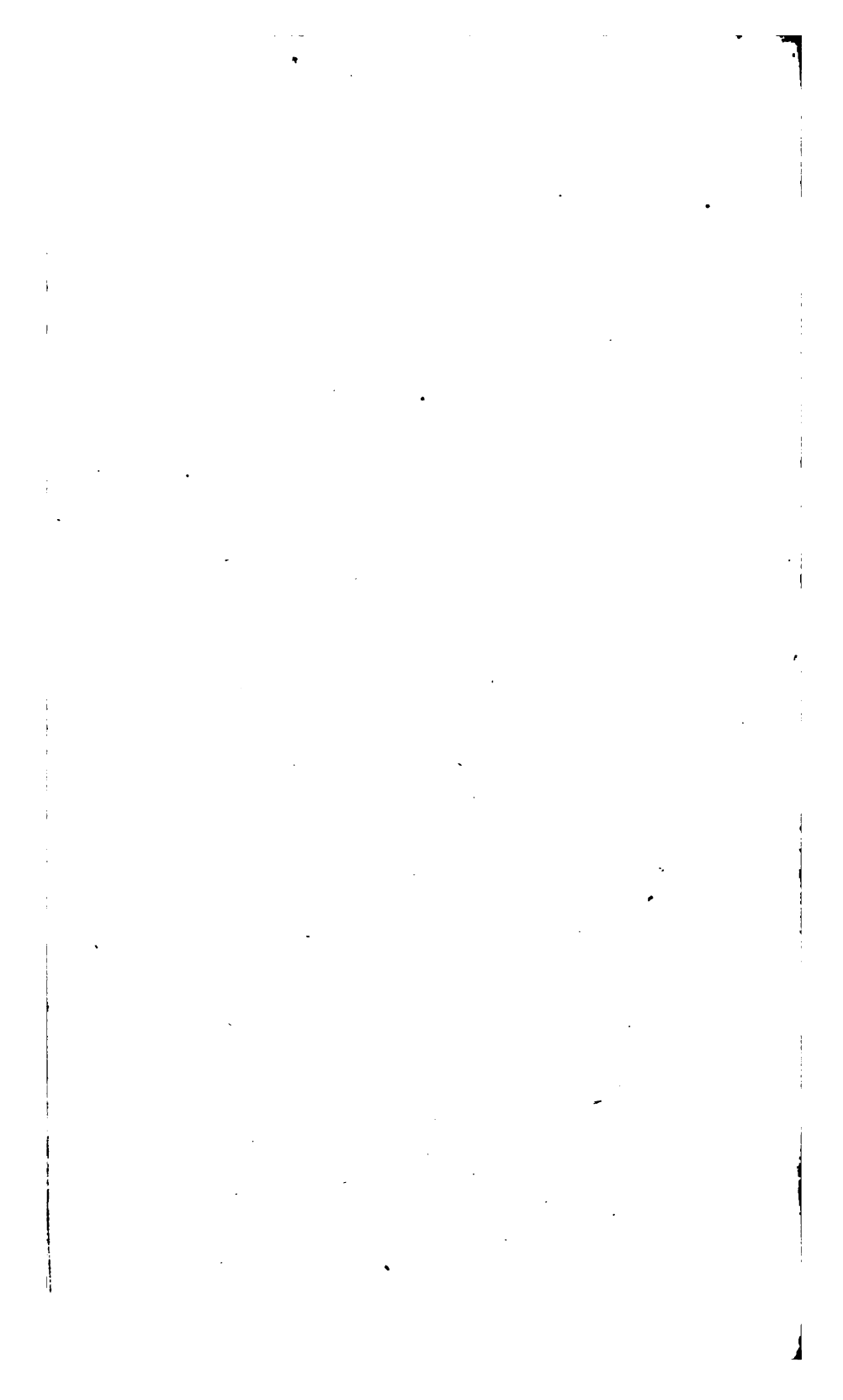
THE portrait accompanying this description was taken by Mr. Cooper, R. A. who witnessed Mr. Dymore's rehearsal of the duty he had to perform at the Coronation.

At the Coronation of Richard the Second it is that we meet with the first mention in history of a Champion, who appeared completely



View of the horse and rider from the front.





and is a false traitor ; being ready in person to combat with him, and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him on what day soever he shall be appointed."

The origin of this custom, which, as our readers know, was preserved at the Coronation of George IV. is unknown, but it is certainly of an older date than the Coronation of Richard II. since, according to Rapin and other historical authorities, Sir John Dimmock, or Dymoke, who then performed the office of Champion, was admitted to it by virtue of a right annexed to a manor held by him in Lincolnshire; viz. the manor of Scrivelby, in right of Margaret, his wife, daughter of Sir John Marmion.

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Two gentleman, one of whom is remarkably long visaged, were lately passing through a turnpike gate on horseback, when a boy, who opened the gate said to another lad standing by, "that gentleman's face is longer than his life;" The observation was overheard by the gentlemen, who after puzzling themselves on its meaning, determined on going back and making the boy explain himself. The boy, who expected a horsewhipping for his sauciness, being assured to the contrary, and asked the meaning, replied, "Sir, I read at school, that a man's life is but a *span* long, and I'm sure your face is double that length."

**IMPROMPTU.**—A gentleman once calling on a young lady to take his leave of her for a few days previous to his setting out on a jour-

H h                      ney,

ney, she asked, in a tone that expressed more than the words, how long he intended to stay; to which he immediately answered—

You ask how long I'll stay from thee:

Suppress those rising fears;

If you should reckon time like me,

Perhaps ten thousand years.

#### THE INQUEST.

(*A hint to clever men employed on such occasions.*)

"Poor Peter Pike is drown'd, and neighbours say

The Jury mean to sit on him to-day:"

"Know'st thou what for?" said Tom.

Quoth Ned, "No doubt

'Tis merely done to squeeze the water out."

A PERSON who advertised this month for a steward who lived a long time in his last place, and was of a quiet and *patient* temper, received an answer from an individual, who recommended himself particularly on the score of *patience*, having been ten years in Chancery, which was more than sufficient to try the *patience* of Job!

When Milton was blind, he married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham called her a rose. "I am no judge of colours (replied Mil-

ton), and it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily."

PROFOUND ETYMOLOGY.—*Bucephalus*, says Swift, the horse of Alexander, was so christened from the number of *busy fellows* employed about him as grooms: and the man whom the Jews called *Baalam* was a shepherd; who by often crying *ba* to his *lambs*, was therefore called *Baalam* or *Balam*!

DERIVATION OF PONEY.—A few days ago one of the literati was puzzling his brains about the derivation of poney, when a by-stander quietly observed, "Sir, I am astonished you don't know what a poney is derived from." "Why?" said the man of learning. "Because," said the other, "every body knows that a poney is derived from a little horse and a little mare."

PEN.—A poor poet, dining the other day with a gentleman who had lately set up a very splendid equipage, was desired by him to write some lines on his new carriage. "Oh! certainly," replied the poet, "there cannot be a better subject for the *Mews*."

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

### VISIT OF HIS MAJESTY GEORGE THE FOURTH TO THE CURRAGH OF KILDARE.

HIS Majesty, on his arrival in Ireland, most graciously condescended to promise he would honour the Curragh of Kildare with a visit. A meeting of the Irish Turf Club was in consequence held on the 30th of July, in Leinster-street, when the following resolutions were passed:—

"That having now every reason to expect that his Majesty will be

most graciously pleased to honour the Curragh with his presence during the Royal visit to this country, the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Turf Club do avail themselves of this opportunity to manifest their warmest feelings of loyal attachment to his august person.

"That, in order to mark their gratitude and sense of this most distinguished honour about to be conferred on them, every exertion be made to render his Majesty's reception

tion as suitable to his station and dignity as their means and anxious endeavours admit of, and that a Committee be appointed for carrying that purpose into effect."

It was further resolved,

"That the First Autumn Meeting, usually held in the middle of September, shall be altered, and shall commence on the Monday of whatever week his Majesty may vouchsafe to signify his intention to honour the Turf Club with his august presence.

"That the Meeting so altered shall for ever be denominated the Royal Meeting, and shall commence on the Monday after the anniversary of the auspicious day which shall confer on a considerable body of the most loyal, the most attached, and the most devoted subjects, the distinguished honour and happiness of beholding their most illustrious and revered Monarch among them. And

"That the first race at the Royal Meeting shall for ever be the Royal Stakes of one hundred guineas, half forfeit, to be handicapped by the Stewards, to which the Turf Club Fund shall add a purse of three hundred guineas; and that these stakes shall be run for over a course which shall be exclusively dedicated to his Majesty, and be denominated the Royal Course."

One of the first objects to which the attention of the Committee was directed, was the erection of a Royal stand and banquetting-house for the reception and entertainment of his Majesty. To this effect a contract was made for its completion in 21 days, at the price of 3000l.; and subscriptions being entered into by the Club to defray the same, his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant requested that his name might be enrolled as an honorary member, and added to the list of subscribers. The following were among the earliest subscribers:—

*'Guineas.'*  
His Grace the Duke of Leinster 200  
The Marquis of Sligo ..... 150  
Lord Mayo ..... 100

Lord Dunally .....	100
Sir Charles Coote .....	100
Ld. Portarlington .....	50
Mr. Keatinge.....	50
Mr. Caldwell.....	50
Captain Browne, Ranger.....	50
Mr. Presdenquist .....	50
Colonel Hraen.....	100
Sir Walter Borrowes .....	50
Mr. R. Borrowes .....	50
Colonel Armstrong .....	50
Mr. Daxen.....	50
Mr. Gere.....	50
Mr. Pepper.....	50
Mr. Kirwan .....	50
Lord Allen.....	50
Lord Clannorris .....	50
Mr. Gregory, Dublin Castle ..	50

From some misapprehensions the Turf Club found it necessary to issue as under:—

"TURF CLUB.—With a view to correct an erroneous opinion, I am ordered by the Stewards of the Turf Club to state, that no part of the subscription now entering into, under the management of his Grace the Duke of Leinster and a Committee, for the purpose of making preparations for his Majesty, is or ever was intended to be applied to racing purposes. The Stewards and Members of the Turf Club have determined, on this proud occasion, to charge themselves with all such expenses, in addition to their subscription, to the great political object now in contemplation.—Signed by order,

"JOHN R. HUNTER,

"Keeper of the Match-book.  
"4, North Cumberland-street, Aug. 16."

Wednesday, the 29th of August, was expected to be the day on which his Majesty would pay the expected visit.

Independently (say the Irish papers) of the Royal stand-house and banquetting apartment, which will be fitted up in the first style of elegance and comfort, his Majesty will have the satisfaction to behold, in front of the Royal stand-house, an encampment of marquess, in which the whole population of all the parishes adjoining the Curragh, will be regaled with abundance of the best

beef and porter, and a fair allowance of their native beverage—whiskey.

THIS ancient amusement of falconry, which has for so long a period been superseded by other rural sports, it would appear, is likely to be partially revived by his Majesty, who was so pleased with the falcons which the Duke of Athol presented at the Coronation, that he ordered them again to be produced at the Levee. The birds are described as having an extremely fine appearance, and their venerable keeper is to exhibit his skill in falconry when his Majesty visits the Duke of Athol.

ANOTHER PEEVING TOM.—At the Cambridge Assizes one of the causes decided was that of—*Pettit v. Wright*—being an action to prohibit the plaintiff as an individual from seeing the races at Newmarket. It appeared he had been detected in witnessing the private trials of the race horses, and therefore was served with a notice, at the instigation of the Jockey Club, by Mr. Weatherby, their clerk, warning defendant not to trespass on the ground at the races following, to which he paid no attention, but went on the race course as usual, and now pleaded a general custom time out of mind, but here the plea appeared defective, and the verdict was given for plaintiff, damages sixpence, which carries costs.

THE celebrated stallion, Young Whiskey, broke his leg, and was obliged to be destroyed lately, at Clifton Park, Roxburghshire, after covering a mare in Mr. Pringle's stud, in which he has been ever since he was purchased out of that of the late Sir C. Bunbury, where he was a favourite stallion, being own brother to his celebrated Eleanor, and closely related to many of the best horses of the past and present time.

THE report that Sir W. Maxwell's fine horse Clootie died suddenly at Gullane stables was erroneous; the animal that died was a valuable horse from Newmarket, which had not acquired a name.

GOONWOOD.—A most liberal sub-

scription for 1822, has been entered into, in which his Grace the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Egremont, Lord John George Lennox, the Right Hon. William Huskisson, Lord William Lennox, Col. Wyndham, Messrs. Walker, Richards, &c. &c. bear leading parts.—Lord John George Lennox, M.P. is appointed Steward for the ensuing year.

EGHAM races are deferred to the 12th Sept. It is expected that they will in future afford more sport, as they are now under more active superintendence.

LEWIS, AUG. 6.—Our races, last week, from some cause or other, did not produce the sport we had reason to expect from the number of horses that were in town, naturally supposed, for naming and entrance; and much good running was in consequence anticipated; but disappointment followed, and especially on the second day, when, strange to tell, the Members' Plate, for which three qualified horses had been regularly entered, and the same made notorious by announcement in the morning's list, signed by the Stewards, *was not run for*. On Friday the sport could not be complained of, the contest, between Lord Egremont's Little John and Sir John Shelley's Antar, in the first race, for the Ladies Guineas, being such as would have excited much interest, even on the course at Newmarket.—The company on the first day was certainly limited; but on the two following days it was numerous and fashionable. Among the most dignified present, we observed the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the Earl and Countess of Chichester, the Earl of Egremont, Lord George and Lady Cavendish, Sir John and Lady Shelley, Sir George and Lady Shiffner, Sir Thomas Dyke, &c. &c.—The race ordinaries at the White Hart, on Wednesday, and at the Star, on Thursday, were liberally supplied with venison by the Stewards.—Captain Shiffner and Mr. Diggins are



are appointed the Stewards for the next year.

THE sport was excellent on both days of Blandford races; it was allowed to be the best that has been witnessed on the race course for the last twenty years.

YARMOUTH races had a very fashionable company, including the principal families of the county and neighbourhood.—On the second day, when Mr. Hale's b. h. Hazard and Mr. Utting's b. m. Mary, were running a match for 50l. a person rode across the ground, and the mare came in contact with him, by which the rider of the mare was thrown off and received considerable injury; he was taken to Nelson's Monument Cottage and bled; the mare recovered herself and went along the race course without her rider for a considerable way by the side of the horse, but at the turn of the course she proceeded in a straight line to the river, where she took the water and swam across to Gorleston.—The balls and ordinaries each day were fully attended.—A subscription was entered into and filled for a Gold Cup, value 100 guineas, to be run for on the first day of the races next year, which will be in the week after the Norfolk Summer Assizes; also a subscription for a Silver Cup for hunters, which have been regularly hunted, and to be rode by gentlemen. The Stewards for next year are Lord Bury, the Hon. Captain Rous, and Charles Fisher Burton, Esq.

F.T. EGBERTON, Esq. of Roche Court, Winterslow, is appointed Steward of Salisbury races next year.

SIR Bellingham R. Graham, Bart. of Hill Place, Droxford, is appointed Steward of Winchester races next year. The cup and the different sweepstakes are already very liberally subscribed to, and much sport may be very confidently anticipated.

THE Hon. John Bligh, brother to Lord Clifton, and Edward Rice, Esq. are appointed Stewards of the next Canterbury races.

THE sport at Ipswich Meeting was better than seen there for years. The

cocking gave general satisfaction, and was won only by one main in favour of Norfolk. The Stewards appointed for next year are the Right Hon. Lord Dunwich and Sir E. Bacon, Bart.

AT Bromyard races, in running for the Maiden Plate, the favourite horse, The Duke, slipped and fell in the first heat; and Mr. Stevens's colt, Fonmon, being behind, also fell. It was generally supposed that Darling, the rider of the first, was killed; but he fortunately received very little injury; and the two horses escaped without being apparently hurt in the least.

OXFORD.—There was no ball at these races, in consequence of the death of the Queen. The attendance of Nobility and Gentry on the ground was very considerable, and several foreigners of distinction were also present. Sir Alexander Croke is appointed Steward for the year ensuing.

THE Grand Jury of the county of Bedford, at the late Assizes, entered into the following resolution:—

"We, the Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of the county of Bedford, assembled at the Summer Assizes, having taken into consideration the very backward state of the growing crops, and the injury the cultivators of land would therefore sustain, if their farms were to be interfered with by sportsmen so early as the first day of September, do resolve, that we will not ourselves begin to shoot, and that we will make use of all legal means to prevent others from shooting upon our estates respectively, before Friday, the 14th of September, in the present year; and we recommend this resolution to the adoption of the land-owners of the county in general, for the protection of the farmers."

IN many other parts of the country it has been found necessary to postpone the shooting season.

THE disease called the *gapes* is said to have been particularly prevalent among the pheasants, and partially so among the partridges in some counties.

**PIGEON SHOOTING.**—Saturday, July 28, was a grand day for this sport with the Midgham Hants Club, when the annual silver cup and cover was shot for in the Midgham meadows, by fifteen gentlemen subscribers of five guineas, from a trap, at twenty-one yards from the gun, as follows, eleven birds each:—

Killed.		Killed.	
Herne	.....All	Ballantine	.... 8
Harrison	.....do.	Williams	.... 7
Kent	.....10	North	.... 7
Mills	.....10	Mellish	.... 7
Smith	.....10	Greenwood	.. 7
Jones	..... 8	Fairman	..... 6
Arbuthnot	.... 8	Gee	..... 5
Müller	..... 8		

The gun was backed upon an average at 5 to 2, and forty-one birds escaped from two hundred and twenty-two. Messrs. Herne and Harrison proceeded to contend for the cup, and Mr. Harrison lost it, missing his second bird.—The next three shot off the ties for an over-plus ten guineas. Mr. Mills won by killing five birds; Kent missing his first and Smith his fifth.—Another surplus stake of five guineas, over and above the cup, was shot for by the ties of eight, which was won by Mr. Arbuthnot killing his fourth bird.

**GREAT PIGEON MATCH.**—A match for 200gs. a-side took place Aug. 20, on Penfield heath, Surrey, between four gentlemen of the Midgham Club and seven of the counties of Hants and Berks, at twenty-one yards from the trap, unlimited charges, at thirteen birds each.

Club.	Killed.	England.	Killed.
Coulton	.....12	Lord	.....13
Knapp	.....11	Jups	.....12
Ford	.....11	Gerrard	.....11
Broadhurst	..10	Kingston	.... 9
Gee	..... 9	Fortescue	.... 9
Forth	..... 9	Seymour	.... 8
Green	..... 8	Fanshaw	.... 7
Gerrard	.... 8	R. Gee	.... 7
Keene	..... 8	Grindley	.... 6
Ford	..... 8	Forbes	.... 6
Quelch	..... 8	Jesse	..... 5

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Another pigeon match, by a sub-

scription of five guineas each; took place this month in a field contiguous to Finchley Common, between six reputed good shots; viz. Messrs. Mercer, Babington, Renshawe, Harbor, Oliver, and Burtenshawe, at thirteen birds each, the usual twenty-one yards from the trap. The guns were allowed to carry unlimited charge:—

Killed.		Hit & got away.		Missed.	
Mercer	....11	.....1	.....1		
Babington	..10	.....2	.....1		
Renshawe	..10	.....0	.....3		
Harbor	.... 9	.....1	.....3		
Oliver	.... 9	.....0	.....4		
Burtenshawe	7	.....2	.....4		

Mr. Burtenshawe was offered to be backed against any one, and at every shot the gun was backed at 3 to 1 to kill.

**OLD HATS CLUB.**—The winner of the Crinden medal last month, killed only thirty-two of sixty.—“It is worthy of remark, (says an observer) that the score of this year is the lowest ever known for the medal, the members having almost exclusively used percussion guns, and those of enormous dimensions. We would earnestly recommend the gentlemen to return to the original intention of the meeting, and like true sportsmen shoot from the trap with the same gun which they use in the pursuit of game.”

**CRICKET.**—The Right Hon. Lord Kenyon has established an annual cricket match, which is to be played by the two hundreds adjoining his Lordship's estate at Gredington, in Wales. The match to take place yearly, on the anniversary of his Majesty's birth-day. The first match was played on Friday, the 10th, the 12th being Sunday: two handsome tents were pitched on the ground, in which a *pic nic dejeuner à la fourchette* was given to the ladies.

**BOW MEETINGS.**—On Friday, August 3, the Royal British Bowmen held a meeting, at Sweeney Hall, Shropshire, the delightful seat of Thos. Netherton Parker, Esq. agreeably to previous notice. The ladies

dies were more admired for their skill in archery than the gentlemen.

THE silver arrow, the subscription silver cup, and other prizes, were on Tuesday, the 31st ult. shot for at Richmond, Yorkshire. The silver arrow and captaincy of the target, were won by Mr. George Croft, the captaincy of numbers was won by Mr. Octaves Leefe, and the silver cup by Mr. Thomas Bowman, all of the Society of "Gentlemen Archers of Richmond;" the Lieutenancy of the target by Mr. Robert Wilson, of Darlington, who also obtained the horn spoon. Great skill was displayed by the several candidates, and upon the whole the shooting was better than we ever witnessed upon a similar occasion. In the evening, the archers and their friends sat down to a sumptuous dinner, at the Fleece Inn, and the day was closed with the highest conviviality.

THE Staffordshire bowmen held their fourth meeting this month at Sandon, at which an elegant gold arrow for the gentlemen, and a beautiful silver one for the ladies, were presented to the company by Mrs. Goldsmid, to be shot for.

AT the late contest for the silver arrow, which was shot for by the Royal Company of Archers at Musselburgh, and won by John Luining, Accountant-General of Excise, that gentleman marked no less than eight in the eleven ends, a circumstance unprecedented in the annals of archery.

WOODMEN OF ARDEN.—This month the Woodmen of Arden held their annual wardmotes at the Forest Hall, Meriden, which were attended, as usual, by a large assemblage of beauty, rank, and fashion.

THE whole of the fighting men who officiated in keeping order during and after the splendid Coronation ceremonies in Westminster Hall, had a dinner given to them on Monday, the 6th August, at the Champion Cribb's, as a mark of approbation of their steady conduct when on duty. There was no lack of good things,

and the millers were in rare order to do justice to the feast. The following are the names of those who were on duty at the Hall:—Cribb, Spring, Belcher, Carter, Richmond, Ben. Byrne, Harmer, Harry Lee, Owen, Josh. Hudson, Oliver, Holt, Crawley, Curtis, Medley, Purcell, Sampson, and Eales, under the superintendence of Mr. Jackson and Mr. Watson.

RANDALL AND MARTIN.—The stakes of 300l. a-side are made good by the backers of the above celebrated pugilists. Randall is decidedly the favourite.

COOPER, the gypsy, who killed O'Leary in combat (as stated in another page of the present Number), surrendered at Croydon Assizes on Monday, August 27, before Mr. Justice Burrough, to take his trial. After the evidence produced before the Coroner's inquisition had been gone through, the Jury pronounced the prisoner guilty of Manslaughter.—The Judge immediately sentenced him to six months' imprisonment in Horsemonger-lane gaol.

#### CHALLENGE FOR ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS.

"August, 24, 1822.

"Mr. T. Oliver,—As I proved unfortunate in the last combat with you, I wish to have another chance; and as my friends are ready and willing to back me, I beg leave to state that I will fight you for one hundred guineas a-side, once within two months from the date above, and that a deposit of twenty guineas a-side shall be put down at my house, the Adam and Eve, Jewin-street, on Tuesday week, between the hours of eight and ten. Your early answer will oblige, yours respectfully,

"THOMAS SHELTON."

As the shooting season is approaching, a correspondent suggests that a more important service cannot be rendered to sportsmen than by reminding them of the serious injuries to which they are liable, from using fowling pieces that have lain by for any

any length of time, without having them properly examined. This season has already commenced with an accident to the Hon. Henry Lascelles, son of the Earl of Harewood; and so many occur every year, that the security of the gun ought to be an object of the greatest importance to all sportsmen, and under this impression they cannot be too strongly recommended to have their pieces proved and examined by E. Baker, who has, under the immediate sanction of his Majesty, erected a proof house for that purpose, at his manufactory, 24, Whitechapel road, the only one in London.—Baker's Treatise on Fire Arms, the result of many years experience, ought to be in the hands of every sportsman.

#### SPORTING ANECDOTES.

Communications for this Department of our Work are respectfully solicited.

*To the Editor.*—SIR—The veracity of the circumstance I am about to mention will, I assure you, bear the strictest enquiry; and should you deem its insertion likely to contribute to the amusement of your readers, I shall feel happy in having added my mite of intelligence to your pleasing publication. In the early part of last October I formed one of a party, shooting round the Duke of Gloucester's, on Bagshot Heath, and wishing to direct the marker's progress to a particular hill, I separated from my friends. Scarcely, however, had I reached the man, when a halloo from my companions claimed my attention. The dogs were "at point," and although mounted on a poney accustomed to the unequal surface of the heath, I was fearful of not being up in time, in consequence of

the birds we had previously found not having lain well. I therefore put my nag to the canter, and in the distance between myself and friends, a single bird rose before the horse. The impulse of the moment was, to fire—it was irresistible—and using but one hand, the other holding the bridle, and cantering as I was, I fired, when, much to the surprise not only of myself, but of every one who, from my having cried "Mark!" were momentary observers, the bird fell.—Although the distance, as near as I could guess, was beyond thirty yards, the shot was unusually destructive of the object—not a limb was untouched, and I was told quite beyond the preserver's art. In this singular occurrence there must have been a coincident motion in *three* points—the action of the poney—the flight of the bird, and my aim. No credit is of course claimed for the latter; but it is nevertheless a circumstance, of which the remembrance gives much innocent pleasure to, Sir, yours, &c. HIT OR MISS.

THE late General Scott, so celebrated for his success in gaming, was one evening playing very deep with the Count d'Artois and the Duke de Chartres, at Paris, when a petition was brought up from the widow of a French officer, stating her various misfortunes, and praying relief; a plate was handed round, and each put in one, two, or three louis d'ors, but when it was held to the General, who was going to throw for a stake of 500 louis d'ors, he said, "Stop a moment if you please, Sir; here goes for the widow!" The throw was successful, and he instantly swept the whole into the plate, and sent it down to her.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A LOOKER-ON" will find the errors he points out adverted to in another part of this Number.

"AMICUS VERUS" is assured that the subject he speaks of is not neglected, when any thing comes under our notice not of the most common place description.

"JOE MILLER, Junior's" witticisms are most of them older than Joseph Miller, Senior.—"AN ODD CHAP" also has too much of the same sort of antiquity about him for our pages.

THE importance of the Races at York has induced us to give this month a larger portion of Racing Calendar than usual.

POETRY.

## POETRY.

## THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

## HUNTING SONG.

BY DR. SHERIDAN, THE FRIEND OF  
SWIFT.

[The Doctor's father kept a pack of hounds. The son, to the mortification of the old man, preferred the dog-kennel to the school, and the sound of the horn would have roused him from his bed the coldest day in winter. The following song he wrote when he was only twelve years old.]

**HARK!** hark! I think I hear the horn,  
That chides my long repose;  
The dew drops twinkle on the thorn,  
The stream in music flows.

Hark! hark! I hear Black Betsy snort,  
Impatient of the rein:  
When nature thus proclaims the sport,  
Shall man cry out 'tis vain?

For this she lent the gentle hart  
The vivid lightning's speed;  
She taught the hare her mazy art,  
And winged the generous steed.

Let sages then of human race,  
The slaves of musty saws,  
Decry the pleasures of the chase,  
The fruit of nature's laws.

The chase supplied our ancient sires  
With food and raiment too,  
'Till cursed ambition fann'd her fires,  
And bent the sounding yew.

The law stretch'd forth her artful toils,  
And cunning laid her snares,  
And plunder gloried in her spoils,  
And fill'd the world with cares.

But care does not as yet pursue  
The hunter's bounding hoof;  
And if he even takes a view,  
That view must be aloof.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

TRANSLATION FROM PHEDRE,  
BY RACINE.—Act. v. scene vi.

*Enter Théramène.*

**SCARCE** had we issued from the Tre-  
zene gate  
His car he mounted;—and in mournful  
state,

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His pensive soldiers rank'd in firm array,  
Slow to Mycenæ's walls pursued their  
way.—

Loose from his drooping hand, the un-  
curbing reins

Flow'd on his fiery coursers' silver manes,  
Who once with noble warmth and gene-  
rous pride

Skimm'd o'er the plain obedient to their  
guide,

But now with eyes cast down and heads  
inclin'd,

Seem'd to partake the anguish of his  
mind.

A shrill, terrific cry, this instant broke  
From ocean's depths, and the calm æther  
shook;

Then from earth's throbbing breast with  
fearful sigh,

A thundering voice burst forth in hoarse  
reply.

The warm blood froze around each awe-  
struck heart,

The steeds curvet, their manes erect, they  
start;

Whilst to the shore swift-gathering waves  
impel

A boisterous, liquid heap, with mighty  
swell.

It comes—it breaks: then casts before our  
eyes,

'Midst sand and spray, a beast of mon-  
strous size;

Its ample forehead arm'd with horns im-  
mense,

Glittering with yellow scales, a sure de-  
fence.

Half 'twas a furious bull, and half a dra-  
gon bold,

Whose spiral tail curls high with knotty  
fold—

The echoing beach rock'd with its bellow-  
ing groans,

Heaven saw, and trembled from its inmost  
throne:

Earth shunn'd the monster, it infects the  
air,

The wave which brought it swift recoil'd  
with fear;

All fled, nor dared their useless strength  
to oppose;

A neighbouring temple yielded safe re-  
pose.

Hippolytus, alone, diadain'd to fear,  
Rein'd his proud steeds, and seiz'd a heavy  
spear,

Onward he rush'd; the whizzing weapon  
 flew,  
 And from the monster's side red torrents  
 drew.  
 Grovelling with pain before the car it  
 sprung,  
 Around the steeds its writhing form it  
 flung;  
 And from its flaming throat with gasping  
 roar,  
 Cover'd its prancing foes with fire, and  
 smoke, and gore.  
 His might thy gallant son exerts in vain,  
 His soothing voice the frightened steeds  
 disdain,  
 Champ the blood foamy bit, nor heed the  
 rein.  
 Goading their dusty flanks, 'tis even said  
 A god pursu'd, and urg'd them as they  
 fled.—  
 With fierce, impetuous speed, they jerk,  
 they drag  
 The clashing, creaking car o'er hill and  
 crag;  
 The axel shivers, and the warrior view'd  
 The rocky plain with splinter'd fragments  
 strew'd,  
 Tangled in thongs the guiltless hero fell,  
 His mangled form a wretched spectacle!—  
 Warden my grief—for, oh! the cruel sight  
 Will ever haunt my thoughts, and tears  
 excite.—  
 O King! I saw your son with gore be-  
 smear'd,  
 Dragg'd by those steeds his own kind hand  
 had rear'd,  
 In vain he call'd, his voice they only fear'd:  
 Cover'd with wounds, blood gush'd from  
 every vein,  
 Whilst far behind our wallings fill'd the  
 plain.—  
 At length, where all his great forefathers  
 lay,  
 'Midst marble tombs, their flight the cour-  
 sers stay:  
 Sorrowing we traced him there; his gene-  
 rous blood  
 Had mark'd his passage with a purple  
 flood,  
 The rocks are crimson'd, and rude bram-  
 bles bear  
 The clotted spoils torn from his golden  
 hair.—  
 I call'd, he stretch'd his hand; with azure  
 eye  
 Look'd mildly round, then closed it sud-  
 denly.—  
 "Heaven," said the chief, "has fix'd the  
 fatal day;  
 Guiltless I fall; but, oh! when life shall  
 play  
 In this cold frame no more; then, dearest  
 friend,  
 Aricia seek, the mournful maid defend.  
 And if my father, one day undeceiv'd,  
 Of his sad son shall find himself bereav'd  
 By treachery and wrong; then to appease

These gory wounds, my restless shade to  
 ease,  
 Bid him with mildness treat the captive  
 maid,  
 And".....Here fled his soul, and mingled  
 with the dead;  
 Nought but a shapeless corpse my arms en-  
 twine.  
 (O piteous monument of wrath divine!)  
 His form no eye could trace.—O King! not  
 even thine. . . . .

July 20, 1821.

E. D.

## LOVE AND WINE.

In imitation of the French, "Un jour  
*l'enfant," &c.*

ONE day, a truant from the Court,  
 The infant Love, prepared for sport,  
 A lab'rer's guise with cunning apes:  
 A basket on his shoulder placed,  
 He Bacchus thro' the vineyards traced,  
 And found him busy with his grapes.  
 But 'Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
 Too knowing to be gull'd and flung,  
 His vintagers alarm'd, and quick—  
 "Seize him—I know what he'd be at,  
 And plunge him headlong in the vat,  
 'Twill teach the villain how to trick."  
 'Twas done—and O! the mirth was fine,  
 As out he came, all "dropping wine;"  
 But most imprudent was their haste,  
 For in the liquor, thus abused,  
 A treacherous spirit Love infused,  
 Which in their hearts they feel who taste!  
 \* *Vapeur traitresse.*"

## ON A HAUNCH OF VENISON.

IS there a muse among the Nine,  
 That loves the social board, and glass—  
 Some *bonne-vivante* Italian lass—  
 On dainty fare who loves to dine,  
 Nor ever lets, untasted, pass  
 The tall decanter's sparkling juice?  
 I say, if there be such a muse,  
 Whate'er the buxom lady's name may be,  
 Her kindly aid I pray—she is the muse for  
 me.  
 Conceiv'd by the mind, but by words not  
 exprest,  
 Is the exquisite pleasure, I ween,  
 When, flank'd on each side by a jelly  
 tureen,  
 In a spacious well-dish, and deliciously  
 dressed.  
 The noble haunch is on the table plac'd,  
 With old E. L. Madeira grac'd;  
 In rapid tone the grace repeated,  
 The eager, hungry party seated,  
 All anxious for a taste:  
 Now commences the waiter's toils,

And,

And, in earnest treble, rise  
The importuning cries  
Of "water-plates!"  
"Hot water-plates!"  
And—"See the water boils!"

Quick begins the glorious work—  
Deep in the fleshy thigh  
The Chair has stuck his carving-fork,  
Strait the hissing juices fly;  
Now, with keen polish'd blade,  
Deep incisions are made.  
All the parties are help'd in a trice;  
Nor need the mase tell 'o  
Of red-currant-jelly,  
Nor how alicc follow'd quick after alicc.

Lo! now with ruby face and laughing eyes,  
See the jolly Chairman rise,  
And "Fill your glass, my boy," to each he  
cries.

"And fill it to the top!"  
The little bumper rais'd, they view  
With level'd eye its amber hue,  
And with outstretched arm,  
Then swallow off the liquid charm,  
And smack their lips,  
And smack their lips,  
And drain the final drop.

I love a alicc of verison—that's flat,  
And not the less, because but seldom tasted;  
I like it rather high, extremely fat,  
And admirably beated;  
'Tis this inspires my song—and tho' no  
poet,

On such a topic I can always "go it:"  
And were my lyric muse but able,  
Here she should launch  
Into some subjects, coupled with the  
haunch;

Such as that most delicious tart  
That o'er was plac'd upon a table,  
Made of Siberian crabs—but, for my part,  
I've sung enough for once, and am abash'd  
To add how what was left was hash'd,  
And, with equal appetite,  
All devoured that very night.

So a health to us all, and long life to King  
George,  
With Madeira to drink, and fat haunches  
to gorge. HURRA!

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

### ON NOTHING.

**A** *Nothing* is the abundant source  
Whence great events derive their  
course;

In peace, in war, in law prevails,  
In each this *nothing* turns the scales.  
Frequent the olive's ceased to flourish,  
From *nothings* statesmen chose to nourish;  
Frequent, amongst the well-trained host,  
A *nothing* has the battle lost.  
The bar's pre-eminence is shewn  
By *nothings* lawyers deem their own.  
A *nothing*, with the great, our aid is—  
A *nothing* serves us with the ladies.

Thy passion, Love, like all the others,  
A *nothing* lights—a *nothing* smothers.  
On *nothing* all our chance depends,  
Whether we gain or loose our ends.  
In hopes, a *nothing* makes us tower,  
In fears, a *nothing* sinks us lower.  
Loss, disappointment, anger, strife,  
Whate'er torments or troubles life,  
When past, as *nothing* we esteem,  
And pain, like pleasure, is a dream.  
Pause, then, nor blindly good miscall,  
Since airy *nothings* dupe us all.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

### THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

**C**ÆSAR, that far-fetch'd, deep-drawn  
sigh  
Proclaim'd, too true, thy finish nigh—  
Thy vassal duty past.  
Farewell, old dog; though we must sever,  
I'll not forget thee—ho, no, never,  
While I and breath shall last.

From puppy, till thy hours turn'd grey,  
We've strolled together night and day;  
And friends or foes shall see  
Those fields o'er which, in ev'ry weather,  
We've walk'd and ran so oft together,  
Shall long be dear to me.

Nor shall that water be forgot  
Where once it was thy happy lot  
To save an infant's life;  
No, Cæsar, no—the deed in story  
Shall long be sounded to thy glory,  
In spite of mortal strife.

Farewell, old friend, since part we must;  
Yet, when entomb'd beneath the dust,  
One stone shall mark thy grave;  
And on that stone, in chisell'd letters,  
"Here lies a dog that shamed his betters,  
Cæsar, the true and brave!" W. U.

### BEAUTY.

*From the Greek of Anacreon.*

**K**IND nature, with unsparing hand,  
Hath strew'd her blessings o'er the  
land;

To every beast that roams the plain,  
To every fish that swims the main,  
To every bird that wings the wind,  
Her bounty has been unconfin'd.  
Arm'd for defence, or wing'd for fight,  
True is their scent, and keen their sight;  
And unto man she gave a soul  
To rule and moderate the whole.  
Woman alone defenceless lies,  
No friendly hand her need supplies;  
But yet that elegance of face,  
That godlike mien, that winning grace,  
Those thousand soul-subduing charms,  
Are less resistible than arms;  
For this must conquer all distress—  
The might of woman's loveliness.

BAC.

## BACCHANALIANS.

*Written by a French Poet of the 18th Century, and recently translated into the 'Literary Gazette.'*

"Ayant le dos au feu et le ventre à la table."

**W**ITH my back to the fire, and my face to the table,

And that table with claret well stow'd;  
Away with blue devils, I'll drink while I'm able,

What's like it, to lighten life's load?  
And a gallant complexion of violet and rose  
Shall blush on my cheekbones, and purple my nose.

What cosmetic can equal the hue of good wine?

Every girl will confess that it makes you,  
If only bewitching before, now divine!

Drink water, your mistress forsakes you:—

Drink water, and parchment is plump to your skin,  
You'll die yellow, green, crabbed, crippled, and thin.

"*Je ne trouve on ma medicine.*"

**G**IVE me wine—right Orleans wine!  
Earth has no such medicine.

Down with doctors, let the glass  
Round my humble table pass.

On its sparkling brim I find  
Health of body, health of mind;

If I must endure the tribe,  
Wine be all they dare prescribe.

Water, or ptisan, or pill,  
In my case is sure to kill.

Keep your milk and gooseberries  
For sentimental souls, and pies!

What can warm the man within  
Like wine, your honest Orleans wine?

Never pang comes near my heart,  
But when my lip and goblet part.

Gods, can life be short or dull,  
To him whose goblet's always full?

## THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE LEGEND.

**O**LD Megan Llandanach,  
Of Pont's Monach,

Had lost her only cow;

Across the ravine,

The cow was seen,

But to reach it she could not tell how.

The Devil that day,  
Chanced to wander that way;

Says he, 'Megan, what's the matter?'

'I'm ruin'd (says she)

For the cow's lost to me.'

And she set up a dolorous clatter.

Says the Devil, 'a bridge  
I'll raise from the ridge,  
And the two rocks together will join,  
To recover your losses,  
But the first thing that crosses,  
Must ever and ever be mine.'

Old Megan contented,  
Then quickly consented,  
Satan hoped to have made her his prey;  
So under her nose,  
The high arch arose—  
Says the Devil, 'Now trudge it away.'

In her pocket she fumbled,  
A crust out she tumbled,  
And called to her little black cur;  
The crust over she threw,  
The cur after it flew,  
Says she, 'The dog's yours, crafty Sir!'

Old Satan look'd queer,  
And scratch'd his right ear,  
Then sprung from the side of the ravine;  
Says he, 'a fair hit,  
The biter is bit,  
For the mangy cur isn't worth having.'

## SONG.

**O**H wake thee not, dearest! no demon  
hath started

To brood upon raven-wing o'er thee;  
I'm the spirit polite of a beau that's departed,  
And linger on earth to adore thee!

Too tenderly framed for this rude world of  
man,

And for kindlier regions intended,  
I was slain with a frown and the flint of a fan,  
And to Folly's Elysium ascended:

There fops of all ages for ever are hymning  
The charms of young beauties like you,  
love;

On wings of white lace from some gay co-  
quette's trimming,

Or cut from her last billet-doux, love!

There lightly on clouds, in their tandems  
aerial,

The spirits of 'four in hand Hectors,'  
With boot unsubstantial and harness unreal,  
Astonish pedestrian spectres.

There dance we and sing we as softly as  
syrens, [bcian,

But nought from this world that's ple-  
One only sweet lyric of Moore or of Byron's,  
One only quadrille, 'the Psychéan.'

And lo! on the moon-beam in silence I slip,  
From eternity's region of blisses,

To fan with my pinions thy bosom and lip  
Till thy dreams be of sighs and of kisses.

But the pale dawn awakes—I must fly,  
love, from thee,

Ere her smile in the east she discloses:

To a light *dejeuné* upon lavender tea,  
And purified otto of roses!



# THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

**VOL. VIII. N. S.      SEPTEMBER, 1821.      No. XLVIII.**

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### Embellished with,

I. PIRENE, *Frontispiece to the Eighth Volume, New Series.*

II. VIGNETTE TITLE PAGE to Ditto.

III. *A STUDY from NATURE, designed by A. Cooper, Esq. R. A.*

### PIRENE.

FRONTISPIECE TO VOL. VIII. N. S.

*Designed by BURNLEY, and engraved by SCOTT.*

NO man whose imagination glows with the genuine sparks of enthusiastic fire can deny that when the amusing fancies, which constituted the mythological lore, retired before the cloud-dispelling dawn of Christian revelation, the whole of the irrational creation seemed to have lost at once its magical life. But reality and truth entered the mind, and groundless belief shrunk before them. Previously to that era, there was not a brook without a nymph gliding along the flowery banks; not a river without Naiads sporting and tumbling

in the fluid crystal of the waves; not a forest without beautiful Hamadryads and frisky Fawns. Every flower boasted some romantic origin. The rose was tinged with the blood of Adonis; the hyacinth sighed for the death of the friend of Apollo; Clythia, the sun-flower, for her disregarded faithfulness; and Narcissus for the folly of self-love. The thunder-bolt of the storm was not an effusion of electric fluid, but issued immediately from the mighty hand of Jupiter. Juno and her messenger, the seven-coloured Iris, were seen at play on the rainbow in summer showers; and the winds, personally known, were the obedient ministers of their lord paramount, Eolus. In the

K k      most

most desert solitude, man was never alone. Trees whispered to each other above his head; under his feet every daughter of Flora brought back some interesting recollection; and the very stones of the earth perpetuated the maternal sorrow of the unfortunate Niobe, whose beautiful and numerous progeny had fallen a victim to the filial revenge of the powerful twins of Latona.

One of these celebrated twins, either by accident, or yielding to some jealous disaffection, Diana, the virgin huntress, had killed—Cenchrius, the darling son of Pirene, daughter of the river-god Achelous, so well known for his wrestling match with no meaner a prize-fighter than Hercules himself.—Some curious idea relating to agricultural pursuits, or other useful employments, may lie concealed under this allegorical story, but we come too late to lift up the veil. However, the disconsolate Pirene embraced her son; and, pining by degrees—

In a soft silver stream dissolved away.  
The silver stream her *tender sorrow* keeps,  
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;  
Still bears the name the hapless *mother*  
bore,  
And bathes the *city* where she *shone*  
before. \*

This fountain, naturally dear to fond mothers, who, after the loss of a beloved child, used "to augment the waves with *maternal* tears," † was pouring still its limpid stream at Corinth in the age of Pausanias, who wrote about 170 years after Christ, and may perhaps still be traced fretting among the ruins of

\* Pope.—Windsor Forest.

† Pope.—*Ibid.*—The words in italics are not Pope's.

‡ Ovid mentions this spring in the second book of *Metaph.* v. 240.

Ephyre Pirenidas undas.

Ephyre was the original name of Corinth.

that ancient and renowned city. ‡ The spring was consecrated to the Muses; and in the delightful vales which it used to irrigate, Bellerophon, preparing for his bold expedition against the dire Chimæra, found the winged horse Pegasus sipping the cool beverage of its pellucid waters.

It would be insulting the taste and discernment of the beholder of the print which represents the above-stated mythological event, if we were to point out the easy, pleasing, and elegant manner in which the *dramatis personæ* are grouped. The dying Cenchrius, on the foreground, exhibits the most perfect loveliness of a young archer, with his bow and arrow, just escaping from his languid grasp. The agonized mother, stretched by him on the turf, clasps one of the boy's hands with animated fondness, whilst the "svelte" and airy form of Diana vanishes away among the craggy rocks and shadowy woods in the background. Every one will acknowledge, that the artists have made the most possible of a subject which appears to have wanted their united skill and well-known abilities to become truly interesting.

#### WORMING OF DOGS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING the derision with which the worming of dogs has been assailed, and the voluminous reading that has been adduced to shew that the opera-

tion

tion *cannot* be productive of good, I must humbly imagine that this species of argument admits of a somewhat similar *refutation* to that afforded to the philosopher's elaborate harangue against *motion*, by one of his auditors immediately rising up and *walking*.

It signifies little whether the part removed be a *nerve without* life, or a *worm with*, or whether the term *worming* be the most proper that could have been selected; still, Sir, this *sceptic*, who insists upon a *reason*, in preference to crediting his *eyes*, declaims vehemently against the probability of the tumours of the dog's tongue, and quotes largely from Markham and Mascal, a dose of whose singular prescriptions it might not be amiss for him to follow, that he may be better prepared to digest the *dictum* of Dr. Bracken, with whose declaration I, however, presume to differ; for it has been within my opportunity to note, with very painful anxiety, and with minute observation, the progress of madness, in both wormed and unwormed dogs, and I venture to affirm, that there never was an instance of the *latter*, whose tongue swelled, or where the dog was not in a constant state of restlessness: on the other hand, in the *former*, the enlargement of the tongue hinders the teeth from doing mischief, independently of the drowsiness which commences and increases with the disorder, and likewise contributes to render the dog harmless.

With reference to the MEDICAL JOURNAL, which gives a whimsical surmise why the males among dogs are more peculiarly the sufferers, it may be remarked, that it is fortunate this *peculiarity* does not extend itself into other parts of the *animal creation*, a disaster, not

likely, indeed to befall the *males*, at least in this metropolis.

Dr. Bracken, were he living, would not hazard his reputation in proving he had ever seen a mad dog, unwormed, with the tongue swollen; whereas it is invariably the case when the worm is extracted. As to the authority of wormed dogs propagating rabies, I much doubt it (the circumstances may by possibility have occurred, where the worm has only been partially drawn out): and my doubt is grounded, because, *previous* to that stage of the disease when the saliva can communicate it, the dog is totally disabled from inflicting any wound by which the virus can be conveyed.

With the fullest conviction, from experience, of the *utility* of worming dogs, and thus contracting the dreadful ravages of a malady for which medical science knows neither certain relief nor cure, my reliance upon its *safety* is not to be shaken by any endeavour to establish ridicule as the test of truth.

Sept. 14, 1821.

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#### STAGHUNTING IN DEVONSHIRE. WORMING OF DOGS.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.  
SIR,

A Correspondent requiring information respecting the Devonshire stag-hounds, I am happy to supply you with such as it is in my power to give.

The red deer, which probably were formerly dispersed over the whole island, have for many years past been confined to the north of Devon, and that part of Somersetshire which abuts upon it, and are at present, with the exception of some stragglers, to be found only in the neighbourhood of Exmoor.

The forest of Exmoor, and the commons appendant upon it, contain about 60,000 acres of wild upland pasture, intersected by a few ravines, and some boggy ground; surrounding this tract lie the beautiful and extensive woods of Badgery, Culbourn, Horner, Dulverton, Hawkridge, North Molton, Bray, and Bratton, which are the resort of the deer. It is now about sixty years ago that the first pack of stag-hounds was kept in this county by Sir Thomas Acland, the grandfather of the present Baronet; they were surrendered by him to the late Colonel Bassett, who kept them till the death of their former proprietor, when he gave them up to his son, who succeeded to his title and estates; the late Sir Thomas Acland dying in the life time of Colonel Bassett, he again resumed them, and kept them till his death, which happened in 1802; they were then kept for a few years by John Worth, Esq. by subscription, who gave them up to the present Earl Fortescue, by whom they were delivered over about three years ago to Stucley Lucas, Esq. and they are now again a subscription pack.

I cannot say when these hounds were first procured; they stand about twenty-seven inches high, are fuller of bone, and rather heavier than the generality of fox-hounds, and have much deeper tongues; they have been, however, occasionally crossed with fox-hounds, particularly those of Earl Fitzwilliam, when it was thought that they were becoming slow and slack; and again with his late Majesty's hounds, when from the cross with the fox-hounds, they appeared to have too much *dash*, for it is essential to the stag-hounds that they

should not carry ahead in cover, lest they disturb fresh deer, and that when they come to water they should not dash across the river for the scent on the other side, as fox-hounds do; but that they should try up or down the stream, which is the usual beat of a hunted deer. When this pack was first handed over to Col. Bassett by their original possessor, they were generally deemed too slow, and were crossed with fox-hounds, and perhaps rendered too fast, a fault which was in a short time corrected by their judicious owner, who soon rendered them a perfect pack, a character which they have maintained to the present day.

Stag hunting commences about the 20th of August, and continues till the 20th of September, when the necks of the stags beginning to swell, the hounds are suffered to run only hinds till the middle of November, when the rivers being out and the water cold, they would be liable to be chilled, and are therefore then laid up till the middle of April, when hinds are again run for a month; and again about the 10th of August, to give the pack blood and wind preparatory to stag hunting. If the chase of the stag is not so exhilarating as that of the fox, nothing can be imagined more grand and noble; the hounds, considering the remote part of England in which they hunt, are tolerably well attended; they arrive at the cover side usually about nine; intelligence having been obtained of a warrantable deer, that is, of a deer of a proper age to be killed, a couple or two of old hounds, according to the size of the cover, denominated *tufers*, are laid upon his slot; the pack being berled up, that is, being in couples with a rope running

running through the ring of each pair, tied by its and to a gate, or put into some neighbouring barn or stable till the deer is found; they are then uncoupled and led by the huntsman to the scent, and laid on. If the deer is a light or a bold one, he frequently faces the moor, and crosses it to some of the covers on the other side, affording a gallop of from twelve to twenty miles, without a single obstacle to the pack. In this extended chase, after so large an animal, and over so fine a scenting country, where no hound requires the assistance of another to enable him to carry scent, it must necessarily happen, as it is almost impossible that any two hounds should be so exactly matched in speed and bottom as to run together, that they should string and run mate. The ordinary rate of a stag-hound over this flat and open country being a mile in three minutes, no horses can live by them, particularly when it is considered that they are frequently impeded by such ravines and deep ground as present themselves upon the moor. The sportsmen then having kept the hounds in view a sufficient time, to ascertain the point to which the deer is making, and being guided by slow and cast hounds, arrive at the water (to which the deer usually makes) shortly after the pack, and he is generally killed there, after beating up and down it, frequently for an hour. It happens, however, that when an old or cowardly deer is found, instead of facing the moor, he often strings the long range of woods in its vicinity, where the stag-hounds, not being so capable of climbing hills and breaking thick fences as the fox-hounds, carry a head like a pack of harriers, and are equally free of their fine deep

mellow tongues, producing among the vallies the most delightful effect.

It is with sorrow, however, that I now proceed to state that this unique and princely diversion is in its wane; Exmoor has been lately disafforested by act of parliament; 10,000 acres in the centre of this tract of land are inclosed by a high wall, which, although it is topped by the deer and hounds, presents an insurmountable barrier to the horsemen, who are often obliged to ride two or three miles to a gate, while the chase perhaps leads in a contrary direction; and what is still worse, as the country is better cultivated, the farmers are more sensible of the damage done by the deer, and kill them without mercy, so that in a very few years it is probable that the race of them will here likewise be extinct. Not a single warrantable stag was killed last year till after the period when old stag hunters would not have thought of killing one, neither have the hounds been more fortunate during the present season.—I am, Sir, your humble servant, A. B.

The writer of this has often heard the late Colonel Bassett say, and no one had more experience as a sportsman than he had, nor was more generally known in the sporting world, though I believe he had never read, or had forgotten Pliny, that a pack of wormed fox-hounds would not kill a badger, and that a dog which had been wormed, although liable to hydrophobia, would not bite, but died sulky. I am not more disposed to disbelieve the fact because I cannot account for it, than to disbelieve for the same reason, that the cow pox is a protection against the small pox; I am free to say, however, that I  
am

am no friend to too much legislation, but I think it is at least worth while, if possible, to ascertain the fact, and if it proves to be so, I see no reason why the legislature should not guard against one dreadful malady as well as against another.

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### HABITS OF THE TOAD, THE STOAT, &c.

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TO THE EDITOR.

**T**O the lovers of natural history, every branch of it will afford instruction and amusement, and perhaps that of the amphibia not the least so; although many of them are ugly in their form and venomous in their nature; yet to investigate their structure, habits, and wonderful reproductive powers, is a source for curious examination and attention; perhaps few amongst them have been regarded with more disgust and horror than the toad; ugly in its shape (to a proverb) and reputed venomous in its nature, it was seldom seen without fear, or touched without terror, and these prejudices were not a little increased and strengthened by our immortal bard, who has used it in some of his incantations—

“Toad that under the cold stone,  
“Days and nights hast thirty-one,  
“Swelter’d venom sleeping got,  
“Boil thou first! the charm’d pot;”

that when seen, almost every hand was raised for its destruction, until Mr. Pennant very ably and humanely advocated its cause and restored to it its true natural character, that of being harmless and inoffensive; he has also detailed its mode of life, its food (consisting chiefly of insects and worms) its manner of catching its prey, &c. &c. But having lately witnessed a circumstance connected with its habits, not noticed by him, or indeed

by any author I have read on the subject, I will briefly relate it:—In the latter end of July, after rather a moist day, between seven and eight o’clock in the evening, being in the garden, I heard several shrieks somewhat quickly repeated, and looking to discover what had occasioned them, observed a rustling in a strawberry bed, and on going to see what it was, I found a toad had just seized a field mouse, and the mouse had got itself on the toad’s back, scratching and biting to get released, but all its efforts seemed to give the toad no annoyance, for he kept his hold and himself quite still, and as the strength of the mouse failed, he almost imperceptibly drew part of it into his mouth, and by his sucking seemed to enjoy his victory; the mouse now appeared lifeless, and I continued my observations until he had gorged much more than half the mouse, when I was suddenly called away, but returned in less than half an hour; the toad was then gone, and no remains of the mouse to be discovered. If you think the above will afford any amusement to your readers of natural history, by inserting it you will oblige a constant one.

Keswick, 5th Sept. 1821.

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MR. EDITOR.

I should be obliged by your inserting, if considered worthy, the following instance of voracity in the stoat.

At the beginning of this month as two of my workmen were removing a pile of faggots, which lay near to a coppice, they were surprised to find sixty-three rabbit skins and twenty-five hare skins, all perfectly whole, besides fragments of skins; after removing a few more bundles, they found six stoats, four of which they killed, the

the other two escaped. It has been hitherto generally considered that stoats merely suck the blood of these animals, and then leave them; this circumstance, however, contradicts that idea. You may rely on the veracity of the above, as the eighty-eight skins and four dead stoats were brought to your humble servant, A SUBSCRIBER.

P. S. It may be proper to add, that the faggots had only lain there five months.

Sept. 22, 1821.

#### SNAKES.

A snake's nest was lately discovered in the vicinity of Truro, Cornwall. It was singularly constructed, and contained 14 eggs of a dirty white colour, about the size of those of the blackbird. One of the eggs being broken, a young snake perfectly formed, of a dark colour, was exposed to view, curiously coiled round the inside of the shell. On being freed from its confinement, it raised its head, and unwounded itself to the extent of six inches, with all the activity peculiar to these supple animals.

#### LAPLANDERS AND REIN DEER IN ENGLAND.

MR. Bullock, whose attachment to the study of natural history is well known, has succeeded in bringing specimens of the reindeer to this country, which may perhaps lead to the colonization of our mountain forests with this interesting animal. While on a tour in Norway he procured a herd of twenty, the whole of which were killed by eating a poisonous plant that grew upon a small island, on which they were placed for security previous to embarkation. He, however, was not to be driven from

his object. He once more went into the interior, and bought another herd, twelve in number. These he not only succeeded in embarking in safety, but in bringing them alive and well to the Thames; but it unluckily happened that the Custom-house officer, at Gravesend, did not feel himself authorised to allow the deer to be landed. Before application could be made to the proper authorities in London, the majority of the poor herd fell victims to their confinement on ship board. They began to die very fast, and nine of the twelve were thus destroyed. The remnant saved, consisted of a male and female, and a male which has been cut. The latter is the captain, and the largest of the animals, being, we suppose, about ten hands high, and proportionally stout. The others are a hand or two lower. Their fur is astonishingly thick, very fine, and delicately soft and warm. The horns branch in a singular and beautiful manner, and are entirely covered with a short fur. Those of the female form almost a perfect coronet, above a foot in height, and her head is of the most elegant shape. The captain's antlers are three in length; on one side branching from a single root, on the other having two branches bending forwards over the nose, issuing from the head with the main branch. The fawn has only two short protuberances. Their hoofs are very broad, and flexible between the divisions. This enables them to clamber up precipices and hang on rocks inaccessible to all other animals. Their speed is prodigious. They seem to be reconciled to hay as food; like brandy, which is administered as a medicine; and there is nothing, at present, to cause a doubt of the prac-

practicability of naturalizing them in England. Along with the deer Mr. B. has brought a native Laplander, his wife and child: these beings are about four feet eight inches in height; the man being of the common size, the woman rather tall. The child is a curiosity in its way, and about five years old.

### ILLEGAL RACING.

*Law Case lately tried at Lancaster.*

*Edge v. Pilling.*

MR. Parke stated this to be an action for the recovery of 200l. the penalty incurred by law for entering and running a horse for a less sum than 50l. at a place called Bagslate Common, near Rochdale, where, for some time past, horse-races of this description have been carried on, much to the annoyance of the neighbourhood. Notice had been given to the parties concerned in them, that the act of parliament upon this subject would be strictly enforced. The statute of the 13th George II. imposed a penalty of 200l. on persons engaged in these unlawful diversions. The act recited, that horse-races for small plates tended to the encouragement of idleness, and were calculated to discourage the breed of strong, active, and vigorous horses; it therefore inflicted the penalty upon persons entering or running any horse, mare, or gelding, for a less stake than a plate of 50l.; and a subsequent clause enabled a common informer to sue for the penalty. In consequence of the continuance of this great nuisance, it was determined to put the act in execution. It would be proved that, in June last, the defendant, who was a very active person on these occasions, made a match with one Howard to run a horse belonging to a person named Leach, for 5l. The race

was run, and the defendant won, and received the stakes. It happened that this was the first transaction of the sort that could be brought home to the parties by direct evidence. He should satisfy the Jury, out of the defendant's own mouth, that the amount of the stakes was only double the 5l.

Timothy Leach, of Witworth, said he knew Bagslate Common, in the parish of Rochdale. He was at the Bagslate races last year. Knew the defendant Pilling; he had a horse called Jerry. An application was made to him (the witness) by James Diggle for his mare. He permitted his mare to start against Jerry, on account of Mr. Howard, who made the match with the defendant. The mare ran, but Jerry won. Pilling was at the race; they had some debate; they could not agree about the weight; but at last they did agree; the money was put down on both sides—five pounds each.

Cross-examined by the Learned Judge.—He did not know whether the horse Jerry was a gelding; he was not certain; he rather thought he was, but was not certain; he had not sufficient acquaintance with the horse to know whether he was a gelding or a stallion.

Mr. Justice Holroyd.—Mr. Parke, you must prove that fact; you must prove whether he was a gelding or not.

Mr. Parke.—I cannot do it by this witness; and I have no other.

Justice Holroyd.—Then you must be nonsuited. You come for a penalty, and you ought to be armed at all points.—Plaintiff nonsuited.

This cause was undefended, and the unexpected result was the subject of a good deal of mirth in Court, at the expense of the disappointed informer.

INTE-



### INTERIOR ECONOMY OF THE PARISIAN GAMING HOUSES.

IT would appear that the attention of the French Legislature, during its late Session, was wisely directed to an investigation of the gaming houses in Paris, and the policy of sanctioning these pernicious establishments; M. Antoine Mareschal, a member of the Lower Chamber, having presented to that body a report on their interior economy, founded on the personal inspection of the writer. The reporter dwelt with great indignation upon the fatal consequences of farming the revenue arising from these houses from year to year; and lamented the introduction of the game of *roulette*, compared with which *le biribi* was innocent pastime. Being well informed as to every thing that passed in the interior of the gaming houses, he said, that besides the *roulette*, there were *le creps*, *le passe dix*, *le trente*, and *le biribi*. "Gentlemen," he observed, "imitation of those physicians who have tried the strength of poisons upon themselves, and have been inoculated with the pest, in order to be better acquainted with the means of curing it, I wished to know what passed in the interior of these dens of destruction: I have visited them all, from number 9, so much frequented and so abandoned, up to those which luxury has decorated with all its attractions. I was, I may say, surprised at the order which reigns in all these places. Silence is never interrupted but with these words, "*Play!*" "*done!*" To observe the attention that these gamblers bestow upon every movement that takes place upon the tables round which they are ranged, and noting down the chances and

the incidents that occur, one would suppose them engaged in some learned and profound meditations, if the little piles of gold and silver heaped up about them, did not better explain their views. But nevertheless, under this apparent calm, I have seen the concentrated feelings with difficulty restrained; I have seen agitation, and even despair, succeed the short and transient visits of good fortune. In the various movements of these gamblers I could discern the indifferent husband, the imprudent father of a family, the prodigal son, the cash-keeper hazarding the property of another person, artisans risking the gains of the week, with the faithless servant, and men flying from one abyss, only to plunge more deeply into another. I mixed with these imprudent people, to see if any great effort was necessary to resist this contagion; I stood up before one of these tables of perdition, but this place I filled very indifferently. A player, very eager to occupy it, probably thought by my appearance that I was an intruder, occasioned me to move, and I retired without any interruption. I have been initiated in these houses, and let into the knowledge of those afflicting mysteries, of which I had long been ignorant, and I believe that to me they have been faithfully revealed.

"I wished to have some conversation with the persons who manage these rooms. You would shudder if I was to repeat the painful relations I then heard, and the reflections that accompanied them. If we consider the innumerable crimes caused by these games at hazard and the lottery; and if we judge from those that are discovered of the number concealed; or if we compare the injuries done

to society with the miserable revenue which the state derives from these places, we must acknowledge that their suppression would be an immense benefit."

M. Mareschal then noticed some favourable traits in the conduct of M. Borsant, a proprietor of some of these gaming houses; for instance, 17,000 francs lost by a minor were restored to his parents. The whole of the revenue arising from licenced gaming houses had been stated in the budget at 5,500,000 francs. As the reformation proposed would diminish this income, a certain equivalent should be substituted; "and thus, Gentlemen," said he, "in uniting our wishes with those that have been so honourably expressed in the other chamber, we shall now confine ourselves to the proposal that this request be sent to the Council of Ministers."—This report was then ordered to be printed.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

"**Pickles and Preserves.**"

No. I.

#### DECISION OF CHARACTER.

"Resolves and re-resolves, then dies the same."  
YOUNG.

"As many cross resolves  
As Irishmen that have been turned to wolves."  
BUTLER.

I Do not intend to give a reason for writing under the head of "Pickles and Preserves;" and it would be rather uncourteous to expect me to do so. There is something very taking in a good title; and I thought the one I have now adopted looked extremely well on

\* "I Would and I Would not."

† This gentleman, in one of his works about himself and his opinions, certainly imagines that, by his political writings in the *Morning Post*, he contributed not a little to the destruction of the power of Bonaparte. This is very similar to the belief of Dennis, who figured so much in

paper, in the window of a pickle shop in the Strand. I should like to see it in smaller print.

Decision of character I have always considered a fine thing, and so is the end of a fight to him who gets the worst of it, as well as to the victor. Now, I should like to be very decided; and perhaps the best way to be so is, to watch attentively the actions of the finest models in that line; and yet I almost doubt whether indecision in one's actions is not a better thing; for surely the current of the feelings never flows so freely as when its lazy course is broken. 'Tis very easy, I find, to discover an excuse for any thing, as the old poet\* found, when he said—

"I would I were a man of such deepe wit,  
As might discern the depth of every cause,

That wheresoe I did in Iudgement sit,  
I might be held a Note-booke, in the Lawes.

My braine might seeme a kind of miracle:  
And every word I speake, an oracle;"

and immediately added—

"And yet I would not, for then, wee were me,

I should be troubled with a world of Cases;  
Both rich and poore, would then my Clients be,

Some with their pleasing, some with piteous faces;

And when the Rich had left their bribes,  
I should not rest for *forma pauperie*."

Now, Lord Wellington is a very decided character, and so is Tom Cribb. These are fine models, and have both done the state some service. The High Allies, too, are very fine in their way, and very clever; for they know

"That the sword of kings  
Is the last reason of all things."

And this is real knowledge; but Coleridge's† is not, the Scotch re-  
London, 1614.

wrangling

viewers tell us; they are also men of much decision of character, and must know, since it is their trade to do so, for they can—

—"With penetrating eyes  
Into th' abstrusest learning pry;  
Know more of any trade b' a hint,  
Than those that have been bred up in't."

Decision of character is certainly a mark of excellence: it is, perhaps, impossible to be great in any thing without it. I am often much amused in contemplating the possession of this property, in a superior degree, by the lowest of mankind; and in observing the absence of it in men of considerable taste and judgment. There's more of the property displayed in one of the Gas-light Man's hits than in a speech of Lord Castlereagh's. The former shews by his conduct what he meant to do, while the latter seems so full of beating about *nothings*, that it is often difficult to know what he would be at.

You do not find much stability of character in poets or orators: there's more of it in sportsmen; a fox-hunter, about to take a desperate leap, has perhaps a more determined head than Mr. Charles Phillips, when he scatters his eloquence; or than Dr. Southey, when he writes a loyal ode:—

"Glory to kings my song—a hundred pounds my payment."

Soldiers are generally very decided men: I once heard an officer

wrangling with the poet Pope. Dennis imagined that he had done more to conquer the French by his writing, than the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene had done by the sword: accordingly, when peace was negotiating, Dennis is said to have solicited the Duke to make an article, to render him secure while he resided on the Continent. The Duke replied, "He should take no such care for himself, and thought he had done the enemy *some service*." There is another account on record, of a mistaken weight and importance, viz. the case of the fly on the bull's horn, who, thinking when the animal moved his head that he was oppressed by his weight, politely observed, "I hope, Sir, I don't incommoded you."

praise an essay "on the inhumanity of killing flies." That studying the best models is likely to give one decision of character, is clear, for look at players—one who has ever played *Cato*, cannot understand "why Cæsar should be great;" not he indeed. Look at Mr. Kean's conduct in America.—"I am Edmund Kean, and that's enough;" he would never have touched the Englishman off so plainly, if he had not studied the Roman to some purpose.

Lawyers are not overstocked, I believe, with the property I am speaking of; to be sure they are decided enough when they are judges; but before they come to that, I fear it is in vain to seek for models on that side.

After all, I am inclined to think that the most decided characters are tainted a little with the barbarous; the Fives Court has a more uniform show of men of this description than St. Stephen's; and yet in the latter there are some barbarians—men who are opposed to the practice of making their neighbours more human: I suppose they know that "gold and steel are the hinges of the gates of political power, and that knowledge holds the key."

The ancient Romans were possessed of great decision, mixed up, at the same time, with no small portion of the barbarous: that law,

for instance, was very severe, which gave the Roman husband the power to put his wife to death if she drank too much wine—that was indeed a very severe law, because a little might have overcome a Roman lady, and there are moments when the most prudent may be overtaken by liquor, and floored.

Doctors have generally more decision of character than parsons, and lamplighters than either. I am, Mr. Editor, yours,

AN UNDECEIDED ONE.

September, 1831.

### A SINGULAR FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.

*Communicated by the Right Hon. the Earl of Morton, F.R.S. in a Letter addressed to the President of the Royal Society.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I Yesterday had an opportunity of observing a singular fact in natural history, which you may perhaps deem not unworthy of being communicated to the Royal Society. Some years ago, I was desirous of trying the experiment of domesticating the quagga, and endeavoured to procure some individuals of that species. I obtained a male, but being disappointed of a female, I tried to breed from the male quagga, and a young chesnut mare of seven-eighths Arabian blood, and which had never been bred from: the result was the production of a female hybrid, now five years old, and bearing both in her form and colour very decided indications of her mixed origin. I subsequently parted with the seven-eighths Arabian mare to Sir Gore Ouseley, who has bred from her by a very fine black Arabian horse. I yesterday morning examined the produce, namely, a two-years-old filly, and a year-old colt. They

have the character of the Arabian breed as decidedly as can be expected, where fifteen-sixteenths of the blood are Arabian, and they are fine specimens of that breed, but both in their colour and in the hair of their manes they have a strong resemblance to the quagga: their colour is bay, marked more or less like the quagga in a darker tint. Both are distinguished by a dark line along the ridge of the back, the dark stripes across the forehead, and the dark bars on the back part of the legs. The stripes across the forehead of the colt are confined to the withers, and to the part of the neck next to them; those on the filly cover nearly the whole of the neck, and the back as far as the flanks. The colour of her coat on the neck adjoining to the mane is pale and approaching to dun, rendering the stripes there more conspicuous than those on the colt. The same pale tint appears in a less degree on the rump; and in this circumstance of the dun tint also she resembles the quagga.

The colt and filly were taken up from grass for my inspection, and owing to the present state of their coats I could not ascertain whether they bear any indications of the spots on the rump, the dark pasterns, or the narrow stripes on the forehead with which the quagga is marked. They have no appearance of the dark line along the belly, or the white tufts on the side of the mane. Both their manes are black; that of the filly is short, stiff, and stands upright, and Sir Gore Ouseley's stud groom alleged that it was never otherwise. That of the colt is long, but so stiff as to arch upwards, and to hang clear of the side of the neck, in which circumstance it resembles that of the hybrid. This is the more remarkable,

able, as the manes of the Arabian breed hang lank and closer to the neck than those of most others. The bars across the legs, both of the hybrid and of the colt and filly, are more strongly defined, and darker than those on the legs of the quagga, which are very slightly marked; and though the hybrid has several quagga marks, which the colt and filly have not, yet the most striking, namely, the stripes on the forehead, are fewer and less apparent than those on the colt and filly. These circumstances may appear singular, but I think you will agree with me that they are trifles, compared with the extraordinary fact of so many striking features which do not belong to the dam being in two successive instances communicated through her to the progeny, not only of another sire who also has them not, but of a sire belonging probably to another species, for such we have very strong reason for supposing the quagga to be. I am, my dear Sir, your faithful humble servant,

MORTON.

Dr. W. H. Wollaston.

P. S. I have requested Sir Gore Ouseley to send me some specimens of hair from the sire, dam, colt, and filly, and I shall write to Scotland for specimens from those of the quagga and of the hybrid.

I am not apt to build hypotheses in a hurry, and have no predilection either for or against the old doctrine of impressions produced by the imagination; but I can hardly suppose that the imagination could pass by the white tufts on the quagga's mane, and attach itself to the coarseness of its hair.

(Note by Dr. Wollaston.)

By the kindness of Sir Gore Ouseley, I had an opportunity of seeing the mare, the Arabian horse,

the filly, and the colt, and of witnessing how correctly they agreed with the description given of them by Lord Morton. Having shortly afterwards described the circumstances to my friend, Mr. Giles, I found that he had observed some facts of nearly equal interest.

#### HORSE CAUSE—UNSOUNDNESS.

*Action tried at Bristol Assizes, before Judge Graham.*

A little opacity in the near eye;  
The off one a little addicted to cry;  
One corn in one foot, and two in the other;  
One bald knee reproaching the hair on its brother;  
A wriggling gait, from a crick in the back—  
Are requisites found to form a sound hack!  
(*Impromptu by a Barrister.*)

Ward v. Codrington.

THIS cause, which occupied the Court seven hours, excited considerable merriment, from its ludicrous detail by Mr. Serjeant Pell, for the plaintiff, and from his exposure of the jockey manoeuvres, which, as usual in such cases, had been practised. It appeared that the plaintiff being out with the hounds of Lord W. Somerset on the 31st of January last, had met with the defendant, who was riding his black mare. This mare possessing figure, and following the hounds well, was pointed out by a friend of the defendant to the plaintiff, as a mare which would suit him in his occasional sporting excursions. The plaintiff and defendant therefore had some conversation as to the soundness and price, and a bargain followed, the mare being bought on the ground by the plaintiff, who relied on the defendant's statement of her perfections. After the purchase, the plaintiff treated the defendant as a friend, invited him to his own residence to dine with him; and while taking wine, in the presence of Mr. George

George Lennell and another gentleman, paid him the sum of 35l. the defendant again repeating the warranty. Next morning the plaintiff was informed by his servant, that the mare's legs and fetlock joints were much swollen; that she had a considerable blemish on one knee, and one of her eyes suffused with humour. Upon this information the plaintiff sent for Mr. Thomas Wills, who immediately adjudged her unsound, and advised the plaintiff to return her. The plaintiff, however, thought fit to consult Peter Michel, his farrier, and also George Parker, of veterinary celebrity. The mare's shoes were taken off, and in addition to the other *advantages* before enumerated, it was found she had large corns on each foot, one of which was what is termed a *threaded corn*; and Mr. Mitchell, the farrier, on a momentary inspection, pronounced her "a most complete screw." George Parker, on his examination, found that she was "moon-eyed," or "down in the eyes," and completely unsound from her complaints. Notice was immediately given to the defendant, and the mare was sent to livery, where she became "dead lame;" and upon being ridden, it was discovered that, from a wrench, she was also "jig-backed." After her arrival at the stables, the defendant advised the plaintiff to bleed and physic this precious beast, warranting that she would recover. The plaintiff, however, did not seem to relish this mode of procedure; and finding that he could not by peaceable means obtain the purchase money, thought it best to apply to law instead of physic, and commenced his action for recovery of the amount, together with the expences of the intermediate keep.

The warranty having been fully proved, Mr. Thomas Wills, the farrier, Parker, the plaintiff's servant, and Burgess, the livery-stable-keeper, most satisfactorily established the unsoundness; and Mr. Leigh, the veterinary surgeon, having been called, proved also the corns in the feet, and that the mare had cataracts in each eye.

Upon the examination of one of these witnesses by the defendant's Counsel, it appeared that the defendant had actually gone down as a stranger to the livery stables, stating that he wanted to purchase a horse, and had, among several of the horses which were for sale, fixed upon the mare, and endeavoured to get from the stable-keeper an admission that she was for sale.

On the part of the defendant, Mr. Adam stated, that he should prove the mare to have been sound from her being foaled up to the time of her sale to the plaintiff; and that by a strange coincidence, her feet had actually been examined the day before the sale to the plaintiff. He then called several witnesses, some of whom were objected to, as interested, they having previously sold and warranted her; and these parties not seeming disposed to give each other releases, were rejected. A veterinary surgeon and some farriers were also brought forward, who swore to her soundness at the period they had attended her; but, upon examination, they admitted that when they saw her on the morning of the trial, for the purpose of getting a knowledge of her then state, they had been requested by the plaintiff's attorney, who was present, to look at her eyes, as one of the grounds of complaint lay there; that they had refused to look, and, in fact, had not examined them.

them. Mr. Alderman Wilcox had known the mare when in possession of his friend Mr. Martin, had seen her run up and down the road by defendant's servant, three or four days before her sale, and in his opinion she was then perfectly sound. It was also proved that defendant had hunted the mare severely for three days just before the sale.

Mr. Serjeant Pell, in a very able reply, animadverted in strong terms on the stratagem of the defendant, in going to the stable to obtain an admission that the mare was for sale.

The Learned Judge, in summing up, stated that the plaintiff's case was irresistible. The evidence of Mr. Alderman Wilcox was alone calculated to excite a doubt in his mind; but the worthy Alderman could not be considered so "knowing" as the professional witnesses. His Lordship, after stating that the violent riding of the mare on the day of sale, might have brought out symptoms of the disorders which had been proved, and which might have been already incipient, and only kept down by previous bleeding and medicine, administered shortly before the sale; and that the plaintiff seeing her when warm in the chase and on her mettle, might easily have been deceived, left the case to the Jury, without going through any part of the evidence.

The Jury immediately returned a verdict for the plaintiff—35gs. the price of the mare, and 16gs. for her keep.

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BATTLE BETWEEN RANDALL  
AND MARTIN FOR THREE  
HUNDRED GUINEAS A-SIDE.

**TUESDAY**, September 11, 1821,  
was a day of importance to

the Pugilistic School. On that day was decided the combat between the celebrated Jack Randall, deservedly entitled *The Nonpareil*, and Jack Martin, the baker. The contest had excited an unparalleled interest, and bets to a very large amount depended on the issue.

Randall, our readers will perhaps recollect, has the honour of being a native of the Irish colony in St. Giles's, and his parents being true born Hibernians, he is claimed as a worthy scion of the shamrock. Nature seems to have taken particular pains in qualifying Randall for a *wobber* of first-rate excellence. He was born in November, 1794, and never met with a reverse. His renowned contest with Turner, on the 5th of December, 1818, which he won after an arduous struggle of two hours nineteen minutes and a half, must be still fresh in the recollection of his admirers. Notwithstanding the curiosity excited on that occasion, this last affair exceeded it in point of attraction.

The reward which followed the defeat of Turner, enabled Randall to open a public-house in Chancery-lane, known by the sign of "The Hole in the Wall," which has been well attended by the boxing amateurs. The inducements to free living which such a scene naturally held out, were considered highly injurious to the host's constitution; and, from his appearance, it was feared, if ever he were again to enter the ring, he would become an easy prey to his opponent. These fears have proved to be groundless; for, although Jack had indulged copiously in the delights of *blue ruin*, still he had not advanced so far on the "Road to Ruin" as to render him incapable of retracing his steps; and in the  
short

short but strict training which he underwent previous to the battle on Tuesday, his pristine vigour was completely restored.

Martin, it will not be forgotten, lately fought Turner, and on that occasion Turner, by a negligent training, sacrificed his previous character, and Martin was triumphant. It was considered that Martin, in this second display with the ancient Briton, showed great improvement, both as to his method of fighting and as to his strength — circumstances which brought him so much into favour with his friends, that they did not hesitate to support the challenge to fight Randall for three hundred pounds a-side. For such a stake Randall was "nothing loth," and some of his ancient backers, among whom was General Barton, having come forward, the preliminaries were soon arranged, and the stakes made good.

At this time Martin, from a constant succession of training, was in excellent condition; and, although the rapid improvement, on Randall's arrival in the country, from the well-known effects of good air and regular habits, soon removed all doubts as to his stamina, and the odds were increased to seven to four, and even three to one on him, yet Martin's friends were scarcely less sanguine, and they freely took all the odds that were offered.

The appointed day at length arrived. The Commissary-in-chief, Mr. Jackson, was out of town, but some of the subalterns having taken the command *pro tempore*, the scene of action, for divers weighty reasons, principally founded in a view to the profits of certain of the Surrey trusts, and to the accommodation of the sporting circles at

Brighton, was fixed in a meadow belonging to a farmer named Jarvis, near Copthorne. On this spot the ring was formed, and an immense mass of all descriptions of vehicles was admitted, not much, it may be supposed, to the prejudice of Mr. Jarvis, whose agents were praiseworthily active in levying proper contributions. After this *game* had continued for some time, however, three or four of the neighbouring gentlemen, observing that the strictest delicacy was not maintained towards the sacredness of their fences, and that, from the confined space chosen for the amusements of the day, much inconvenience, as well as mischief, might arise, insisted on a move, intimating, that if the old spot on Crawley Downs, the scite of so many former skirmishes, were chosen, and which afforded ample room for all comers, they would not interfere; otherwise, that they would pray the aid of the magistracy. In this state of things a move accordingly took place, and a fresh ring was established in the spot suggested. In effecting this new lodgment, much mortification was experienced, not alone by those who, after a dreadful drag up one of the worst bye roads in England, had effected a comfortable lodgment, but by those who, speculating on the formation of the ring, had expended considerable sums in the hire of waggons for that purpose from the surrounding farmers. The waggons it was found impossible to move in due time, and thus the new area was composed of such vehicles as were enabled first to reach the ground.

Notwithstanding the general departure of connoisseurs from Jarvis's farm, Martin still maintained his post, alledging that he was on the



the ground fixed, and that he should expect Randall to meet him there, in which demand he was supported by his backers.

At one o'clock Randall arrived in a post chaise at Crawley Downs, and took up his quarters in a cottage near the ground. A council of war was then held on the course which it might be prudent to adopt. General Barton acted as president, and, after due deliberation on the difficulties which had arisen, it was determined that the magistrate of the district, who resided about a mile distant, should be consulted as to his intention. If it was found that he was determined to disturb the combatants in the event of their "setting to" in Jarvis's field, then, as a matter of course, Martin must yield; but if, on the contrary, he should be more charitably inclined, it was perfectly indifferent to Randall where he met his man, and he was willing to gratify him in any prejudice he might have adopted in favour of a particular spot. The arrangement of these difficulties occupied a considerable space of time, during a portion of which, Randall was dancing a hornpipe, and the rest he employed in taking a sound nap.

At two o'clock, General Barton mounted a charger, and was riding off to the head-quarters of the magistrate, when he was suddenly arrested in his progress by an express from the *Martinites*, announcing that their champion had yielded his claim to the choice of ground, and was so anxious for the mill, that he would meet Randall even in a saw-pit. Matters being thus accommodated, all apprehensions of further delay were set at rest, and in about half an hour Bill Gibbons arrived on the ground with ropes, and, with the

assistance of many hands, soon formed the ring. All those persons who had remained with Martin followed in the wake of Bill, and formed no inconsiderable accession to the immense multitude already assembled. Martin soon afterwards drove up in a post-chaise, and was loudly cheered. All was now tip-toe expectation for the commencement of the day, and the crowd manifested a good deal of impatience. It was calculated at this moment that there were not less than ten thousand spectators assembled, among whom were many persons of apparent respectability. The interior of the circle formed by the carriages was excessively thronged, and on being beat out, as usual, formed a line of eight deep: the front ranks were, according to pugilistic law, forced to sit down, the second rank to kneel, the third to stoop, and the remainder made the best shift they could to take a bird's-eye view through the interstices which were left between the heads of those who stood before them.

#### THE FIGHT.

At twenty minutes to three, Randall was seen to enter the outer ring, attended by General Barton and Mr. Griffiths. He was attired in a Whitehall upper Benjamin; and immediately threw his hat into the ring, amidst loud applause. In a few minutes afterwards Martin approached from an opposite direction, accompanied by Mr. Sant and Mr. Elliott. He was also warmly greeted.

The men now got under the ropes, and were assisted by their immediate friends in peeling for action. Martin was waited upon by Spring and Thurton, and Randall by Harry Holt and Paddington Jones.

Every eye was directed to the same focus, and the figures of the combatants, as they came to the scratch, were strictly scrutinized. A perfect stillness prevailed, and the boisterous exclamations of the previous half hour had completely subsided.

Randall never appeared to greater advantage. All the good effects of judicious training were apparent. His skin was clear and healthful, and his frame was in excellent condition. The symmetry of his bust excited general admiration, and the muscular strength of his arms, neck, and shoulders bore testimony to his Herculean qualities. The whole force of his body, in fact, seemed to be concentrated above his waistband. He had a confident smile on his countenance, and viewed his antagonist with a sort of confidential *non chalance*.

Martin, too, was in excellent condition, and, although not so well or so compactly put together as Randall, yet challenged approbation. He stood considerably above him, his arms were much longer, but they wanted that bold and imposing weight which characterised those of Randall. He came with good humour to the scratch, and shook hands with Randall in perfect good fellowship. Every man now took his station, and the men threw themselves into their guard.

**FIRST AND LAST ROUND.**—It was rumoured that Martin intended to waste no time in manoeuvring, but to go to work *instantly*. It was evident, however, that this plan was more easily suggested than accomplished; and those who presume to dictate to a man what he shall do, ought to reflect that

before he can decide upon the course he shall pursue, he must first obtain the consent of his opponent. Randall had no favours to grant. He was all wary caution, and clearly had no intention to throw away a chance. He was evidently waiting for Martin to commence, but he had so completely covered his frontispiece that there was not half an inch to spare. Martin felt the difficulty, and could not immediately find the way to overcome it. He once or twice made play, but Randall was not skittishly inclined. All was "war hawk." Randall made a left-handed hit to draw his adversary, but it would not do. Martin then hit right and left, but was stopped. Randall was feeling for Martin's wind, but hit above the mark: he, however, made an impression, and a red mark "told a flattering tale." Martin now got anxious to be moving, and hit with his right. Randall returned with his left, and the men got to a rally, when Randall received it slightly on the nose, which drew a little blood. There was an almost instantaneous close, which was followed by Randall grasping Martin round the neck with his right arm, and bringing his head to a convenient posture for punishment with his left. This was indeed a terrific position. Randall was always famous for the dreadful force of his short left-handed hits, and on this occasion they lost none of their former character. Martin's nob was completely in a vice; and while in that hopeless condition Randall fibbed him with the solid weight of the hammer of a tuck mill. His aim was principally at the neck, where every blow told with horrible violence. Eight or ten

ten times did he repeat the dose, and then, with a violent swing, threw Martin to the ground, falling on him as he went with all his weight. The ring resounded with applause, and Jack coolly took his seat on his second's knee.

All eyes were now turned to Martin, who was lifted on Spring's knee, but in a second it was seen that he was done. His head fell back lifeless, and all the efforts of Spring to keep it straight were in vain. Water was thrown on him in abundance, but without effect: he was, in fact, perfectly senseless; and the half minute having transpired, the *Nonpareil* was hailed the victor.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment which so sudden and complete a finish to the business produced.

Randall immediately retired to his toilet, but when he again appeared he had not a scratch.

The humanity of the throng was now directed towards poor Martin, who lay like a lump of unleavened dough. He was immediately bled, but several minutes elapsed before he exhibited any symptoms of returning life. On recovering his breath, he was carried to bed, where some time elapsed before he became fully conscious of his defeat—an event at which he very naturally felt surprised, and for which he declared he could not satisfactorily account. He certainly did not exhibit any very strong marks of punishment, and it was therefore calculated that the force of the blows he had received had produced a temporary fit of apoplexy, by producing a sudden flow of blood on the brain.

The round lasted but seven mi-

nutes and a half, of which four minutes and a half had elapsed before a blow was attempted.

#### PARISH AND LASHBROOK.

There was a second fight between the above men for a purse of fifty guineas. It was a manly and determined contest, which lasted for upwards of an hour, in which both men evinced considerable skill and bravery. The fate of the battle was precarious to the last, but was finally decided in favour of Parish, who was rather the favourite. All amusement which might have been derived from this spectacle, however, was completely destroyed by the daring outrages of an immense gang of pickpockets, who broke in the ring, and closed completely to the ropes, carrying with them every person of decent appearance, and openly robbing them of their watches, pocket books, and purses, not unfrequently cutting off their pockets, and ill-treating them if they had the courage to resist.—The plunder in this way was immense, and all the efforts of the fighting men were insufficient to prevent it. The frequent repetition of these lawless scenes ought to warn those who take interest in such sights at least to avoid mixing in a circle where it is impossible to avoid similar attacks.

In consequence of the lateness of the hour at which the sports were brought to a conclusion (after five o'clock), the road was crowded with vehicles to a very late hour, and the harvest to the publicans was proportionably great. Many accidents occurred, and we are sorry to add that many outrages were committed upon the rustic class of spectators by the boxing circle.

### THE UNICORN OF THE SCRIP- TURES.

**T**HE Rev. John Campbell has brought from Africa the head of a very singular animal, which he describes as follows:—

“The animal was killed by my Hottentots in the Mashow country, near the city of Mashow, about two hundred miles N. E. of New Lattakoo, to the westward of Delagoa Bay. My Hottentots never having seen or heard of an animal with one horn of so great a length, cut off its head, and brought it bleeding to me upon the back of an ox. From its great weight, and being about twelve hundred miles from the Cape of Good Hope, I was obliged to reduce it by cutting off the under jaw. The Hottentots cut up the rest of the animal for food, which, with the help of the natives, they brought on the backs of oxen to Mashow. The horn, which is nearly black, is exactly three feet long, projecting from the forehead about nine or ten inches above the nose. From the nose to the ears measured three feet. There is a small horny projection, of about eight inches, immediately behind the great horn, apparently designed for keeping fast or steady whatever is penetrated by the great horn. There is neither hair nor wool on the skin, which is the colour of brown snuff. The animal is well known to the natives; it is a species of the rhinoceros, but if I may judge of its bulk from the size of its head, it must have been much larger than any of the seven rhinoceroses which my party shot, one of which measured eleven feet from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail. The skull and horn excited great curiosity at the Cape. Most were of opinion that it was

all that we should have for the unicorn. An animal the size of a horse, which the fancied unicorn is supposed to be, would not answer the description given by Job. chap. xxxix. v. 9, &c; but in every part of that description, this animal exactly answers to it.”

Measures, it seems, have been taken in the East Indies, to obtain a complete specimen of the animal supposed to be the unicorn, which is said to exist in considerable numbers in Thibet. The description which has hitherto been furnished us, rests entirely upon the evidence of the natives; but as it differs in several essential points from Mr. Campbell's account of the African unicorn, the scientific world will be anxious to compare the specimens as soon as they are enabled so to do. Mr. Campbell's demonstration is the best as yet, and will probably never be excelled.

### SPORTING OBITUARY.

(From the *Statesman Newspaper*.)

**W**E have the painful duty of recording the sudden and regretted death of Mr. Robert Wardell, of Westbourne-place, Sloane-square, father of the present proprietor of *The Statesman* newspaper, who died on Friday morning, Sept. 16, 1821, at half-past four o'clock. On Thursday he was in the enjoyment of his usual health. At half-past eight he retired to rest, having complained of excessive drowsiness, and a pain in the head. At half-past nine he requested to have a little gruel; it was prepared, but when taken to him he was found lying across the bed, in a fit of apoplexy. The effects of bleeding and other applications were ineffectually tried; he remained in a state of insensibility

bility till the moment that he breathed his last.

Mr. Wardell was a native of the county of York, and in that part of the kingdom he spent the greater portion of his life. He was originally designed by his parents for the church, and sent to school to receive a suitable education. But the diversions for which Yorkshire has long been noted possessed to him greater attractions than literature. He was fond of riding and of being amongst horses; and instead of divinity and theology, the sports of the field, the pleasures of hunting and horse-racing, predominated in his mind, and principally occupied his attention; every pursuit indeed which required activity or a particular bent of genius afforded him gratification. He was a great agricultural experimentalist, and succeeded in obtaining produce from a peculiar kind of land which had previously been unmanageable; he knew the practice as well as the theory of farming; was an excellent feeder of stock, and was famous for having large crops. To this knowledge he added that of a most opposite kind; a knowledge of the game of whist; at the age of fourteen he played it to perfection, and he never met with any one who was so well acquainted with it as himself; indeed, to whatever he directed his fancy, at any period of his life, in that he excelled his contemporaries. When a boy, he was superior to all his juvenile associates, in all their amusements; and when he followed the fox-hounds, he was always the first in at the death, took the highest and most dangerous leaps, and commonly carried off the brush. But, of all the occupations in which he ever engaged, he pur-

sued none so unremittingly, so earnestly, or so profitably as the amusements of *the turf*. This he was fond of from his very cradle, and for twenty-five years, and till within three years of the close of life, *the turf* excluded every other pursuit. He possessed a minute knowledge of horses, their qualifications, their defects, their powers, their capabilities, their comparative excellencies, the nature of their breed, the casualties to which they are subject, the proper method of breeding, of training, of bringing them to an equality by suitable weights, the way in which they should be rode in a race according to the peculiar qualities of each, in what part of or how a race was lost or won by jockeyship. He was acquainted with the pedigree of every race-horse of celebrity that had appeared for the last sixty years, and could trace from memory the origin of their stock in this country. He knew which was of the best blood and most suitable to breed from; in short, his information respecting horses was such as never was and never will be equalled. While the late Mr. Pick was compiling *The Turf Register*, on the occurrence of every difficulty he was consulted, and without his assistance it never would have been published; to him also was the late Mr. Bartholoman indebted for bringing into notice *The York Herald* as a sporting paper, and rendering it the flourishing concern that it was at the period of his death, a few years ago, by giving to it his assistance in furnishing the sporting communications: he also introduced the system of betting now commonly practised by cautious betters—that is, the system of betting round or betting to book, as it is called. It might

might naturally be expected that by being furnished with these numerous advantages he was able to turn them to good account. By industry and perseverance he acquired a large fortune, which was dissipated almost as fast as it was realized by his rendering assistance to false friends, whose dupe he became by too much credulity, and a too great facility of disposition. A real or pretended tale of embarrassment invariably excited his interest and compassion, and the cunning knave knew where to borrow money so long as Mr. Wardell had it. And there are those perhaps whose eye this will meet, and who, from under his pillow—his sick pillow too—have received his pocket book containing hundreds of untold money, from which they had been allowed to take what they wanted for their necessities; and there are those too who will shrink when told of them, that they have abused this goodness of heart, and the hundreds they have received have never been returned. In his speculations on the turf he was not less unfortunate than in his *bona fide* transactions in meeting with persons who deceived and wronged him. For though his judgment led him to the right side, yet defaulters were always so numerous as to deduct considerably from what became his due; and on the last occasion of his interesting himself in a race, the defalcations of those he trusted were so many and so heavy that the fulfilment of the whole of his engagements was for a short period prolonged, and he ultimately left the turf in disgust. The circumstance, however, of his not completing these engagements at the moment, had an immediate and visible effect on his mind and his health. His delicate and almost

romantic sense of honour was not to be overcome, and the writer of this article does not hesitate to affirm that his disappointments have shortened his days. Let it be; however, remembered, that the whole success he experienced on the turf was the result of strict honour and integrity and judgment. He rejected all information that might have been communicated to him from the stables by boys, by grooms, by jockeys, or any description of persons whatever, as to the condition of any horses that were about to run, or as to their comparative speed as ascertained in private trials. He ever complained of unfair practices of this kind, and equally condemned the persons who would thus betray the interests of their employers, and those who would encourage them, and endeavour to profit by their misdeeds.

Little need be said of his domestic life. The tears that accompany him to the grave abundantly shew how much he was respected, loved, and revered. His widow, we lament to say, is inconsolable; his children are scarcely able to use that fortitude which youth enables them to exert, and all his friends are struck with the suddenness of the dreadful event of his death, and grieve for him whose society they have lost. He was eccentric 'tis true, but his eccentricities were of a harmless nature, and more frequently excited pleasantries, than ridicule or disgust. His temper was naturally sanguine and irascible, but whatever way he shewed that nervous irritability to which he was subject, he shewed that his meaning was good—that his heart was sincere. He possessed a degree of what might consistently be termed rustic frankness, which to strangers sometimes appeared unpleasant; but

but which to his intimate friends became not only tolerable but agreeable. He was 61 years of age, and had been married 40 years within a few months.

### NATURAL HISTORY.

#### THE LIZARD AND THE TOAD—THE SHOWER OF SNAILS.

To the Editor of the *Sporting Magazine*.  
SIR,

IN his interesting 'History of Amphibious Animals and Oviparous Reptiles,' La Cepede asserts that it is utterly impossible to ascertain positively to what extent the bulk of a subject of this class of beings may arrive, or its life be prolonged, if not crushed by some untoward accident. I remember that, when a young man, on my travels through the northern provinces of France, I found, in the year 1786, near St. Peter's-gate, at Amiens, in Picardy, and, with the help of a friend who accompanied me, killed on the spot, a toad that measured about fifteen inches across, and about sixteen from the hindermost part of his body. Not being provided with either offensive or defensive weapons, we stoned the (perhaps harmless) *crapaud* with as much zeal as the good people of Babylon did the wicked accusers of Susan, after the cross-examination of Daniel.

The size of this animal was certainly upon a very notable scale: but to how diminutive and insignificant an entity did it not shrink in our recollection, when we viewed the skins of the *lizard* and *toad* hanging in all the majesty of raggedness and decay upon one of the pillars in the church of the Benedictine convent at St. Omer!—When fresh, they must have measured the extraordinary proportion of four or five feet; and the story

(whether true or not) attached to these monstrous *exuvie* was related to us as follows:—

The lay-brother, appointed cook to the convent, having found for some time the larder of the kitchen plundered by some unknown nightly caitiff, made his report to the *Celestrier*, and begged that some effectual means should be soon adopted to stop a depredation which, as he feared, might injure his character, since he was obliged to mention, and charge, in his weekly bill, for more meat than was really consumed by the community. His observation was heard with kindness, and his request readily granted. There was in the kitchen, as usual, a large safe, with canvas doors; and there one of the bravest blades among the novices was placed as a sentry, with a musket in one hand, and a sword in the other, to strike or shoot at any intruder who might make his appearance. No light was kept in the place except the still burning embers of a wood fire, which gave a glimmer merely sufficient to distinguish the surrounding objects. All was silent and still; but, at one o'clock in the morning, the young monk heard a rumbling noise under ground—he listened, and breathed not—the noise increased. The kitchen was paved with ancient tomb-stones taken from an old cloister; one of them appeared to heave up. The watch rubbed his eyes; he thought himself in a dream. The slab heaved up again—he became bewildered, and fancied that the dead, like vampires, were coming to feed upon fresh food. Presently he saw, issuing gently from under the stone, the sharp-nosed and pointed head of a monster not unlike the Egyptian crocodile or American alligator:

next

next appeared the paws, armed with crooked talons, and next the whole body of the animal. It was a lizard, in fact, but of an enormous size: this overgrown gentleman took most deliberately his ramble about the kitchen, unconscious, as it seemed, that the trap-door had fallen down just as he had cleared the last *vertebra* of his scaly tail. Fear and curiosity were at work in the mind of the novice; he was ready to shoot the lizard, yet he wanted to know how this subterraneous visitor would behave, now that he was at large; and how he could return to his strong hold. Curiosity got the better of fear, and the young monk observed the proceedings. The lizard got upon the dresser—unhooked a large leg of mutton—crawled down with it in his mouth, and went to the tomb-stone. This immediately heaved up as before, and the thief glided down with his prey. The next morning the watch reported to the Prior and Celerier, in the presence of all the monks, what he had seen, and was commanded to repair again to his sentry-box the following night, in order to shoot the depredator. This was done, and several servants were ready outside to come instantly to the assistance of the novice as soon as he should have fired. The tomb-stone heaved, as if it had been by the mechanism of clock-work, and the lizard was shot. But now the question was, to know who was the hidden receiver of stolen goods. In a large cavern under ground was found, skulking, swelling, and foaming, an immense toad, the inmate, the friend, the table companion of the lizard; he was soon dispatched, and the skins of both these enormous amphibious creatures were appended to the pillars of

the church. Alas! poor fellows, they were monks too; they would have been mendicant friars if they had dared, but became thieves, because they thought nobody would have taken pity on, and fed them. Like monks, they lived in retirement and meditation—they enjoyed their food in darkness and silence like monks; it was a pity to kill them: fat and jolly, like monks, they might have protracted their lives much longer than they did, and worked up their bulks to a much more astonishing size than they had.—But let us take up another subject.

Having read in several papers an account of a *shower of snails*, originally mentioned in the *Gloucester Herald*, give me leave, Mr. Editor, to offer you my opinion of that point. Much has been written and said concerning this phenomenon, and yet nothing has been decided as to the possibility, probability, or certainty, of the alleged fact; the parties are at issue. That snails might breed in the clouds, we cannot assert. That locusts, floating in the ethereal regions, obeyed the command of Moses, Milton, supported by the authority of holy writ, tells us, in one of the sublimest strokes of poetry, P. L. i. 358—

“As when the potent rod  
Of Amrân's son, in Egypt's evil day,  
Wav'd round the coast, up call'd a pitchy  
cloud  
Of locusts, warpling on the eastern wind.”

However, there can be no doubt but light insects may for some time be suspended in the atmosphere, owing to the comparative weight of their bodies, which may be less than the air which would occupy their places. Leaving aside miracles and poetry, I am going to relate a circumstance which may lead to elucidate the temporary permanence of such creatures as snails, frogs,



frogs, locusts, and toads, when very young, in the region of the clouds. A shower of small frogs and just hatched toads is not unfrequent in the neighbourhood of Paris, about the months of August and September. During my residence in that country, how often, after taking an evening walk in some of these "prairies" which Ariosto describes so sweetly—

—"Un prato erboso  
Che d'un picciol sentiero era segnato."  
ORLANDO FUR. cant. 28.

did I return home with the brim of my hat swarming with many of these little animals, which were hopping about, and appeared as merry as grigs? They could not have climbed up my body, crawled upon my face, and by some "*soubresaut*" (summerset) alighted on my hat, and all this unknown to me. Therefore I had the best reason possible to suppose that they had positively "dropped, as other adventurers, from the clouds." I am aware that there is a class or family of small frogs, which ascend the stems of trees and lodge in the branches, but I had passed under no tree whatever; therefore this explanation of the fact could not be admissible, consequently I asked some of the inhabitants of the place what might be their opinion concerning this shower of frogs and toads. A wag answered that Providence, knowing how fond the French are of frogs, had ordered it so for their greater comfort; and that, as there had been showers of quails in the desert for the Israelites, thus frogs descended in tribes from the skies in the evening, to supply Frenchmen with a wished-for supper. I laughed, but the explanation would not do. When we sat seriously upon the inquiry, I found that the general opinion, held

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during the lapse of many ages, was, that the spawn of toads and frogs is composed of very small eggs, set, like beads, on a filmy sort of string, of the lightest weight imaginable. This gossamer-hope of the amphibious republics floats upon the surface of undisturbed ponds and other stagnant waters. When the sun rises with all his estival power in the months above mentioned, he pumps up part of the moisture of these damp places, and assumes with it the imperceptible progeny which it contains; the spawn being lighter than the exhalations themselves. That wonderful steam-engine is at work the earliest part of the day; the unconscious breed is lifted up into the clouds, and there, fostered and hatched, it "warps" about as the wind directs; and in the evening, their bulks becoming comparatively too heavy, they fall down by the same principle as the thinnest clouds dissolve in large drops of rain and hail-stones in a summer storm.—There is nothing extraordinary in all this; the whole agrees with the common laws of nature—attraction and gravitation—and if frogs and toads, and even snails, after an aerostatic jaunt at the beginning of their lives, descend, and condescend to dwell humbly with us upon earth, it was as it ought to be. Unlike those upstarts, whom we often meet in the various paths of life, they do not tread upon their inferiors, and hardly heave a sigh when trod upon. Poor things! the cradle of their birth was gilt by the beams of the rising sun; they fall from the sphere of brightness and light; and they die unnoticed and unknown. Such has been the fate of many whom the frown of fortune hurled down from the bowers of happiness into the gloomy shades

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of misery. But these reflections are of too serious a cast for the *Sporting Magazine*. Let us return to the snails of Gloucestershire, for my firm belief is, that they were "heaven-born" gentlemen, and not, as some bold writer has decided the question, the grovelling offsprings of the turf peeping out of their subterraneous abodes, to breathe the "fragrant" scent of the "fertile earth after soft showers."

Fond of natural history from my earliest days, I seldom let an opportunity escape when I thought I could learn something by my observations. Several years ago, I had placed in a thin glass bottle some flowers, of which I wanted to follow the nuptial process, or fructification. In a few days I found several spots scattered upon the inside of the glass—I watched them narrowly, till a closer inspection induced me to believe that they were the eggs of some being that had been accidentally inclosed in the bottle. The spots increased gradually in size, till they became nearly as big as the head of a minikin-pin. With the help of a magnifying glass I discovered a snail moving in the liquid of the egg, with the rudiments of his shell on his back. I saw even more than this—two young snails in the same egg, moving in a circular way, as if chasing each other. Now let us suppose that by some concurring circumstances, of which, as of many other things, we are perfectly ignorant, a considerable number of those eggs had been deposited in a meadow, and pumped up with the damp by the powerful action of the solar heat, and collected in that sort of syphon, or water spout, which we remark on those occasions; the consequence will be, that those

small animals, being hatched in the regions of the atmosphere among the clouds, must fall somewhere, and assume in their descent the appearance of a shower. I have not, as it happens, the remaining decades of Livy at hand, but I entertain no doubt that in one of those articles, "Prodigia," which begin or end the history of each consulate, he mentions some showers of the kind among those of blood, of stones, of nearly every thing—for the workings of nature are the same at all times—and it is our ignorance of primary causes which makes us call them "phenomena."—I remain, &c. Z.

[The author of the preceding observations is personally known to us; and we have no doubt of his veracity concerning the facts stated in his letter.—ED.]

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#### ROYAL VISIT TO THE CURRAGH OF KILDARE.

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NEVER was there a more politic or better judged proceeding, than the late Royal visit to the sister kingdom; for although it may be urged that the warm and even enthusiastic ebullitions of loyalty in the Irish, are merely attributable to the novelty of such a scene as the appearance of their King among them, and to the naturally warm and easily-excited passions of the people; and further, that nothing simply has resulted, or is at all probable to result, on either the one side or the other, but passionate external homage and gratulation, and the most gracious and conciliating return; yet, take it at the lowest, it is a great point gained to the Court, in a strong semblance, at least, of popularity, in a part of the empire where that valuable attribute was much wanted; and, as has often been said before

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fore—the reputation of power is power.

To George the Fourth, a votary of the turf of many years' standing, an invitation to that most celebrated piece of green sward, the Curragh, superior even to the far-famed Newmarket itself, for soundness and elasticity, and for its surrounding beauties of view, was indispensable. On the side of the Monarch, the invitation was accepted most graciously, and in a true sportsman-like manner; and if the weather did not admit of much enjoyment, either with respect to the races, or the beautiful surrounding scenery, the point aimed at was gained—the King visited the Curragh of Kildare, and it forms an epoch in Hibernian history. Here, before we quit the Royal presence, we can say a word or two of plain, downright English truth, which we apprehend has, at least, a right to be deemed of equal weight with Irish compliment. His Majesty when Prince, and engaged deeply in turf speculations, it is universally known, was one of the most punctual paymasters of his turf debts; and moreover, it is yet strenuously insisted by old and intellectual sportsmen, notwithstanding the decision of the the Jockey Club, that on a certain unfortunate and mistated occasion, neither the proprietor nor his jockey were justly implicated.

The following are details of his Majesty's visit to the Curragh:—  
Dublin, Saturday, Sept. 1.

His Majesty having declared his determination, "wet or dry," to attend the races at the Curragh yesterday, the preparations for the King's reception, and the definitive arrangements of the course, were carried on upon a scale suitable to the interest of the occasion. Ad-

ditional stakes were laid down to enclose the race-ground in front of the stand-house, and a very large silk standard was planted on the roof, decorated with the Royal arms, among which the Irish harp appeared with peculiar prominence. The furniture for the King's apartment at the extremity of the stand-house was elegant and costly, and refreshments of the rarest kind were abundantly provided in adjoining apartments. The weather, however, paid no respect to persons; the rain, which has poured incessantly since last Sunday, fell in torrents throughout the whole of yesterday morning, and the fine prospect which the locality of the Curragh affords, was on all sides dimmed by impenetrable haziness. This state of weather, which utterly ruined the ground for a race, did not prevent multitudes from assembling on the spot at an early hour in the morning; it was one of those occasions in which the loose family great coats of the peasantry, which are never from their backs except while in progress of hereditary descent, looked to great advantage; but the comfort thus afforded by such a bodily protection from the inclemency of the weather was singularly contrasted with the naked legs and feet of the poor fellows who wore the coats, and who were in that state wading through the mud with their wonted constitutional alacrity. The unusual appearance of all the roads leading to the Curragh was also extremely interesting throughout the morning; in all directions the most mixed and motley groups were seen advancing: in one road troops of dragoons, in their full parade dress, were seen endeavouring to keep their places on the road in military order, but their line every

moment was broken in upon by jaunting cars, gingles, and gigs, endeavouring to make way for gentlemen's carriages with four and six horses each, which drove rapidly along the road, the owners being determined to take up an early position on the ground, heedless of every obstruction. The equestrian groups were, as usual, numerous and violent in their movements; and the gay colours of the favours and medals worn by the gentlemen presented a lively contrast to the wetness of their general dress, and the sombre showers of mud which were thrown up on all sides upon them as they galloped along the roads. The eager curiosity of ladies had also mixed them with this unfavourable scene; and the greater part being exposed to the inclemency of the weather, added to the cheerless *coup d'œil* which was every where visible. The stand-house was filled by persons of the first rank and respectability; the terms of admission made that place select, for a new subscriber of fifty guineas, was, we understood, only entitled to five tickets. All the advantages of elegance or uniformity of dress in so prominent a situation, were banished by the state of the weather, and gentlemen and ladies, wrapped up in any manner, thronged the principal apartment of the stand-house (except the King's) and balcony. The ground, which is chiefly a level plain of great extent, was so deep from wetness, as to be almost impassable; and the idea of sport from the races, was, under such discouraging circumstances, early relinquished, it being pretty clear that the horse bearing the strongest, not the fleetest character, must be the winner. At a quarter before twelve o'clock

the sounding of trumpets and bustle among the military stationed on the ground notified the near approach of his Majesty; in the distance a plain travelling carriage and four was seen advancing with great rapidity, attended by some lancers, but chiefly by a concourse of gentlemen on horseback, who seemed put to their quickest speed to keep up with the cavalcade. The King, who was in the carriage, had left the Phoenix-park at twenty minutes before nine o'clock, where he was joined by Colonel Talbot, the Messrs. Grattans, Mr. O'Connell, and a number of gentlemen with banners and medals, who escorted his Majesty, on the part of the county, to Celbridge, where they were relieved by the Duke of Leinster and the Kildare gentlemen, who then conducted the King to the Curragh. His Majesty repeatedly expressed his thanks to these gentlemen for their attention under all the discouraging circumstances of the weather, and expressed concern for their exposure to the heavy rain of the morning. The King was received along the road and on the Curragh by the loudest shouts: many of the country people had fixed upon a cavalry officer of portly appearance, who rode in front, as his Majesty, and could not easily be persuaded that the gentlemen in plain blue clothes, with a red cape, who sat in the carriage, was the great object of their solicitude. A carriage preceded his Majesty's, in which were Sir William Keppell, Sir William Congreve, and Colonel Quentin, in their full uniforms. The Duke of Montrose, Marquisses of Graham and Conyngham, Lords Sidmouth, Burghersh, and several other personages of distinction, chiefly in military uniforms, were also in the stand-

stand-house, and in readiness to receive his Majesty. Mr. Denis Bowes Daly, and the stewards of the course, with their wands, stood near them. As the King alighted, a military band upon the roof of the stand-house, struck up, "God save the King." When his Majesty was introduced into the elegant suite of apartments fitted up for his reception, he conversed in the most affable manner with the noblemen and gentlemen present, and repeated his regret at the unfavourable state of the weather. The King afterwards appeared at the windows, but though the shouting of the multitude was deafening, his Majesty was not easily recognized among the group similarly dressed in the Windsor uniform who surrounded him, as the windows were not opened at that time: they were, however, opened subsequently, during an interval of less unfavourable weather, and his Majesty advanced alone to the front of the balcony, in the midst of the loudest acclamations from the assembled multitude. He repeatedly took off his hat, and bowed in return for these marks of popular respect. The shout of the peasantry here is not uttered in that round and exhilarating tone which distinguishes the applause of large assemblies in England, but is comparatively weak and shrill, and howling. His Majesty seemed to notice to Mr. Daly and the other Irish gentlemen around him, with evident gratification, this reception from the Irish peasantry.

As soon as his Majesty had rested a little, and been put in possession of the business of the course, the arrangements for the racing were commenced. The first race was a four-mile heat for a Sweepstakes of 200gs. p. p. and the

Gold Cup; the horses were, Mr. Daly's Rob Roy, Lord Sligo's Langar, and Mr. Prendergast's Ivanhoe, and the first won after a close struggle with the second. Ten horses afterwards ran for the Royal Stakes of 50gs. which were won by Mr. Watt's St. Lawrence: and there was a third race between nine horses, which was won by Mr. Caldwell's Noble. There was also a challenge of the Royal Stakes, and one or two subsequent matches were made by some of the horses which had already run. The state of the ground, however, entirely prevented that sport which, under other circumstances, would have arisen from the known character of the horses, and equal manner in which the matches were made.

Whilst his Majesty remained on the balcony he conversed a good while with Denis Bowes Daly, Esq. whose horse, Rob Roy, had won the Gold Cup. The King several times pointed with his finger to objects that seemed to attract his attention, and appeared to make many and anxious inquiries of Mr. Daly.

After his Majesty had remained upon the balcony for about ten minutes, we heard his Grace the Duke of Leinster announce to him that the banquet was ready, when his Majesty again bowed to the multitude, and retired to take refreshment.

**THE BANQUET.**—Upon entering the banquetting-room, the King, in the most affable manner, took her Grace the Duchess of Leinster by the hand, and led her to the chair, placed on his Majesty's right hand, and requested she would be seated. His Grace of Leinster and Lord Allen took their stations at the back of his Majesty's chair. The repast was, perhaps, one of the

the most splendid that can be conceived.

During the repast, the ladies present intimated to his Grace of Leinster that they wished to give his Majesty's health. His Grace, in the name of the ladies, instantly proposed the King's health, with *four times four*—the cheering that followed this toast lasted for several minutes. His Majesty immediately rose, and said "He hoped they would not think him so ungallant as not to acknowledge the honour done him by their fair countrywomen," and immediately proposed the health of "The Ladies," which was drank in a bumper.—After this toast his Majesty again rose, and proposed the health of the noblemen and gentlemen stewards—and that of the gentlemen of the company present, who had that day contributed so much to his amusement.

His Majesty's carriage was ordered about three o'clock. Before the King entered it, he turned round to the Duke of Leinster, and taking him most cordially by the hand, shook it several times, and expressed at the same time the pleasure he derived from his excursion, and was pleased again to say how much he approved of the arrangements that had been made.

The King on his visit to the Curragh, presented a superb whip to the Duke of Leinster. On handing the whip to his Grace, his Majesty turned to Captain Browne, the ranger, and was pleased to express himself in the following gracious manner:—

"Mr. Browne, I intend this whip to be presented to the owner of the best horse in Ireland, weight for age, and I wish you to fix the weights, and draw up an article according to which it is to be run

for; and in addition to this whip, which is to be run for every year, I give a stakes of 100ga. annually. As I wish to encourage the breed of strong horses in this country, you will take care to make the weights very heavy, and that no horse younger than four years old shall be permitted to run for it."

Among other circumstances attending his Majesty's visit to the Curragh, the Duke of Montrose, Master of the Horse, expressed his approbation at the manner in which the course was kept; and observed, that he never witnessed a course so well kept, nor one where so many course-keepers were dressed in his Majesty's livery. The dresses were all new. The deputy-rangers were also mounted, and dressed in the King's livery, and many persons conceived from the style in which they appeared, that they were his Majesty's own servants.

After his Majesty quitted the banquetting-room, the Stewards ordered the tables to be again covered, to which almost every respectable person on the course was invited, and from the excellent arrangements made by them, the utmost harmony and regularity prevailed.

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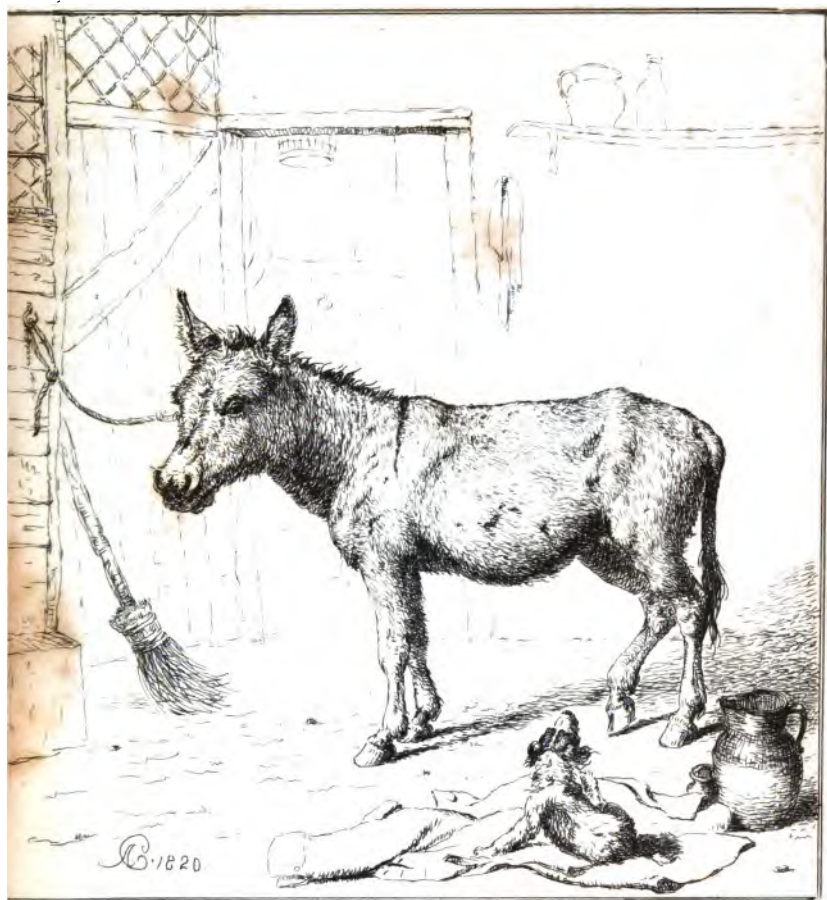
#### A STUDY FROM NATURE.

*Painted and etched by Mr. A. COOPER,  
R. A.*

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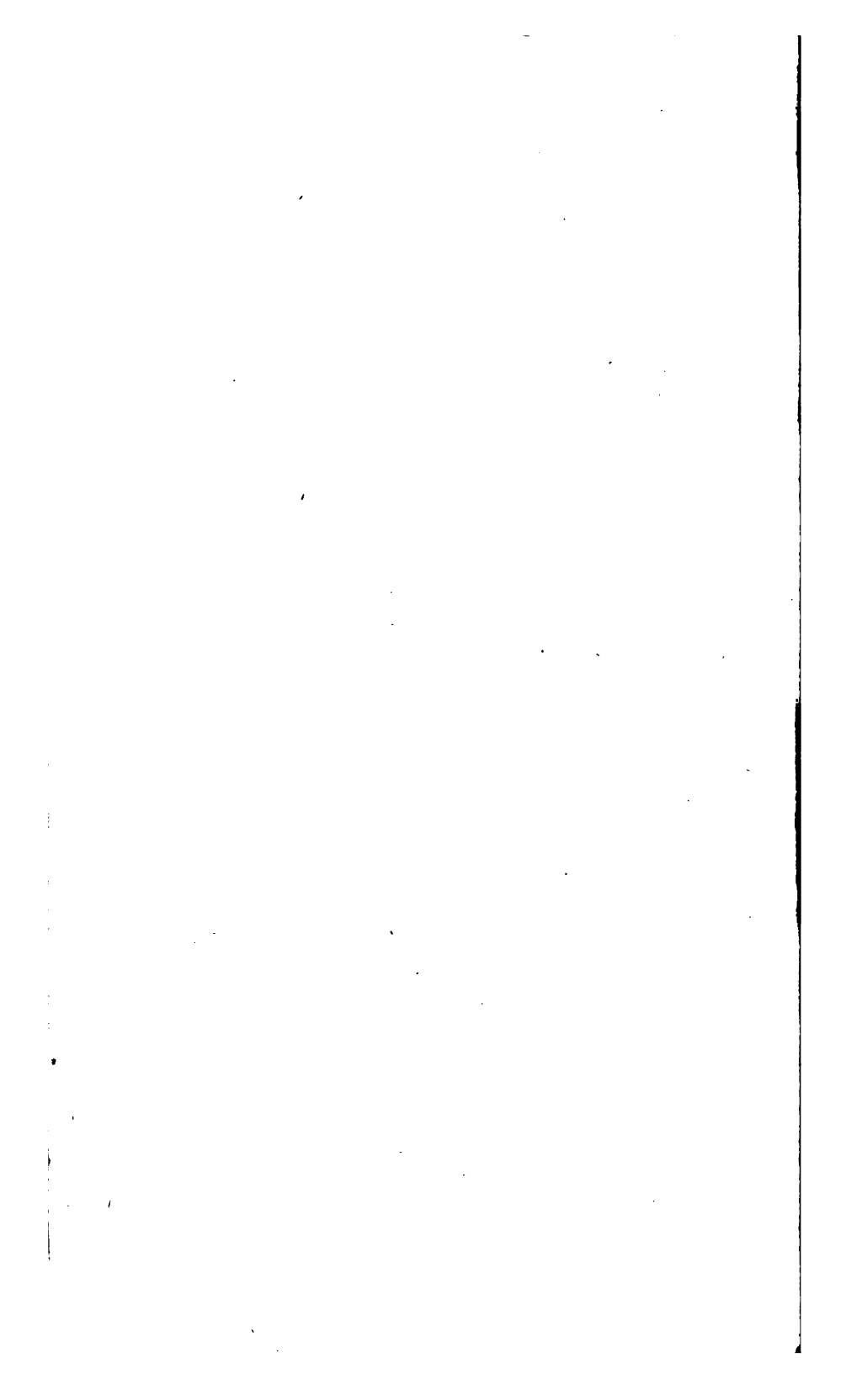
THE subject before us is simple and unpretending, but the resemblance of the patient beast is traced so faithfully, that we are persuaded our readers will class it among some of the most pleasing embellishments of our work. The painting from which it was taken was exhibited at the Royal Academy, we believe, in the summer of 1819.

LATE



A STUDY FROM NATURE.

*Published July 31<sup>st</sup> 1821. by J. Patman 18, Warwick Square, London.*





# LATE OPERATION ON THE FLEXOR TENDON, IN REPLY TO "V. S."

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

**Y**OUR ingenious, but perhaps too authoritative correspondent, "V. S." has condemned *in toto*, both with respect to rationality and useful effect, the newly introduced operation on the flexor tendons of the horse, in the common affections of those parts from excessive labour. Now although I agree with him in the bulk of his arguments, and the probability of his conclusions on the subject, there is one grand and definitive argument, which I can neither answer nor surmount; which is the fact of actual cure by the process described. The remaining question is, do we allow the alleged facts of the various cures by this new or newly-revived operation? If we do not, we are still at issue on the question; but if we are compelled by verity and fact, so to do, something more than a mere denial of assent in "V. S." is absolutely necessary, in order to overthrow the actuality of the asserted cures. A horse becomes lame in the flexor tendon, and useless; the new operation is performed, and the horse is restored to a state of soundness and usefulness. Overturn the fact, or allow the cure.

"V. S." has, however, in the course of the controversy, made use of certain physiological or rather anti-physiological *dogmata*, of fashionable, but comparatively of a modern stamp, which plain unlearned common sense, and the faculties of the sight, the feeling, and the touch, imperiously command me, and I conceive every rational being, unprejudiced by systematic and

professional motives, to disclaim. I allude to the *inelasticity* or *torpidity* of animal tendons, an ancient fallacy, probably first rendered fashionable in the anatomical schools, by the celebrated Haller. This matter, however, need not remain the subject of dispute, and may be cut very short in two modes—in the first, by the actual proof, which has long since been offered, of the utter falsehood of the position; and secondly, by a reference to the very common professional practice of an hypothesis or *dogma* utterly destitute of all grounds of fact, received as such, purely by way of prop to a *necessary* system, which must otherwise have a fatal tumble to the ground. This is too well known in other systems, beside those embracing anatomy and physiology.

To come to the point; the elasticity of muscular fibres and of tendons, composed of those fibres, was not only asserted, but actually proved—strange that a proposition so self-evident should require proof—by Mr. Lawrence, in his Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses, nearly thirty years since; and notwithstanding the various remarks which have been made upon that frequently styled eccentric work, no one has hitherto attempted to overthrow the position in dispute by any other mode than the *ipse dixit*. The Veterinary College has adhered firmly throughout, to the doctrine of inelasticity, and as an adjunct, which is laughable enough, many of the pupils have declared that they have been forbidden to read any of the opposite arguments.

To those who may not have the book above referred to, at hand, the following quotations are given as the substance of the author's

ar-

arguments. After stating the physical opinions of *Brissou, Themison*, of the continental schools, and others of our own, he observes—

“St. Bel has gone farther, and entered into various reasonings (in which he was afterwards followed by his successor, Professor Coleman) in support of this hypothesis, which might be easily enough confuted in detail, but that any trouble with the superstructure is totally unnecessary, since the foundation itself may be swept away with a few words (and an instant application to fact.) The tendons, to be capable of their muscular action, must necessarily be elastic. In the first place, let any man make use of the *extensor* muscle of his leg, and extend, or point his toe straight forward, upon the level of his knee, and then clap his finger upon the flexor tendon, just above his heel, and he will find the said tendon relaxed and flexible; let him then elevate his toe, and depress his heel, and he will, in an instant, feel the tendon firmly contracted, and comparatively hard as a bar of steel. The same thing precisely he will experience in the leg of a horse.

“Farther, the dead tendons of a horse, and of every other animal, are elastic, until they have lost the quality by a total loss of moisture; it is true, indeed, of elastic bodies, that to stretch them, may require a mechanic force in proportion to their substance, for which reason there is a greater appearance of elasticity in a single fibre, than in a large tendon composed of fibres, and thence may have arisen the deception. That the *tendo Achilles* in a turkey is elastic, almost every cook will vouch; and I can confirm their report, from a fresh drawn one now lying upon my table.”

The author proceeds to notice the incongruities of Dr. Darwin and others, in acknowledging the elasticity of tendons, and positively denying it, even in the same book, giving a very curious criticism on Dr. Darwin's application of the term *sor bentia*, and a mortal blow to the Doctor's strange position, that “bracers and tonics are mechanical terms not applicable to the living bodies of animals.” —“I think,” says Mr. Lawrence, “that may be experimentally confuted and overthrown, by holding a glass of rough port wine in the mouth, or the application of cold water to the relaxed *scrotum*.” The author might have added, that any reference to a misapplication of the terms, is totally beside the matter in dispute, since they are to this moment, accepted and used in their ancient import, and since *non est actum*, with respect to the mere fashion of propriety of terms, but their essential import only.

Dr. Darwin, however, spoke with much candour on this subject. Some time before the doctor's death, and when I believe the Veterinary Treatise above quoted, had been recently published, Darwin being present at a literary society, was rallied by one of his friends, (who afterwards published the anecdote) on having been mechanically confuted in his favourite hypothesis, by a merely learned, but non-professional writer. The author of *Zoonomia* smiled good-naturedly, and acknowledged that he was aware of having been schooled by his brother doctor, John Lawrence, and should take care in his next handling of the subject to use his best endeavours to remove the stumbling-block, which that doctor *irrefragabilis* had so ingeniously placed in his way.” Dr. Darwin

Darwin did not live to perform his promise.

Professional instructors since, have not always inspired their pupils with equal candour, as I once had laughable experience. A young man, who left the counter of a silk-mercantile, in order to qualify for veterinary practice, imbibed so thoroughly at College the scholastic principle, that even after receiving actual and instant demonstration to the contrary, both from the senses of sight and touch, he declined all other opposite arguments than those drawn from the imperfection of the human faculties, whence we could never trust implicitly either to the decisions of our eyes or our fingers! This juvenile but able sophist had not spent

a season at college for nothing.—I am, Mr. Editor, yours,

VETERINARIUS.

#### RAOES APPOINTED IN 1821.

NEWMARKET	.... October 1
Richmond	..... 2
Wrexham	..... 2
Perth	..... 3
Penrith	..... 3
Ayr (Caledonian Hunt)	..... 8
Enfield	..... 10
Monmouth	..... 10
Northallerton	..... 11
Newmarket 2d Oct. Meeting	.. 15
Pembrokeshire Hunt	..... 15
Hollywell Hunt	..... 16
Lambton Park	..... 18
Dumfries	..... 24
Newmarket H. M.	..... 29
Worcester	..... November 8

## FEAST of WIT; or, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

A PRAGMATICAL, consequential rider to affirm in town, entering an inn in Bristol, considered the traveller's room beneath his dignity, and required to be shewn to a private apartment; while he was here taking refreshments, the good hostess and her maid were elsewhere discussing the point, as to what class their customer belonged. At length the bill was called for, and the charges declared enormous—"Sixpence for an egg? I never paid such a price *since I have travelled* for the house!"—"There!" exclaimed the girl, "I told my mistress I was sure, Sir, that you was *no gentleman*."

On the day for renewing the licences of the publicans in a town in the West Riding of Yorkshire, one of the Magistrates said to an

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old woman who kept a little ale-house, that he trusted she did not put any pernicious ingredients into the liquor, to which she replied, "There is naught *parnishous* put into our barrels but the *excise-man's stick*."

THE Abbé Raynal and the Abbé Galignani, who were both incessant talkers, were invited to the house of a mutual friend, who wished to amuse himself by bringing them together. Galignani began the conversation, engrossed it so thoroughly, and talked with such volubility, that Raynal could not find the least opening to introduce a word; but turning to his friend, said, in a low voice, "*S'il crache, il est perdu*." *If he stops to spit, it is all over with him.*

O o

him

## CURIOUS EPITAPH AT MANCHESTER.

Here lies John Hill, a man of skill,  
His age was five times ten,  
He never did good, nor never would,  
Had he lived as long again.

## ANOTHER.

Here fast asleep, full six feet deep,  
And seventy summers ripe,  
George Thomas lies, in hopes to rise,  
And smoke another pipe.

THE following anecdote is related of that profound scholar Joseph Sanford, who was originally a Member of Exeter College, whence he was elected Fellow of Balliol. On his application to the Bishop for ordination, he was introduced to the chaplain, to whom he was a stranger, and who, as usual, told him he must examine him; and the first question proposed was *Quid Fides?* to which Sanford replied, in a loud voice, and increasing it at each answer, *Quod non vides*. The second question was *Quid Spes?* to which Sanford answered, *Futura res*. The third was *Quid Caritas?* to which he roared out, *In mundo raritas*. Upon which the chaplain, finding he had an extraordinary character to deal with, left him, and went to inform the Bishop what had passed below, with a person he knew not what to make of, who had given in his name, Joseph Sanford, of Balliol; this made the Bishop laugh, and exclaim, "You examine him! why he is able to examine you and our whole Bench! pray desire him to walk up;" when the Bishop made an apology for the chaplain, and said he was sorry Mr. Sanford had not applied to him in the first instance.

A BRILLIANT REBUFF.—When the Bishop of Derry happened to spend an evening at the house of his late unfortunate nephew, G. R.

Fitzgerald, Esq. in Merriion-square, Dublin, the circle being extremely brilliant they were charmed with the variety and vivacity of his conversation. Having paid every one of the ladies a delicate compliment on their beauty, taste in dress, &c. his Lordship found himself a little at a loss when he came to a female on whose cheeks the daffodil had usurped the empire of the rose. He was determined, however, to see if nature and education had balanced this slight omission, and soon found that the beams of his imagination, however bright, were occasionally obscured in the splendour of her wit. When the company had retired, Mr. Fitzgerald asked his Lordship what he thought of this lady—"Why," said he, "*She is the flower of sulphur, and the cream of tartar.*"

## TRUE LOVE.

O'Leary was as poor as Job,  
But love in poverty can please us.  
He saw the widow *Bona-robe*,  
And lov'd—for she was rich as *Cæsus*.

Mutual the love their bosoms own,  
Sincere was he, and none could doubt her—  
She lov'd him *for himself alone*,  
And he—*HE could not LIVE without her!*

THE keeper of a billiard-table at C——m had the good fortune to win so large a sum on one occasion, that it enabled him to build a pretty house with a neat lawn. A wag has christened his residence *Cue-green!*

## THE FORTUNATE DEFECT.

How like is this picture, you'd think  
that it breathes,  
What life! what expression! what spirit!  
It wants but a tongue; "Alas!" said the spouse,  
"That want is its principal merit."  
BISHOP

BISHOP Burnet, who was a tall large-boned man, preaching once with some vehemence before King Charles the Second, closed one of his sentences with a violent thump upon his cushion, and this note of interrogation:—"Who dares deny it?"—"Nobody," said the King, in a whisper, "who stands within the reach of that devilish great fist of yours."

WHEN Spenser had finished his famous poem of *The Fairie Queene*,

he carried it to the Earl of Southampton, the great patron of the poets of those days: the manuscript being sent up to the Earl, he read a few pages, and then ordered his servant to give the writer 20l.; reading on, he cried in rapture, "Carry the man another 20l.;" proceeding still, he said, "Give him 20l. more;" but at length he lost all patience, and said, "Go turn that fellow out of the house; for if I read on, I shall be ruined."

## SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

**D**ONCASTER races presented a most brilliant display of beauty and fashion. The weather was not generally favourable, but Wednesday proving exceedingly fine, the course was crowded. Amongst the gay assemblage who were present, were the Duke of Bedford, Marquis of Queensberry, Marquis of Exeter, Marquis of Titchfield, Earl and Countess of Scarborough, Earl Fitzwilliam, Earl and Countess of Harewood, Earl and Countess of Surrey, Earl and Countess Manvers, Lord Milton, Lord H. Bentinck, Lord Normanby, Lord Newark, Lord and Lady Stourton, Lord Kinnaird, Lord Cremorne, Lady H. Lascelles, Lady F. Lascelles, Hon. Mr. Lascelles, Hon. W. S. Lascelles, Hon. E. Lascelles, Hon. F. Lascelles, Hon. A. Lascelles, &c. &c.—The Earl and Countess of Harewood and family arrived on Monday with four carriages. His Lordship proceeded to the grand stand with a set of horses, and six outriders. In addition to the equipages of the nobility, &c. were those of Mrs. Beaumont, Mr. Wentworth, Mr. G. Lane Fox, Mr. Wrightson, Mr. C. Wilson, Mr. Brandling, Mr. Winn, Mr. Yorke, Mr. Worsley, Mr. R. Milnes, Col. W. B. Cooke, Mr. M. A. Taylor, Mr. Bland, Mr.

Lambton, &c. &c. and a great number of families with carriages and four usually seen at these races.—The race between My Lady and Gustavus, for the Gascoigne Stakes, was allowed, by the whole turf present, to be one of the finest races ever run: it was contested every yard from starting, and finally won by My Lady only by half a neck.—It is remarkable that one jockey (Nicholson) was the rider of eleven of the winning horses out of eighteen.—The Hon. Henry Lascelles and T. Duncombe, Esq. are appointed Stewards for the next races.

Mr. G. L. Fox, M. P. with a wish to promote the prosperity of the turf, has volunteered becoming one of the Stewards for Pontefract races next year; he having acted in that capacity only two years ago.

**SHREWSBURY.**—The weather was favourable for our races. The attendance on the course, though not so numerous and splendid as was witnessed sometimes, was highly respectable. Among the equipages were those of Lord Berwick, Lord Forester, Hon. T. Kenyon, Sirs E. Smythe and R. Puleston, Barts.; W. O. Gore, Esq. H. Lyster, Esq. (Steward), J. Mytton, Esq. — Corbet, Esq. (Sunderne), &c. Forty-four

four horses were entered for the several contests, the course was in good order, and no accident occurred.

THE Steward of the next Salisbury races is E. T. Egerton, Esq. of Roche Court, Winterlow.

ABERDEEN, SEPT. 8.—*United Meeting.*—The meeting, with their usual liberality, contributed fifty guineas for behoof of the public charities, &c. of this city. The following were elected as Preres and Stewards of the meeting for the next year:—Lord Kennedy, P.; Stewards: Hon. William Gordon, Lord Saltoun; Mr. Douglas, of Brighton; James Cruickshank, yr. of Langley Park; Sir Alex. Ramsay, Hon. William Keith, Earl of Fife; J. Morrison, Esq. of Auchintol; Lord Provost of Aberdeen.

A serious dispute, which will probably be referred to the Jockey Club, has arisen respecting the Cheshire Yeomanry Cup, run for at the last Knutsford races, and won by Mr. Briscoe's mare Atalante, by about half a neck. The cup is now claimed by Mr. Barrow, the owner of the second horse, who contends that the mare is six years old, though entered as only five.—A dispute, somewhat similar, occurred last year, respecting the Manchester Cavalry Cup.

Mr. Mytton has matched his horse, Anti-Radical, against Mr. Charlton's Master Henry, for five hundred guineas, to be run at the ensuing Lichfield races; the former to carry 8st. 11lb. and the latter 8st. 10lb.

#### EGHAM RACES.

These races were this year procrastinated beyond their usual period: indeed at one time there appear to have been doubts whether they would not be relinquished altogether; but as Runnymede is liable to inclosure whenever it ceases to be a race-course, exertions were made, and the Duke of York having condescendingly accepted the office of Steward, the meeting was finally named for the 25th instant, when they commenced. Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of

Clarence, with the Earl and Countess Harcourt, were the only distinguished characters noticed on the first day. There was by no means such an assemblage of beauty and fashion as we have frequently reported; nor was the company in general so numerous. The Duke of York did not attend as Steward, but Mr. Ramsbottom officiated for him.

Tuesday, Sept. 25.—The Magna Charta Stakes of 5gs. each, with 50gs. added, were won at one heat by Mr. Dockray's Slim, beating Mr. Scaith's b. f. by Whalebone, and Mr. Vernon's Hoopoe.—Won easy.—Two to 1 on the Whalebone filly.

The Bulkeley Stakes of 30gs. each, with 50gs. added, were won at three heats, by Mr. Whiteside's Wouvermans, beating Mr. Scaith's b. f. by Whalebone, Mr. Field's Tybalt, and Mr. Heathcote's Cardenio.—Six to 4 on Tybalt.

Wednesday, the Egham Stakes of 3gs. each, with 50gs. added, heats one mile, were won at two heats, by Mr. Ball's chesnut filly, by Blucher, 4 years old, beating Mr. Dockray's Slim, Mr. Scaith's Mrs. Bang, Mr. Brown's Gift, Mr. Field's Tybalt, and Mr. Glew's Souvenir.—Even on Slim: after the heat 6 to 4 on the winner.—A good race.

The Windsor Stakes of 5gs. each, with 30gs. added from the Race Fund, were run as under:—

Mr. Scaith's bay filly, by	
Whalebone .....	1 0 0 1
Mr. Heathcote's bay horse,	
Cardenio .....	2 0 0 1
Mr. Braithwaite's bay geld-	
ing, Philip .....	3 3 dr.

Six to 4 on the Whalebone filly. Each heat was nicely won, and such racing was rarely ever witnessed. After the two dead heats, Cardenio was the favourite:

Mr. Petre has sold his brown filly, by Pericles, dam by Benningbrough, and Mr. Wilson his black colt by Whitelock, and his two-year-old colt by Woful, out of Sophia, to go to Russia.

THE Duke of Devonshire has re-mitted

mitted the impost of *two-pence* on each pedestrian who goes upon the Swifts, during the race-week, at Carlisle.

At the Canterbury meeting, the City Plate was disputed, in consequence of the foul riding of the jockey on Carbon, who crossed Mer-rymaid; the Stewards have referred to the Jockey Club for their decision. Although, as has too much prevailed for some years, this meeting was deficient in sport, yet the sweepstakes of 10, 20, and 25gs. each, have been again renewed, as well as the hunters' stakes, which latter, by a new article, are not to be run for unless three horses are entered. It was gratifying also to many to hear one of the worthy Members for the county, on his health being drank at the ordinary, express his intention of giving his utmost support to the races in future, and that he was now breeding race horses for that purpose.—The Stewards nominated for the next year, are the Hon. John Bligh, brother of Lord Clifton, and Edward Rice, Esq. of Dane Court.

We are told in the newspapers, that the turn of his Majesty's head, the shape of his hat and clothes, have become quite the fashion in Ireland since his visit; every act of the Royal personage has found a crowd of admirers; even the manner in which his Majesty drank his wine is imitated in every company by those who wish to have a character as judges of the flavour of Rhenish. The King on public occasions always drank bumpers, but he kept his glass four times longer to his lips than is ordinarily allowed for swallowing a cheerful glass, and seemed to sip the wine drop by drop, so that the palate had the fullest opportunity of imbibing the flavour of, no doubt, a rare and rich vintage. The King threw his head gently back as he sipped his glass, but never took the wine from his lips until he had cleared the bumper.

A CLERGYMAN residing in a western county is so deeply imbued with the puritanic cant of the times, that

he lately refused to grant qualificatory tickets to some young persons of his parish, who wished to be confirmed by the Bishop, because they had committed the heinous sin of attending some neighbouring races.

It having been proposed to establish a pack of fox-hounds in the eastern part of Sussex, extending from Shoreham river, to Eastbourne, Hailsham, and Hellingsly, notice has been publicly given by seventeen owners and occupiers of land in the parishes of Easthothly, Chiddingly, Framfield, Waldron, Laughton, Littlehorsted, and Hellingsly, that they will not permit their lands to be hunted over, and sportsmen found on them will be prosecuted as wilful trespassers.

THE Earl of Plymouth has resigned the lead of the Melton Mowbray hunt; and the descendant of Governor Ball (Mr. Hughes) has succeeded his Lordship. The sporting world is full of expectation on the occasion.

THE late Horncastle fair was distinguished by an unprecedented degree of dullness. Although the show of horses was smaller than ever before known, yet the demand by no means equalled the supply, for the number of purchasers barely amounted to one third of those usually attendant on former occasions. Blood horses experienced the best sale, but at a reduction of from forty to fifty per cent. from last year's prices. Such of the hackney and cart horses as were sold, fetched very low prices, and many returned without even an offer being made for them. Amongst the foreigners were distinguished the Count Battiani from Vienna, who purchased several blood-horses. The beast fair was thinly attended, both by buyers and sellers, and very little business was done.

#### BETTING-ROOM, SEPT. 25.

Yesterday was a busy day at settling at Tattersall's. Mr. Powlet, the owner of Jack Spiggot, is the greatest winner. The following was the state of the betting this day on the

Ducks

## DUKE MICHAEL STAKE.

- 2 to 1 agst Reginald.  
4 to 1 agst Ibla.  
6 to 1 agst Prophet.  
10 to 1 agst Tressillian.

## NEWMARKET ST. LEGER.

- 10 to 6 agst Reginald.  
2 to 1 agst Augusta. [dam.  
17 to 1 agst c. out of Mockbird's

During the Doncaster meeting, some bets were made on the St. Leger Stakes for 1822, and after the running for the Two-year-old Stakes, the odds were nearly as follows :—

- 9 to 1 agst Mr. Watt's f. Marion,  
by Tramp.  
15 to 1 agst Mr. Lumley's Euphrosyne, by Comus.  
15 to 1 agst Lord Queensberry's c. Prime Minister.

A GENTLEMAN lately returned from France, thinks it a duty he owes to his countrymen, to acquaint them, by every possible means, that in consequence of a law passed very recently, no mare, once landed in France, under whatever circumstances, *can be re-embarked*. A similar law has long been in force respecting stallions, and still continues so. It may be superfluous to remark, that the law has a particular prospect to the detention of *English* mares, by which France is desirous of improving her breed of horses. We understand Lord Sefton has been deprived, by this law, of a number of horses, but that by the interest of Monsieur, he succeeded in getting back a favourite mare. What an idea does a fraudulent law of this nature give of the French Government, when, by expending a few thousand pounds in the purchase of English mares, they could easily obtain their object without robbing travellers, who, without intimation, could never have supposed that they would be prevented from taking back their horses with them.

## DOCILITY OF THE ELEPHANT.—

"While breakfast was getting ready (says an officer, in his 'Sketches of India'), I amused myself with looking at a baggage elephant and a few camels, which some servants, returning with a general's tents from the

Deccan, were in the act of loading. The intelligent obedience of the elephant is well known; but to look upon this huge and powerful monster kneeling down at the mere bidding of the human voice; and when he has risen again, to see him protrude his trunk for the foot of his mahout or attendant, to help him into his seat; or bending the joint of his hind leg, making a step for him to climb up behind, and then, if any loose cloths or cords fall off, with a dog-like docility pick them up with his proboscis and put them up again, will delight and surprise long after it ceases to be novel. When loaded, this creature broke off a large branch from the lofty tree near which he stood, and quietly fanned and fly-flapped himself, with all the *non-chalance* of an indolent woman of fashion, till the camels were ready. —These animals also kneel to be laden."

PIGEON MATCH.—A sweepstakes took place September 5, at Totteridge, Herts, between two elevens, at fifteen birds each, twenty-one yards from the trap. The stake was one hundred and fifty guineas a-side, and was decided as follows :—

Killed.	Killed.
Herne ..... 14	Howe ..... 15
Gee ..... 13	Jenkins ..... 12
Bartleman ..... 12	Hall ..... 14
Jones ..... 11	Capt. Smith .. 11
Codrington .. 11	— Jones .. 11
Mellish ..... 10	R. Hall ..... 11
Armstrong ... 9	Marshall .... 10
Smith ..... 9	Mellish ..... 9
Kent ..... 8	Hart ..... 8
Forrest ..... 8	Coffin ..... 8
Frost ..... 7	Maule ..... 6

112

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—The winners were from Herts and Bucks chiefly, and the losers from Oxon and Bedfordshire.

A CRICKET match took place this month for one hundred and twenty guineas, between eleven of Nottinghamshire and sixteen of Leicestershire. At the commencement betting was six to four on Nottinghamshire, but at the end of the first day

it



it changed to ten to one on the Leicester. The bowling on the part of Leicester was so destructive, that in the second innings nine wickets were bowled down in about four hours. It is many years since the two counties met in contest, and their comparative powers are now pretty nearly ascertained. Nottingham won at the first innings 24 runs; at the second, 56; total, 80. In the first and only innings of the Leicestershire, they obtained 127 runs.

**DUELLING.**—Wednesday, the 19th September, a meeting took place at Coomb Wood, between Captain R—, belonging to a dragoon regiment stationed near town, and Mr. K—, a gentleman well known in the sporting circles. The cause of dispute arose in consequence of one of the gentlemen expressing his opinion that the late pugilistic contest on Crawley Downs, between Randall and Martin, was a *cross* (an opinion, by the bye, not singular). After exchanging two shots, the Captain received the ball of his antagonist in the upper part of his right arm. Surgical assistance was procured, and the ball extracted.

A duel was fought in the neighbourhood of South Blythe, in Nottinghamshire, on Friday morning, September 21, between Mr. P—r—r, a gentleman of fortune in Yorkshire, and a Captain S—n, in consequence of a dispute which originated in the grand stand at Doncaster races, on Thursday. Mr. P— considered himself insulted by the Captain's conduct to a female relative under his care. The parties fired twice, and the second ball lodged in the Captain's shoulder, and was not extracted at the time; he is understood to be in a dangerous state.—An exchange of shots, which did no mischief, also took place on the same morning, between a Mr. S—n and Mr. W—, arising out of the same dispute.

On Friday, September 14, a duel was fought on Plumstead Common, near Woolwich, between Lieutenant B—, of the Royal Artillery, and a Mr. C—, a gentleman of respecta-

bility; after exchanging two shots each, Mr. C. was wounded by the ball of his antagonist going through the upper part of one thigh and through the wrist of his left hand. Lieutenant B. escaped with having the skin on his forehead rased by the ball of Mr. C. It is somewhat remarkable that on the first exchange of shots, the balls came in contact with each other, and both of them fell about three feet from the feet of Mr. C.

**A GOOD WHIP.**—As the Subscription coach was coming from Ilminster to Honiton lately, a covey of partridges sprung from the hedge-row, when the coachman, with great adroitness, killed a bird with his whip, and presented it to one of the proprietors.

**JOHN C. Warsley, Esq.** whilst angling a short time ago in the Duke of Rutland's fishery near Newmarket, took, in six days, no less than one hundred and eighty-three fine trout.

**A SPORTSMAN** this month killed six partridges at one shot, on the manor of Rumbolds Wyke, Esq. in Sussex.

**EXTRAORDINARY SWIMMING.**—*Gibraltar, August 14.*—"Mr. James Graham, a gentleman belonging to the garrison, undertook on the 8th instant to swim from Waterport-wharf to Algeiras, and to the astonishment of every body, reached to within musket shot of that town, in the space of four hours and a quarter, when he got into one of the boats by which he was followed, complaining of nothing but excessive thirst. The distance in a straight line is about five miles and a half; but as Mr. Graham was forced out of it by the current almost every time that he lost sight of the house he was steering to, by swimming on his back, it is supposed that he may have swam altogether about eight miles. The feats of Leander, and of a noble poet of the present day, is boy's play to this."

**ARCHERY.**—The Derbyshire bowmen held their annual meeting on the 30th of August, at Kedleston Inn, a spot admirably adapted for the purpose,

pose, commanding at once a prospect highly picturesque, and affording an excellent level for the targets, on one part of which a fine band of music was stationed. The shooting commenced at one o'clock, and the contest for the prizes was admirable. The ladies' prizes were won by Miss Bent and Miss J. Gell; the gentlemen's, by the Rev. J. Hurt and Wm. Munday, Esq. The dresses of both ladies and gentlemen displayed much taste and elegance, and excited the admiration of the numerous surrounding spectators. At five o'clock the bowmen and ladies partook of an elegant dinner, and the company did not part until a late hour. Amongst the splendid carriages on the ground were those of the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Harrington, Lord Scarsdale, Lord Kinnaird, and the High Sheriff.

At the late races of Letterkenny, a most dreadful accident took place. One of the horses bolted from the course, and struck down two men in the crowd; in passing over them, he set his fore feet exactly on the windpipe of one man, who expired instantly; his hind feet struck the breast of another man so violently, that the ribs were separated all along on one side from the spine. It is thought he cannot survive.

**THE CROSSBILL.**—Great numbers of these curious and rare birds have been caught, on Lansdown and other downs in the vicinity of Bath, during the late summer, and exhibited in the market of that city for sale; a circumstance which has excited considerable curiosity, as we believe few, if any, had been seen in these parts during the last twenty years. They are of various colours, some of a bright canary yellow, others a brilliant crimson, and vary extremely in their plumage. The crossbill is rather larger in size than a bullfinch; its feet resemble a parrot's; its beak, which is thick and convex both ways, crosses in a singular manner near the point, from which circumstance it takes its name. There are two species of this bird, the greater and

the lesser crossbill, but the former is little known. The latter is a native of Germany and Switzerland, where it breeds as early as January, and feeds on the seeds of pines and firs. On the 3d instant a flock of these birds was seen near Wisteston, Herefordshire, and they have also been observed in other parts of the country.

A BIRD of the eagle kind, called the osprey, was killed on Monday, Sept. 3, in Stoke's Bay, Devon, by Mr. Jeans, son of the Rev. Dr. Jeans, of Egham, now residing at that place, measuring, from the tip of the bill to the tip of the tail, two feet, and the expanse of the wings, five feet nine inches; the talons one inch, very crooked, sharp, and black, and the claws an inch and a half long. The bird is remarkably fat for one of the rapacious kind; the legs are of immense size and strength, and though both its wings were broken, and hit in different parts of the body and head, yet no dog would venture in after it when it fell in the water.

**THE gamekeeper of Charles Lyon, Esq. of Willington, near Durham,** has now in his possession a partridge which is completely yellow: it was caught about a month ago, and is now become domesticated.

A GENTLEMAN shooting grouse on the hills of the Hon. W. Maule, this month, discovered a covey of young partridges, almost full grown, a considerable way in the Grampians, under the protection of a muir-cock and hen. The old partridges were not present.

ON Thursday, Sept. 13, a small land tortoise, in a lively and healthy state, was found by Thomas Knapton, in a field belonging to Mr. Carr, dyer, in Hunslet-lane, Yorkshire, adjoining the river Aire.

**SINGULAR SEIZURE.**—A few days since, Mrs. Prowse, who lives at Mount Edgcombe Lodge, Devon, left a basket of live cockles outside the door, and on her return found a robin, which had flown into the basket, vainly endeavouring to escape from

from one of the shell-fish, which had caught the bird by the foot, and preserved its hold with such tenacity, as to deprive the little flutterer of two claws before he could be extricated.

**CANINE SAGACITY.**—Mr. Kitching, of Gateside, Durham, having occasion to call at the house of Mrs. Potter, was followed as usual by his fine old dog, who, while his master was transacting some business, thought there was no harm in indulging himself in a quiet nap, on the hearth-rug or the carpet. In the mean time Mr. K. left the house, and the animal at last missing his master, immediately made for the door, which had been closely shut, and at which, amidst the noise and bustle of a public inn, he whined and scratched to no purpose. Baffled in this attempt, he next applied his teeth to the bell, which he pulled so lustily, that he actually broke the cord, though not until he had alarmed the waiter, who wondering at a call from a room in which there was no company, cautiously opened the door, and was of course a good deal chagrined to find it was only a dog that slunk past him, and that too without tendering the usual gratuity.

**SPIDERS.**—The sexton of the church of St. Eustace, at Paris, amazed to find frequently a particular lamp extinct early, and yet the oil consumed only, sat up several nights to perceive the cause. At length he discovered that a spider of surprising size came down the cord to drink the oil.—A still more extraordinary instance of the same kind occurred during the year 1751, in the cathedral of Milan. A vast spider was observed there, which fed on the oil of the lamps. M. Morland, of the Academy of Sciences, has described this spider, and furnished a drawing of it. It weighed four pounds, and was sent to the Emperor of Austria, and is now in the Imperial Museum at Vienna.

**FIVES-COURT.**—This place was filled with amateurs on Wednesday, Sept. 12, it being opened for the be-  
VOL. VIII. N. S.—No. 48.

neft of David Hudson. The *set-to* were good, but the attraction of the day was Randall, who, as the bills announced, would *show* upon this occasion, after his battle with Martin. Upon the entrance of this celebrated *miller* into Court, the crowd gathered round him, almost to suffocation; and when he ascended the stage to *set-to* with Holt, he was received with shouts of applause. Those amateurs who had not an opportunity of witnessing his *condition* in the ring, appeared astonished beyond description at the change in his person since his last display at the Court. Holt exerted himself to give the amateurs a treat, and the *skill* upon one side, and the *science* opposed to it on the other, produced great satisfaction. Martin did not *show*; but there was some *chaffing* about the Master of the Rolls being again backed for 300*l.* or 500*l.* a-side against Randall, at the express wish of Martin, who attributed his sudden defeat to accident. Lashbrook and Parish appeared with their changed *nobs*, and were congratulated on the courage they had displayed in their combat.—The Tennis Court was also well attended for the benefit of Purcell and Oliver; a proof of the great and unceasing liberality of the amateurs.

*Martin's Challenge to Randall.*—The following letter has appeared in *Bell's Weekly Dispatch*:—"SIR,  
—At the particular request of my friends I am induced to address you relative to the late contest between Randall and myself. I certainly did hope to have seen in your paper, so celebrated for its impartiality, a more correct account of the fight, and that the one sent forth to the sporting world would not have raised one man so very high at the expence of the other. The fact is, Sir, that I received no more injury from the tremendous fibbing, which your paper describes, than a girl would have borne, and that the loss of the battle was occasioned solely by the fall against a stake. In this assertion I can be borne out, not only by the gentlemen who so liberally backed  
P p me,

me, but also by the testimony of the medical gentlemen who attended me. However, Sir, the object of this letter is not to dwell upon the past, but through the medium of your paper, to convey a *challenge* to Randall, which, as a man, he cannot refuse. It was, I believe, a circumstance unprecedented in the sporting annals, that a *winning man should challenge a loser*, until Randall broke through the etiquette of the ring by calling in it (after he had declined fighting) the man he had beaten; that call was promptly obeyed, and being vanquished (no matter how) he cannot surely, if he possesses a spark of manhood, refuse my intimation to meet me once more. This (although your paper states that he does not intend again entering the ring) I cannot believe he will do—should he, however, act so, I leave the amateurs to draw their own conclusion. I beg to inform you that I can be backed immediately for the same sum we last contended, and that my friends are ready to make a deposit any day which is agreeable to Randall. I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

“JOHN MARTIN.”

Kennington, Sept. 20, 1821.

Randall has generously made Martin a present of 10l.

**PUGILISM BETWEEN HORSHAM AND MASON, FOR 10l. A-SIDE.**—Monday, September 17, in a field near Highgate, the *Fancy* mustered rather numerous, to witness the above battle. Mason is well-known at the Fives-court, from his frequent exhibitions at that place; and Horsham introduced himself to the notice of the prize-ring about four months ago, in his contest with the *Sprig of Myrtle*, to whom he proved an easy con-

quest. Both of the combatants were *little ones*, not exceeding 9st. each in weight. Horsham was the favourite, 5 and 6 to 4. Harry Holt and Warwick seconded Mason; and Pritchard and Stanley handled Horsham. Randall was the umpire and time-keeper. The first three rounds, owing to the severe punishment administered by Horsham to his opponent, made it 3 and 4 to 1 in his favour. Mason's *nob* was so cut up, that “it was positively seeing an “old friend with a new face;” in short, the whole backers of Mason had made up their minds that he must be *milled* off-hand; and all the *Common-garden* lads (Horsham being a dealer in *cabbage-plants*), were roaring with joy, and betting their “trifles” that it “vouldn't last ten minutes.” But the *game* of Mason won him the battle. He was also well seconded by his master, Holt. The *cabbage-plant* hero, on perceiving that his blows did not check the ardour of Mason, began to *funk*; and after fighting 44 minutes, contrary to expectation, Horsham was defeated. It was a *slap-up* battle; and several of the amateurs said “as how they had often been thirty miles to see a *swell* fight that had not turned out half so good!”

Kendrick, the man of colour, who proved a troublesome customer both to Cooper and Oliver, is, after having been laid upon the shelf for a long time, matched with the *Suffolk Champion* for 25l. a-side, to fight on the 16th of October. The *Suffolk* hero is the favourite: but Kendrick is nevertheless well known to have considerably improved respecting a knowledge of the *science*. The sporting world expect a most tremendous contest.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our thanks are due to “A CONSTANT READER,” for his communication; but we wish he had pointed out some of the objectionable matters referred to, that we might benefit by his criticisms. If he will inform us by what means a letter will reach him, it will be esteemed a favour.

The request of “A SUBSCRIBER” will be attended to.

**ERRATUM.**—In the Racing Calendar of our last Number, p. 55, the *Cheltenham* Meeting is run on with the *Chelmsford*, owing to the omission of the head “CHELMSFORD MEETING,” seven lines from the bottom, commencing “TUESDAY, JULY 24.”

POETRY.

## POETRY.

## THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

## PRAISE OF WINE.

**A**WAY with love, 'tis all a sound,  
 Away with melancholy;  
 Away with care—the bowl go round,  
 For love is all a folly.

The span of life, alas! is brief,  
 And pleasures soon decay;  
 Then banish thought and banish grief,  
 And let us all be gay.

This life, indeed's, a festival.  
 Where each should merry be,  
 The young and old, and all, yes! all  
 Should dance it—merrily.

Oh, give me wine! 'tis that I love,  
 'Tis that gives youth to age,  
 'Tis that we have, from Heaven above,  
 Our sorrows to assuage.

Oh, Bacchus! how I love thy name,  
 Thou father of the vine;  
 Ye trumpets, sound great Bacchus' fame,  
 Who taught to press the wine.

In this we bury sorrow's thorns,  
 And love itself's forgot,  
 The cuckold, too, forgets his horns,  
 While dozing o'er his pot. H. M.

## LINES

*On hearing a Lady sing an Ode of Anacreon in the original.*

“Forbearing to love is a task.”

**I** Would the Teian bard were here  
 To taste of bilas indeed divine,  
 Well might he quit the starry sphere  
 To hear those liquid notes of thine.

What, though to pleasure's wildest dream  
 His festive harp was often strung,  
 'Twas wine inspired the maddening theme,  
 And frenzy marked the strains he sung;

Or if perchance to wake the lyre  
 To gentler themes his fancy strove,  
 What could the dames of Greece inspire  
 Of soft or passionate in love?

Oh! could he hear those notes so gay,  
 And gaze on that enchanting form,  
 A sweeter strain would grace his lay,  
 A brighter flame his bosom warm.

The warmth that beauty's glance inspires,  
 Would breathe through each impassioned line,

And, taught by love's resistless fires,  
 His song would catch a grace from thine.

Sweet songstress! strike the lyre again,  
 Let captive hearts the strain approve;  
 'Tis sweet to hear, but oh! 'tis vain  
 To see thee, and forbear to love.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

## AN ARAB MAID TO HER LOVER.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

**I**F thou wert not a hunter bold,  
 I should not love thee half so well,  
 'Twas in the chase my heart first told  
 Of him who made this bosom swell.

Then haste, my love, and mount thy steed,  
 (Yet stay—a moment's fond embrace)  
 My thoughts will follow—they will speed  
 With thee, the foremost in the chase.

Adieu—adieu—I cannot tell  
 My hopes—my joys—for words are cold;  
 But I should never love so well,  
 If thou wert not a hunter bold.

Sept. 1821.

X.

*For the Sporting Magazine.*

## THE DEAD ASS.

**I** SAW, slow walking through a lane one day,  
 An aged man, with sad and downcast eye;  
 I saw him wipe the trickling tear away;  
 Then looking upward, gaze upon the sky!

“And what,” I ask'd him, “why thy cause  
 of woe?”

“Perhaps some friend, a wife, or child no  
 more?”

The veteran sigh'd, and simply answering,  
 “No;”

Half-speechless led me to a penthouse  
 door.

“There! there she lies!” the tongue of  
 sorrow said.

“My poor old Nanny, just, Sir, breath'd  
 her last!”

“This straw for months has been our mu-  
 tual bed;

“This shed our stable from the wintery  
 blast!

R P 2

“My

"My wicker-panniers she has borne for years,  
 "And then, so gentle, fond, and kind  
 "Forgive," he cried, "excuse an old man's tears,  
 "But one like Nanny, no, I ne'er shall  
 The old man wept, nor could restrain his grief—  
 What can the tear of gratitude surpass?  
 It is the holy balm-drop of relief!  
 I left him sorrowing o'er the lifeless ass.  
 U.

### TO MY PONEY,

*On hearing that the Fellow to whom I had entrusted him had sold him to a Gipsy, who immediately afterwards resold him to a Gentleman.*

**PONEY!** has the ruffian sold thee  
 For this vile and paltry ore?  
 Shall I never more behold thee  
 Waiting at my kitchen door?  
 There, from out thy stable speeding,  
 Would'st thou take thy wonted stand;  
 Pleas'd, when on some dainty feeding  
 From thy master's ready hand.

Often, by thy well-known neighing,  
 Hast thou gain'd my mother's ear;  
 All thy little arts displaying,  
 Corn to gain, or juicy pear.  
 When I saw thee, as we parted,  
 Rear thy little neck so high;  
 Need thy master blush to own it,  
 That his bosom heav'd a sigh?

To a ruffian's care I gave thee,  
 Charg'd him, ere he left my door,  
 Not to let a stranger have thee,  
 Though for twice thy worth, or more.  
 Faithless wretch! he scarce had told me  
 My desires he would obey,  
 When he to a gipsy sold thee,  
 Doom'd thee with his camp to stray.

Hard had been thy fate, my Poney!  
 'Neath the sway of Egypt's son;  
 His brow is bronze,† his heart is stony,  
 Foulest deeds by him are done!  
 With the steeds which call him master,  
 View him, as they trembling go,  
 Usage thence faster still, and faster,  
 Till the bubbling blood doth flow.

View them, when their task is ended,  
 Where the stunted hedge-weeds grow;  
 With their tasteless morsel blended,  
 Many a curse and many a blow.  
 See the Copt‡, through lone brake dashing,  
 Lift his knotted scourge on high;  
 Passion's hateful lightnings flashing  
 From the monster's phrenzied eye.  
 Happy be the man who caught thee  
 From this swarthy villain's way;

\* The gipsies call themselves the descendants of the ancient Egyptians.

† Alluding to the swarthy complexions of these wandering pillagers.

‡ The native Egyptians are the Copts; so called from Coptos, once a famous city in the Thebias.

To his own warm stable brought thee,  
 Fed thee with his corn and hay.  
 May he, Poney, ever treat thee  
 With the most attentive care;  
 May he never kick or beat thee,  
 Or refuse thee wholesome fare.

Tell him thou wert never faithless,  
 And wilt ever do his will;  
 Gaily amble with him, scathless,  
 O'er the moor and o'er the hill.  
 Never from his friendly manger  
 May'st thou e'er be forced away;  
 But content (no more a ranger,)   
 With thy new-found master stay.

Now, farewell! my task is ended,  
 Finish'd is my simple lay;  
 Thoughts of thee with song I've blended,  
 And have tun'd these as I may.  
 Should the wretch, whose feelings, frozen,  
 Never felt kind Nature's glow,  
 From whose cold and stagnant bosom  
 Streams of soul can never flow;  
 Laugh to scorn my humble ditty,  
 Penn'd to praise thy sterling worth;  
 Give the gloating fool thy pity,  
 Spare the spumy son of earth!  
 Tell him these are mental pleasures,  
 Which the nobler soul doth fill;  
 Richer far than India's treasures—  
 Bid the gibing fool be still!

Faringdon, Aug. 28th,  
 1821.

BOWLES.

### For the Sporting Magazine.

#### THE CHEVIOT HILLS.

**IT** is the horn, the bliss-toned horn,  
 Salutes the list'ning ear!  
 And echoing to the breeze of morn,  
 Proclaims the chase is near.  
 Each opening flower its sweets distills,  
 To grace the charms of day;  
 While sounding o'er the Cheviot Hills  
 The horn calls "hark away!"  
 The leaves display the dews of night,  
 All trembling to the eye;  
 And clothed in glist'ning drops of light,  
 Like diamonds seem to lie!  
 But soon the bright'ning sun-beam kills  
 Each spark, and dazzling ray,  
 While sounding o'er the Cheviot Hills  
 The horn calls "hark away!"  
 It is the chase, the health-fraught chase,  
 That gives a zest to life;  
 And rich in vigorous rosy grace,  
 Dispels the gloom of strife!  
 'Tis this with joy the warm heart fills  
 Whatever doits may say;  
 While sounding o'er the Cheviot Hills  
 The horn calls "hark away!"

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## Racing Calendar.

### MALTON CRAVEN MEETING, 1821.

**WEDNESDAY, April 11.**—The Craven Stakes of 10gs. each, for all ages.—One mile and a quarter.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Watt's ch. c. Caesar, by Cerberus, out of Altisidora, 3 yrs old, 8st. (J. Jackson).....	1
Mr. Kirby's b. c. Canova, by Golumpus, 3 yrs old, 8st. ....	2
Mr. Ridsdale's ch. c. Swift, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.....	3
Mr. J. Ferguson's ch. c. The Duke, 3 yrs old, 8st.....	4
Mr. Wright's b. c. Master Fray, 3 yrs old, 8st.....	5

Seven to 4 agst The Duke, and 2 to 1 agst Caesar. Won with much difficulty.—After having passed the winning post, The Duke ran against one of the minor posts, and fell with his rider, R. Johnson, who was much stunned, but otherwise received no material injury.

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for fillies rising three years old, 8st. 3lb. each.—One mile.

Lord Milton's ch. Ursula, by Cervantes, out of Fanny (J. Garbut)..	1
Mr. Kirby's bay, Melvednea, by Raphael .....	2
Mr. Bell's bay, by Fitz-Teazle, dam by Hyacinthus .....	3

Eleven to 8 on Mr. Bell's filly.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for colts and fillies rising three years old; colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—One mile and a half.—Four subscribers.

Mr. T. Sykes's b. c. by Golumpus, out of Magistrate's dam (T. Nicholson) .....	1
Mr. Horsley's b. c. by Golumpus, dam by Hyacinthus.....	2
Mr. Scaife's b. c. Usquebaugh, by Henderskelf.....	3

Even betting on the winner.—Won easy.

The Barton Stakes of 25gs. each, h. ft. for colts and fillies rising three years old; colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—One mile and a half.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Howard's ch. c. by Octavian, out of Miss Blanche's dam (M. Noble) .....	1
Mr. Bower's b. colt, by Prime Minister.....	2
Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. f. Ursula, by Cervantes .....	3
Mr. Kirby's b. f. La Belle, by Magic, out of Laura .....	4
Mr. Bell's ch. c. Jack of Wapping, Brother to Blucher .....	5

Six to 4 agst Mr. Bower's colt.—Won very easy.

The Member's Purse of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—A winner of 50l. to carry 3lb. extra.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.—(Ages as in May.)

Mr. Storey's b. h. Little England, by Cramlington, aged, 9st. (J. Shepherd) .....	1	1
Mr. Wright's b. c. Master Fray, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	4	2
Mr. J. Leslie's b. f. Hambletonia, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	5	3
Mr. Kirby's br. c. Witchcraft, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	3	4
Mr. Harrison's ch. f. Eliza Leeds, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	2	5
Two to one against Little England; after the first heat, 5 to 4 against him.—Won easy.		

**THURSDAY, April 12.**—Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, h. ft. for colts and fillies rising two years old; colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st. — Half a mile.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Watt's b. f. Sister to Trumper, by Tramp (J. Jackson) .....	1
Col. King's b. f. Miss Fulford, by Walton—Maniac.....	2
Five to two on the winner.—Very easy.	

Hunters' Stakes of 5gs. each, with 25l. added by the Stewards, for horses, &c. not thorough bred, that never won before the day of naming.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Roulay's b. g. Burnby, by Ploughboy, 4 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. (Mr. W. Healey).....	1
Mr. G. Pelham's b. g. by Truth, 5 yrs old, 11st. 10lb.....	2
Mr. T. Teasdale's gr. h. Puzzler, by Knowsley .....	3

The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr. Armstrong's gr. g. by Mowbray, 5 yrs old, 11st. 10lb.....	0
Mr. J. Horner's ch. c. Thornton, by Weazle, 4 yrs old, 11st. 4lb.....	0
Mr. Nalton's b. g. Random, by Sir Charles .....	0
Mr. R. Gilbert's gr. g. by Vividus, 6 yrs old, 12st.....	0
Five to two agst Mr. Pelham's.—A beautiful race, but won easy at last.	

Fifty Pounds, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Heats, one mile and a half.—(Ages as in May.)

Mr. Bower's b. c. by Prime Minister, 3 yrs old, 7st. (T. Nicholson).....	0	0	1	1
Mr. Kirby's b. c. Canova, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.....	0	1	0	0
Mr. Storey's b. c. by Cramlington, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	0	0	2	0
Mr. Bell's b. h. by Fitz-Teazle, 6 yrs old, 9st. ....	0	0	0	2
Mr. Horsley's b. c. by Golumpus, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	0	0	0	0
Mr. Turner's b. c. Forlorn Hope, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	0	0	0	0
Sir H. Nelthorpe's b. f. 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.....	0	0	0	0
Mr. W. Howard's ch. c. by Octavian, 3 yrs old, 7st.....	0	2	dr.	

At starting, even betting on Canova, and 7 to 4 agst Mr. Howard's colt; after the first heat, even betting on Canova; after the second heat, 2 to 1 on him, and 4 to 1 agst the winner.—The first was a dead heat between Canova and Mr. Howard's colt.

### PONTEFRAC T SPRING MEETING.

**THURSDAY, March 29.**—Gold Cup, value 50gs. for horses not thorough bred: four-year-olds, 10st. 9lb.; five, 11st. 4lb.; six and aged, 12st.—A winner of a Hunter's Stake, 3lb. extra.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Twenty-eight subscribers.

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Mr. Smallpage's b. h. Stride, by Orville, aged (Mr. Rickaby).....	1
Mr. Winn's ch. h. Chevalier, aged, (Mr. T. Sykes received 10gs.)..	2
Mr. Tasburgh's b. h. Catch-him-who-Can, 6 yrs old.....	3
Mr. S. Haxby's b. h. Grunter, by Grazier, aged.....	4
Mr. Mascroft's ch. h. by Diomed, 5 yrs old.....	5

The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr. Wentworth's br. h. Grantham, 6 yrs old.....	0
Mr. Winn's bl. h. by Sir Charles, 5 yrs old .....	0
Mr. Shepherd's b. h. Foxhunter, 4 yrs old.....	0
Mr. Wyrill's b. h. The Bishop, 6 yrs old .....	0
Mr. Perfect's b. c. Whitenose, by Ganymede, 4 yrs old .....	0
Mr. Hawke's gr. h. Ivanhoe, aged .....	0
Mr. Beanland's b. f. Sportsmistress, 4 yrs old .....	0

Fifty Pounds, for horses not thorough bred, the property of Members of the Badsworth Hunt.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Hawke's gr. h. Ivanhoe, aged, 12st. (Gilbert).....	1
Mr. Winn's bl. h. by Sir Charles, 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. (Mr. T. Sykes)	2
The Gold Cup, value 60gs. by six subscribers of 10gs. each, for horses, &c.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles and a furlong.	
Mr. Earnshaw's b. m. by Wizard, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. (owner)..	1
Mr. Smallpage's b. h. Stride, by Orville, aged, 12st. 4lb. (Mr. Rickaby)	2
Mr. Winn's ch. h. Chevalier, aged, 12st.....	3
Mr. Wentworth's gr. c. Stilton-Lad, 4 yrs old, 10st. 9lb.....	4

### NORTHAMPTON SPRING MEETING.

**A** Cup, with 40l. added.—Heats, twice round.—Rode by farmers.

Mr. Drage's b. g. Luck's-All, 4 yrs old, 11st.....	6	1	1
Mr. J. Sharman's Tally-ho! 5 yrs old, 11st. 7lb.....	1	2	2
Mr. Whitmell's b. m. 6 yrs old, 12st.....	5	4	3
Mr. Wilson's br. g. 6 yrs old, 12st.....	3	3	4
Mr. Hamshaw's br. g. 4 yrs old, 11st.....	4	5	5
Mr. Higgins's ch. g. aged, 12st.....	2	dr.	

### MOYSTON HUNT MEETING.

(On Cottisford Heath.)

**W**EDNESDAY, April 4.—Sweepstakes of 10gs. each.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. Harrison's gr. g. Pantaloon, by Grimaldi .....	1
Mr. Webster's ch. g. Welshman .....	2

A Sweepstakes of 5gs. each.—Thirty-one subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's b. m. Victorine, by Haphazard .....	1	2	1
Mr. Bartley's b. g. Swindon.....	3	1	2
Mr. Kemshead's ch. g. Honesty.....	2	4	dr.

Seven other horses also started.

Fifty Guineas for hunters.

Mr. Harrison's gr. g. Pantaloon, by Grimaldi.....	1
---	---

Mr. Udny's b. m. Creeper ..... 2  
 Mr. C. Whitmore's b. g. by Caesario..... 3

A Cup, value 10gs. with 40gs. added, was won by Mr. Deken's b. g. Coach-horse.

Mr. Tayler's Dobooby, 10st. 8lb. beat Mr. Bayley's Spangle, 11st. 50gs. once round.

Mr. Bayley's Falstaff, 11st. beat Mr. Tayler's Dobooby, 10st. 8lb. 50gs. once round.

Mr. Bayley's Falstaff, beat Col. Chicester's Katerfelto, 12st. 4lb. each, 50gs. twice round.

Mr. Mytton's b. m. Victorine, by Haphazard, beat Lord Anson's Aylesbury, 11st. 12lb. each, 50gs. two miles.

At the above meeting, an accident happened which is not unusual at these sports, owing to the leaving horses to the care of boys. Two persons imprudently acted in this manner. The boys mounted and set out on full gallop; unfortunately the horses came in contact, when one of them was killed on the spot, and the other died a short time afterwards. The boys received no serious injury.

#### MEYNELL HUNT SPRING MEETING.

**THURSDAY, April 5.**—The Meynell Hunt Stakes of 5gs. each, for horses not thorough bred.—Two-mile heats.—Gentlemen riders.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Meynell's br. m. Josephine, aged, 12st. (Mr. E. Meynell).... 1 1  
 Mr. Trevanion's b. m. aged, 12st. (the owner) ..... 2 dr.  
 Mr. Chamberlain's bl. g. Smolensko, 6 yrs, 12st. (Capt. Story).. bolt.

A Silver Cup, of 20gs. value, with 30gs. added, and 10gs. to the second horse.—Two-mile heats.—Rode by farmers.

Mr. Baggeley's b. g. Laurel, aged, 12st. 2lb. .... 1 1  
 Mr. T. Brigg's br. g. Rustick, 5 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. .... 3 2  
 Mr. Swindell's bl. m. Amelia, 4 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. .... 2 3

Mr. Webster's ch. h. beat Mr. Longden's b. h. 50gs. two miles.

#### WELFORD HUNT MEETING, SUFFOLK.

**APRIL 19.**—The Welford Stakes of 10gs. each, for horses not thorough bred.—Nine subscribers.—Heats, two miles.

Mr. Aveylin's ch. m. Courtezan ..... 4 1 1  
 Mr. Rock's gr. h. Thunderbolt. .... 1 4 3  
 Captain Thorpe's b. h. Juniper ..... 3 2 2  
 Mr. Major's b. m. Marianna ..... 2 3 dr.  
 Mr. Crowther's Tallyho ..... 5 dr.  
 Mr. Marsack's Razor-grinder..... 6 dr.

Two to 1 agst the winner, and 2 to 1 agst Juniper.—A good race.

A Sweepstakes of 15gs. each.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Thumwood's Glow-worm..... 1  
 Mr. R. L. Forth's Maid of the Mill ..... 2  
 Captain Harewood's Muzzler..... 3  
 Mr. Hernshaw's Pilot ..... 4

Even betting on the winner.

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## CROXTON PARK MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, April 11.**—A Maiden Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, 11st. 7lb.—Half a mile.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Cornewall's b. m. Susan .....	1
Lord Kennedy's gr. m. Madge .....	2
Madge the favourite.	

The third year of the Billesdon Coplow Stakes of 25gs. each, h. ft. 12st. each.—The winner of this Stakes in any former year carrying 5lb. extra.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Thirty subscribers.

Mr. Gisborne's bl. m. Rebecca, by Shuttlecock, 6 yrs old .....	1
Mr. Thorold's b. g. Whynot .....	2
Lord Plymouth's gr. h. Friar of Orders Grey (5lb. extra) .....	3
Two to 1 on the Friar.	

The Melton Stakes of 100gs. each, with 25gs. added, for horses not thorough bred; five-year-olds, 11st. 6lb.; six and aged, 12st.—Once round.

Mr. Trafford's b. g. by Windle, 6 yrs old .....	1
Mr. Warde's ch. c. Ostrich, aged .....	2

The following also started, but were not placed :

Lord Brudenell's b. g. Woldsman, aged .....	0
Captain Baird's b. m. Pess Mizen, aged .....	0
Mr. Burton's ch. g. Buffer, aged .....	0
Col. Berrington's b. g. Lovelace, by Deceiver, aged .....	0
Mr. Platel's gr. g. Toneham, by Vespasian, aged .....	0
Mr. Sumner's b. g. Volunteer, 6 yrs old .....	0

Two to 1 agst Toneham, and 3 to 1 agst the winner.

A Forced Handicap Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for the winning horses and others.—One mile.

Mr. Thorold's bay g. Whynot, 11st. 5lb. ....	1
Mr. Gisborne's bl. m. Rebecca, 11st. 10lb. ....	2

The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr. Neville's ch. mare, 10st. 12lb. ....	0
Mr. Porkington's Rum Customer, 11st. 10lb. ....	0
Mr. Cornewall's b. m. Susan, 10st. 6lb. ....	0
Mr. Trafford's b. g. by Windle, 12st. 7lb. ....	paid.

## NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

**MONDAY, April 23.**—The Craven Stakes of 10gs. each, for all ages.—A. F.—Forty-nine subscribers.

Mr. Vansittart's ches. c. by Comus, dam by Mr. Teasedale, 2 yrs old, 5st. 10lb. (Young Boyes) .....	1
Mr. Crockford's b. c. Sultan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	2

The following also started, but were not placed :

Lord G. H. Cavendish's br. h. Allegro, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11b. ....	0
Lord Jersey's b. h. Master Henry, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11b. ....	0
Mr. Fraser's b. c. Champignon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	0
Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Adolphus, by Thunderbolt, out of Musedora, 2 yrs old, 5st. 10lb. ....	0

Duke of Rutland's ch. c. Cortoli, 3 yrs old, 8st.	0
Mr. Greville's bl. f. Soota, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	0
Duke of Grafton's br. c. Luck, 3 yrs old, 8st.	0
Mr. Hunter's ch. c. Rasselas, 2 yrs old, 5st. 10lb.	0
Mr. Bouverie's b. c. (bought of Sir C. Bunbury), 2 yrs old, 5st. 10lb.	0
Mr. Wyndham's bl. f. Caroline, 3 yrs old, 8st.	0
Mr. Wyndham's bl. c. by Octavian, dam by Gobanna, 2 yrs, 5st. 10lb.	0
Lord Foley's b. c. Brother to Miracle, 3 yrs, 8st.	0
Duke of Portland's ch. c. Zadig, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	0
Lord Suffield's b. c. Rosetta, 3 yrs old, 8st.	0
Mr. Neale's b. c. by Pan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.	0
Three to 1 agst Master Henry, 4 to 1 agst Champignon, 5 to 1 agst Allegro, 10 to 1 agst Sultan, 10 to 1 agst Rasselas, and 20 to 1 agst the winner.—Easy.	

## Match for 100gs. h. ft.—Ditch Mile.

Mr. Uday's c. by Election, dam by Stamford, 8st. 4lb.	1
Lord Jersey's c. Oracle, by Spothsayer, 8st. 5lb.	2
Two to 1 on Oracle.	

## The First Class of the Seventh Riddlesworth Stakes of 200gs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st, 7lb.—Ab. M.—Sixteen subscribers.

Mr. Batson's Rosicrucian, by Sorcerer, out of Cecilia, 8st. 7lb. (John Day)	1
Duke of Grafton's b. Reginald, by Haphazard, 8st. 4lb.	2
The following also started, but were not placed:	

Mr. Rush's b. by Waxy, out of Ringtail, 8st. 7lb.	0
Mr. Bouverie's b. by Orville, out of Morel, 8st. 4lb.	0
Mr. Vansittart's ch. by Cardinal York, out of Selima, 8st. 4lb.	0
Lord Egremont's c. by Canopus, dam by Orville, out of Rubens's dam, 8st. 4lb.	0
Six to 4 on Reginald, 3 to 1 agst Mr. Vansittart's c. and 16 to 1 agst the winner.—Won by a neck.	

## Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, h. ft.—Ab. M.—Five subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Bittern, by Thunderbolt, out of Plover, 8st. 3lb. (S. Day)	1
Duke of Grafton's c. Titian, by Rubens, 8st. 4lb.	2
Sir J. Shelley's c. by Walton or Orville, 8st. 4lb.	3
Mr. Crockford's c. by Haphazard, 8st. 4lb.	4
Six to 4 agst Titian, 7 to 4 agst the winner, and 5 to 2 against Sir J. Shelley's colt.—Won by a neck.	

## Match for 200gs. h. ft.—A. F.

Mr. Uday's ch. c. Barmecide, by Selim, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	1
Mr. Charlton's b. c. Phoenix, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	2

## Two to 1 on Barmecide.—Won easy.

Mr. Cussans's f. by Juniper, out of Medora, received 25gs. from the Duke of Portland's f. Tea (dead), by Teasdale, 8st. 3lb. each, R. M. 100gs. h. ft.

Mr. Charlton's b. c. Phoenix, 4 yrs old, agst Mr. Payne's b. c. Paralat, 3 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. each, Ab. M. Mr. Charlton to stake 250gs. to 200gs. h. ft.—off by consent.

TUESDAY,



# THE RACING CALENDAR.

7

**TUESDAY, April 24.**—Renewal of the Woodcot Green Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 4lb. fillies, 8st.—T. Y. C.—Six subscribers.

Lord Rous's b. c. Incantator, by Sorcerer, out of Hanna (Arnold),. 1  
 Duke of York's br. f. by Seymour..... 2  
 Mr. Northey's b. c. by Hedley, out of Ralphina..... 3  
 Lord Maynard's b. c. by Woful, out of Pankakon's dam..... 4  
 Even betting on the Duke of York's filly, and 2 to 1 agst Incantator.—  
 A good race.

The Second Class of the Seventh Riddlesworth Stakes of 200gs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 7lb.—Ab. M.—Eighteen subscribers.

Mr. Udny's ch. Ibla, by Truffle, out of Emily, 8st. 2lb. (Buckle)... 1  
 Mr. Batson's f. by Hedley, out of Pranks, 8st. 4lb..... 2  
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's f. by Soothsayer, out of a Sister to Whalebone, 8st. 7lb..... 3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Lord Foley's ch. Breeze, by Soothsayer, 8st. 7lb..... 0  
 Duke of Rutland's ch. by Waxy, out of Penny Trumpet, 8st. 7lb.. 0  
 Mr. Crockford's b. by Rubens, out of Chryseis, 8st. 7lb..... 0  
 Lord Rous's ch. Mæotis, by Quiz, 8st. 7lb..... 0  
 Five to 2 agst Mr. Crockford's f. 4 to 1 agst Ibla, 5 to 1 agst Mæotis, 8 to 1 agst Mr. Batson's f. and 20 to 1 agst Breeze.—Very easy.

Match for 200gs. h. ft.—D. M.

Mr. Walker's ch. f. by Don Cossack, 8st. 8lb..... 1  
 Mr. Tibbitts's bl. c. Phidias, by Pericles, 8st. 7lb..... 2  
 Six to 4 agst the winner.—Won rather easy.

The First Class of the Outlands Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft.—D. I.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Wortley's b. c. Lockaley, by Smolensko, out of Tooe, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. (S. Barnett) ..... 1  
 Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Shoveller, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb..... 2  
 Mr. Ramsbottom's b. c. Shreckhorn, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb..... 3  
 Mr. West's b. h. Fitz Orville, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb..... 4  
 Mr. Tibbitts's ch. f. Evadne, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb..... 5  
 Six to 4 agst Shoveller, and 4 to 1 agst Lockaley.—Easy.

Match for 50gs.—D. M.

Mr. Gooch's br. f. Maiden, by Bolter, 3 yrs old, 8st..... 1  
 Mr. Rous's br. g. by Sorcerer, aged, 8st. 3lb..... 2  
 Six to 4 on the gelding.

**WEDNESDAY, April 25.**—Subscription Purse of 50L; two-year-olds, 7st.; three, 8st. 7lb.; four, 9st.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Vansittart's grey colt, Financier, by Treasurer, 4 yrs old, 9st. (Arnold) ..... 1  
 Mr. Bush's b. f. by Truffle—Reserve, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb..... 2  
 Duke of Rutland's ch. c. Corion, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb..... 3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Lord Clarendon's ch. f. Mirandela, by Haphazard, 3 yrs, 8st. 7lb.. 0  
 Lord Exeter's br. f. Aspasia, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb..... 0

B 2

Mr.

## THE RACING CALENDAR.

Mr. Stacy's br. c. by Selim—Palma, 2 yrs old, 7st. .... 0  
 Six to 4 agst Financier, 7 to 4 agst Mirandola, and 10 to 1 against Mr.  
 Stacy's c.—Easy.

The Second Class of the Oatlands Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft.—D. I.—  
 Nine subscribers.

Lord Jersey's b. g. Sporus, Brother to Master Henry, by Orville,  
 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (a boy) ..... 1  
 Mr. Wyndham's b. c. Little John, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. .... 2  
 Mr. Walker's b. c. Canova, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. .... 3  
 Duke of Portland's ch. c. Zadig, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. .... 4  
 Mr. Stevens's b. c. Fonmon, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 5  
 Six to 4 agst Sporus, 5 to 2 agst Little John, 4 to 1 agst Zadig, and 8 to  
 1 agst Fonmon.—Easy.

Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 4lb.  
 fillies, 8st. 1lb.—D. M.

Duke of Grafton's c. by Woful, out of Charcoal. .... received forfeit.  
 Lord Suffield's ch. f. by Muley, dam by Buzzard, Sister  
 to Little Peggy ..... paid 80 guineas.

Mr. Whaley's f. by Partisan—Madame Lavalette.... paid.

THURSDAY, April 26.—The Claret Stakes of 200gs. each, h. ft.;  
 colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—D. I.—Four subscribers.

Duke of Rutland's b. f. Emmeline—Waxy (Barnet) ..... 1  
 Duke of York's ch. c. Prodigious, by Zodiac. .... 2  
 Lord Exeter's b. c. The Athenian, by Pericles ..... 3  
 Five to 2 agst Emmeline, 3 to 1 agst Prodigious, and 13 to 8 agst The  
 Athenian.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each.—D. I.—Four sub-  
 scribers.

Duke of York's b. c. Banker, by Smolensko (Goodisson) ..... 1  
 Sir J. Shelley's b. c. Antar, by Haphazard. .... 2

Seven to 4 on Banker.—Won easy.—A great betting race.

Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—  
 3lb. allowed, &c.—R. M.—Eight subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's b. c. Lawrence, by Rubens, out of Piquet (Buckle) 1  
 Duke of Portland's ch. c. by Election, dam by Hambletonian ..... 2  
 Mr. Rush's b. c. by Waxy, out of Ringtail. .... 3

The following also started, but were not placed :

General Grosvenor's b. c. Potemkin, by W.'s Ditto ..... 0  
 Lord Exeter's b. f. by Cardinal York, dam by Golampus. .... 0  
 Mr. Charlton's b. c. Little Darcy, by Flydener. .... 0  
 Mr. Villiers's ch. c. Tanais, by Don Cossack. .... 0  
 Two to 1 agst Lawrence, 3 to 1 agst ch. c. by Election, and 3 to 1 agst  
 b. c. by Waxy.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 150gs. each, 100gs. ft. 8st. 5lb.—R. M.—Eleven sub-  
 scribers.

Mr. Bouverie's b. c. by Orville, out of Morel ..... 1  
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. Reginald, by Haphazard ..... 2  
 Duke of Grafton's colt, by Woful, out of Charcoal ..... 3

Mr.

# THE RACING CALENDAR.

9

Mr. Goddard's b. c. Brother to Bobadil ..... 4  
 Six to 4 on Reginald, and 4 to 1 agst the winner.—Won by a head.  
 Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft.; three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies,  
 8st. 4lb.—Mares and stallions allowed 3lb. if both 5lb.—B. M.—  
 Nine subscribers.  
 Duke of Grafton's b. colt, Titian, by Rubens, out of Pope Joan,  
 (Buckle) ..... 0 1  
 Mr. Rush's b. f. by Haphazard (mare antried) ..... 0 2  
 Lord Suffield's br. c. by Muley—Black Fanny ..... 3  
 Mr. Jones's b. c. Valentine, Brother to Fanny ..... 4  
 Two to 1 agst Titian, 5 to 4 agst c. by Muley; after the dead heat,  
 6 to 5 on b. f. by Haphazard.

The Forfeit Class of the Oatlands' Stakes of 10gs. each.—D. I.—  
 Eighteen subscribers.

Mr. Bouverie's b. c. Arbutus, by Walton, 3 yrs old, 7st. (Norman).. 1  
 Lord Jersey's b. h. Master Henry, 5 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. .... 2  
 Mr. Wyndham's b. c. Robin Hood, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. .... 3  
 Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. Moonshine, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. .... 4  
 Mr. Goddard's b. c. Moonraker, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 5  
 Three to 1 agst Arbutus, 3 to 1 agst Master Henry, and 3 to 1 agst  
 Robin Hood.

Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, h. ft. 8st. 7lb.—B. M.

Duke of York's Frimont, by Blucher..... received forfeit.  
 Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Polygar ..... withdrew his stake.  
 Mr. G. L. Fox's b. c. by Stripling ..... paid.

Gen. Grosvenor's Piony, 7st. 4lb. received ft. from Mr. Charlton's  
 b. c. Phoenix, 9st. 4lb. 200gs. h. ft. A F.

FRIDAY, April 27.—Fifty Pounds for two-year olds and upwards.  
 —D. M.

Lord Clarendon's ch. f. Mirandola, by Haphazard, 3 yrs, 8st. 5lb. . . 1  
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. by Crispin, out of Bizarre, 2 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. 2

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. C. Hilton's gr. f. by Sir H. Dimsdale, 2 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. .... 0  
 Mr. Neville's ch. c. Brother to Sir Joshua, 2 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. .... 0  
 Mr. Greville's bl. f. Soota, 4 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. .... 0  
 Mr. Goddard's b. c. Moonraker, 3 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. .... 0  
 Lord Suffield's br. f. Sister to Nectar, 2 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. .... 0  
 Lord Valletort's ch. g. Euphrates, 4 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. .... 0  
 Gen. Grosvenor's br. c. by Vandyke Junior, out of July, 2 yrs old,  
 6st. 7lb. .... 0  
 Mr. H. Edwards's b. h. Inferior, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... 0  
 Lord Jersey's ch. c. Oracle, 3 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. .... 0  
 Four to 1 agst Mirandola, 4 to 1 agst Soota, 4 to 1 agst Euphrates,  
 5 to 1 against Moonraker, 6 to 1 agst Mr. Thornhill's f. and 10 to 1  
 agst Mr. Neville's colt.—Won by a neck.

The Port Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. for horses, &c. not named in the  
 Claret; colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. M. M.—Eight subscribers.  
 —(The owner of the second withdrew his stake.)

Mr.

Mr. Udney's br. c. Abjer, by Truffle, 3 yrs old ..... 1  
 Lord Warwick's b. f. by Selim, dam by Kill-Devil, 3 yrs old ..... 2  
 Two to 1 on Abjer.—Won by half a length.

A Cup, value 60gs. by a subscription of 10gs. each, for two and three-year-olds.—The winner to be sold for 100 guineas, if demanded, &c.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Prendergast's ch. f. Rosetta, by Rugantino, 3 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 1  
 Lord Exeter's br. f. Aspasia, 3 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. .... 2  
 Sir J. Shelley's ch. c. Flibbertigibbet, by Comus, out of Selima, 3 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. .... 3  
 Duke of York's br. f. by Seymour, out of Lady of the Lake, 2 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. .... 4

The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr. Rogers's b. c. by Blucher, out of Little Jane, 2 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. 0  
 Mr. Bouverie's Brother to Manfreda, 2 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. .... 0  
 Five to 4 agst the Duke of York's filly, and 3 to 1 agst Flibbertigibbet.  
 Won by half a length.—The winner was claimed.

Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Ab. M.

Mr. Calley's Fitz-Hedley, by Hedley, out of Hernia ..... 1  
 Mr. Goddard's b. f. by Haphazard, out of Spinetta ..... 2  
 Seven to 4 on Mr. Goddard's filly.—Won by half a length.

Mr. Batson's b. f. Lusa, by Hedley, beat Mr. Bouverie's br. c. Dr. Busby, by Haphazard, out of Dr. Busby's dam, 8st. 7lb. each. Ab. M. 50gs.—Six to 5 agst Lusa.—Won by a length.

Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. for fillies got by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, 8st. 4lb. each.—Ab. M.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Batson's b. f. Freak, by Hedley, out of Pranks .... received forfeit.

SATURDAY, April 28.—Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. 8st. 7lb. each.—D. M.

Lord Jersey's b. c. Richard, by Orville, out of Miss Sophia ..... 1  
 Lord Suffield's bl. c. by Muley, out of Miss Witch ..... 2  
 General Grosvenor's b. c. Potemkin, by W.'s Ditto ..... 3  
 Even betting on the winner, and 6 to 4 agst Lord Suffield's colt.—Won by half a length.

Mr. Greville's b. c. Banker, 8st. 8lb. beat Lord Suffield's ch. c. Comical, 8st. 2lb. D. M. 200gs. h. ft.—Two to 1 on the winner.—Won by a length.

The Gold Cup, value 100gs. by six subscribers of 20gs. each (the surplus in specie), for all ages.—Across the Flat.

Mr. Crockford's b. c. Sultan, by Selim, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. .... 1  
 Mr. Vansittart's b. c. by Partisan, out of Ridicule, 2 yrs old, 6st. .... 2  
 Sir J. Shelley's b. c. Ivanhoe, by Phantom, 3 yrs old, 8st. .... 3  
 Duke of York's ch. f. Rosetta, by Rugantino, 3 yrs old, 8st. .... 4  
 Five to 4 agst Mr. Vansittart's colt, 2 to 1 agst Ivanhoe, and 3 to 1 agst Sultan.—Won by half a neck.

Mr. Calley's b. c. The Hetman, by Hedley, recd. ft. from Mr. Jones's b. c. Euston, 8st. 7lb. each, Ab. M. 500gs. h. ft.

Mr.

Mr. G. L. Fox's bl. f. Lady Peter, by Smolensko, 8st. 2lb. recd. ft. from Sir J. Shelley's colt, by Walton, out of Cressida, 8st. 5lb. Ab. M, 200gs. h. ft.

Lord Suffield's br. c. by Muley, out of Black Beauty, recd. ft. from Major Wilson's b. c. by Juniper, dam by Oscar, 8st. 4lb. each, D. M. 100gs. h. ft.

Mr. Ramsbottom's b. c. Shreekhorn, recd. ft. from Mr. Dundas's ch. c. Oreljo, 8st. 2lb. each, A. F. 100gs. h. ft.

### CATTERICK BRIDGE MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, April 25.**—The Craven Stakes of 10gs. each, for two-year-olds, 5st. 10lb.; three, 8st.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—One mile and a quarter.

Mr. Ferguson's gr. c. Jonathan, by Octavian, 2 yrs old (T. Lye) .... 1  
Mr. Lambton's br. c. Borodino, 3 yrs old ..... 2  
Lord Queensberry's b. m. Miss Syntax, 6 yrs old ..... 3

The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr. Petre's b. c. Sir John, by Smolensko, 3 yrs old ..... 0  
Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. c. Gambler, 3 yrs old ..... 0  
Mr. Haw's ch. f. Maiden, by Comus, 3 yrs old ..... 0  
Mr. J. Ferguson's b. c. The Duke, by Comus, 3 yrs old ..... 0  
Five to 4 agst Miss Syntax, and 5 to 2 agst Borodino.—A good race.—

Jonathan carried 7lb. above his weight.

The Produce Stakes of 25gs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Two miles.—Thirteen subscribers.

Mr. Allison's b. c. by Smolensko, out of Anna-Bella (J. Jackson) .... 1  
Mr. Riddell's b. f. Jeanne d'Are, by Comus ..... 2  
Mr. Powlett's ch. f. Marigold, by Comus ..... 3

The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr. Jacques's ch. f. Progne, by Octavian, out of Merryfield's dam .. 0  
Mr. Lambton's b. c. Malcolm, by Macbeth—Peterea ..... 0

Five to 4 on Mr. Allison's colt, and 3 to 1 agst Progne.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft.; colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Two miles.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. James's ch. c. A B C, by X Y Z, out of a Sister to Nell Meldon ..... walked over.

The Yearling Stakes of 20gs. each; colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—One mile.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Claridge's ch. c. by Catton, out of Platina (R. Johnson) ..... 1  
Mr. Harrison's b. f. Miss Wortley, by Woful ..... 2  
Mr. W. Peirse's b. c. Barou Bowes, by Woful, out of Remembrance.. 3

The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr. Ayre's ch. f. White-Rose, by Comus, dam by Whitworth ..... 0  
Mr. J. Ferguson's b. c. Claret, Brother to Champagne ..... 0  
Mr. T. Peirse's b. f. by Octavian, dam by Shuttle ..... 0  
Mr. Lambton's ch. f. by Leopold—Wathcote Lass ..... 0

Six

Six to 4 on Baron Bowes, 5 to 2 agst the winner, and 5 and 6 to 1 agst Miss Wortley, who lost fifty yards at starting, was twice shut out in running, and was only beat at last by a length.

**THURSDAY, April 26.**—The Old Stakes of 25gs. each, 10gs. ft. for colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Two miles.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Whitelock, out of Sheba's Queen (R. Johnson) 1  
Mr. T. Peirse's b. f. by Comus, dam by Stamford ..... 2  
Four to 1 on the winner.

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, p. p. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. each.—One mile and a half.

Mr. Robinson's bay, Miss Wilks (late Miss Paterdale), by Octavian, dam by Remembrancer (S. Lee) ..... 1  
Mr. James's bay, by Smolensko, dam by Shuttle ..... 2  
Mr. Ferguson's bay, Floranthe, by Octavian ..... 3  
Mr. James's filly against the field, and 2 to 1 agst Floranthe.

The Bedale Hunt Stakes of 10gs. each, for horses not thorough bred, 12st. each.—Two miles.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Witham's ch. h. Kenilworth, by Mowbray, dam by Barnaby, out of Cleasby's dam, 5 yrs old (Mr. T. Shafto) ..... 1  
Mr. Lawson's b. m. Jenny Horner, by Golumpus, 6 yrs (Major Healey) 2  
Mr. Clough's ch. h. Joker, by Octavian, 5 yrs old (Mr. T. Sykes) .. 3  
The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr. Burdon's b. h. by L'Orient, 5 yrs old ..... 0  
Mr. Wilkinson's b. h. by Young Benningbrough, 5 yrs old ..... 0  
Mr. Carter's ch. c. Mercury, by Hambletonian, 4 yrs old ..... 0  
Six to 4 on Jenny Horner.—Won easy.

A Subscription Purse of 50l. for maiden horses, &c. rising three years old, 7st.; four, 8st. 4lb.; five, six, and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Queensberry's ch. c. Ledstone, by Langton (or Cardinal York), 3 yrs old (a boy) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Armstrong's b. c. by Don Cossack, 4 yrs old ..... 0 2  
Mr. Chilton's ch. c. Bellingham, 4 yrs old ..... 3 3  
Lord Stewart's b. f. by Haphazard, 3 yrs old ..... 0 4  
Mr. Powlett's br. c. Gambler, 4 yrs old ..... 2 5  
Mr. C. Marson's b. ro. f. Sister to Woodlark, 4 yrs old ..... 0 0  
Two to 1 agst Ledstone; after the heat, 6 to 4 on him.—Won easy.

### LAMBERTON HUNT MEETING.

**TUESDAY, April 24.**—The Hunters' Stakes of 10gs. each, b. ft.—Two-mile heats.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Knowles's b. g. Peregrine ..... 1 4 1  
Captain More's Toddler ..... 6 3 2  
Major Moston's ch. h. Zigzag ..... 3 1 3  
Mr. Herbert's br. m. Penelope ..... 2 2 4  
Mr. Henshaw's b. h. Fiddler ..... 4 dr.  
Mr. Roebottom's Ajax ..... 5 dr.

Fine

Fine racing; Penelope was the favourite, but after the heat, even betting on Peregrine; after the second heat, even betting between Peregrine and Zigzag.

The All-aged Stakes of 10gs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Two-mile heats.

Captain Jordan's Misrule .....	1	1
Mr. W. R. Forth's b. h. Sprightly .....	4	2
Mr. Coulthard's Hospitality .....	2	3
Mr. Lambton's Jerry Sneak .....	3	4
Mr. James's Bobadil .....	5	dr.

Six to 4 agst the winner.

Mr. Pearse's Lunatic, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr. Jones's Speculator, 8st. 4lb. one mile, 50gs.

WEDNESDAY, April 25.—The Farmers' Stakes of 50gs.—Two-mile heats:

Mr. Rogers's Goldfinder .....	1	1
Mr. Moody's John Bull .....	4	2
Mr. W. Rogers's Truefit .....	2	3
Mr. Magg's Caroline .....	3	4
Mr. Bowen's Ariel .....	5	dr.

Six to 4 agst John Bull, and 3 to 1 agst the winner.

The Lamberton Stakes of 7gs. each, h. ft.—Heats, a mile and a half.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Lubbock's Corinthian .....	1
Captain Jones's Blue Ruin .....	2
Mr. Moody's Chance .....	3
Mr. Hallett's Glory .....	4
Mr. Joyce's Pilot (ran on the wrong side of the post) .....	0

Six to 4 agst Pilot, 7 to 4 agst Blue Ruin, and 3 to 1 agst the winner.

### THE HOO MEETING, HERTS.

SATURDAY, April 28.—A Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, for two-year-old colts, 6st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Three-quarters of a mile.

Lord Verulam's b. f. Varrennes, Sister to Fandango, by Selim .....	1
Mr. Lomax's ch. f. by Pan, out of Shenley's dam .....	2

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Lantour's b. f. by Alaric, dam by Sorcerer .....	0
Mr. Kings's ch. c. Friar Bacon, by Rubens, dam by Beniagbrough .....	0
Mr. Field's b. f. Bribery, by Election .....	0

A Gold Cup, value 100gs. by eleven subscribers of 20gs. each: two-year-olds, 5st. 10lb.; three, 8st.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six, 9st. 5lb.; and aged, 9st. 7lb.—Mares and gelding allowed, 4lb.—Two miles.

Mr. Heathcote's b. h. Cardenio, by Cervantes, 5 yrs old .....	1
Lord Verulam's b. g. Veterinarian, 3 yrs old (recd. 40gs.) .....	2
Mr. Field's b. c. Freeholder, by Election, 3 yrs old .....	3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Lantour's b. f. by Alaric, 2 yrs old .....	0
--	---

Mr. King's b. g. Philip, 4 yrs old, .....	0
Mr. King's br. g. Tybalt, 3 yrs (fell) .....	0
Mr. Pickford's ch. c. Caricature, by Rubens, out of Janette, 3 yrs. ....	0
Mr. Lomax's b. g. Rob Roy, by Pan, out of Shenley's dam, 3 yrs. ....	0

The County Stakes of 10gs. each.—Two miles.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Chauncey's b. c. Little Munden, by Sorcerer, 3 yrs old, 10st. ....	1
Mr. King's b. c. Goldfinder, by Pan, 3 yrs, 10st. ....	2

The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr. Lantour's ch. m. Slight-of-Hand, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. ....	0
Mr. Pickford's br. f. Miss Shandy, by Tristram, 3 yrs, 10st. ....	0
Mr. Lomax's b. g. Rob Roy, 3 yrs old, 10st. ....	0

The Maiden Stakes of 10gs. each, for two-year-olds, 7st. 10lb.; three, 10st.; four, 10st. 9lb.; five, 11st. 11lb.; six, 11st. 5lb.; and aged, 11st. 7lb.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Verulam's b. f. Varrennes, 2 yrs old. ....	1	1
Mr. Latour's ch. c. by Pan, out of Trollop, by Waxy, 2 yrs old ..	2	2

The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr. Field's b. f. Bribery, 2 yrs old (bolted) .....	0
Mr. King's b. c. Goldfinder, 3 yrs old .....	0
Mr. King's ch. f. Isidora, by Blucher, out of Zora, 2 yrs old .....	0
Mr. Pickford's ch. c. Caricature, 3 yrs old (bolted) .....	0
Mr. Pickford's br. m. Milkmaid, by Marmion, 5 yrs old .....	0
Lord Dacre's b. c. by Y. Trumpator, out of Lily of the Valley, 4 yrs.	0

Match for 25gs. 8st. 7lb. each.—Two miles.

Mr. King's br. g. Tybalt, by Thunderbolt. ....	1
Lord Verulam's b. g. Veterinarian .....	2

Veterinarian came in first, but was short of weight.

Match for 100gs.—Two miles.

Mr. Heathcote's Cardenio, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. ....	1
Mr. Chauncey's bl. c. Black Swan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	2

Match for 50gs.—Three miles.

Mr. Pickford's ch. p. Little Davy, 8st. ....	1
Mr. Parker's ch. m. Moonshine, 9st. ....	2

#### MIDDLEHAM MEETING.

**M**ONDAY, April 30.—The Craven Stakes of 10gs. each, for two-year-olds, 5st. 10lb.; three, 8st.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, six, and aged, 9st. 11lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—The Craven Course.

Mr. Watson's ch. f. Woodbine, by Comma, 3 yrs old, (Johnson) ....	1
Mr. Ferguson's gr. colt, Jonathan, by Octavian, dam by Sir Harry Dimsdale, 2 yrs old .....	2
Lord Queensberry's h. m. Miss Syntax, 6 yrs old. ....	3
Mr. T. O. Powllett's ch. f. Marigold, 2 yrs old .....	4
Mr. Hutchinson's br. f. Julietta, 3 yrs old .....	5
Mr. Armstrong's b. c. by Don Cosaack, 3 yrs old. ....	6
Seven to 4 agst Miss Syntax, 2 to 1 agst Jonathan, 3 to 1 agst Marigold, and 4 to 1 agst Woodbine.—A fine race.	

The



# THE RACING CALENDAR.

15

The Bolton Stakes of 30gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 8st.—3lb. allowed, &c.—One mile and a half.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Riddell's b. filly, by X Y Z, dam by Shuttle (Johnson) ..... 1

Mr. Watson's ch. f. Fortuna, by Comus—Patriot ..... 2  
Five and 6 to 4 on Fortuna.—A good race.

Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft. for colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 8st. rising three years old.—One mile and a half.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Hutchinson's b. c. Lord of the Manor, by Raphael, dam by a Brother to Eagle (W. Scott) ..... 1

Lord Queensberry's gr. c. Senator, by Prime Minister, out of Vesta 2

Mr. Watson's ch. f. Fortuna, by Comus. (bolted) ..... 0

Two to 1 agst Senator, 2 to 1 agst Lord of the Manor, and 3 to 1 agst Fortuna.—Won very easy.

The Yearly Stakes of 20gs. each; colts, 8st. 1lb. and fillies, 7st. 11lb.

—The winner of the Yearling Stakes at Catterick to carry 3lb. extra.

—Y. C.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Claridge's ch. c. by Catton, out of Platina (Johnson) ..... 1

Mr. Benson's c. Reginald, by Raphael, dam by Derwent ..... 2  
Seven to 1 on Mr. Claridge's c.—Won in a canter.

**TUESDAY, May 1.**—Fifty Pounds for maiden horse, &c.: two-year-olds, 7st.; three, 8st. 4lb.; four, 8st. 10lb.; five, &c. 9st.—Heats, once round the Course.

Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. Gambler, by Haphazard, 3 yrs (W. Scott) 1 1

Mr. Armstrong's b. c. by Don Cossack, 3 yrs old ..... 2 2

Mr. Hutchinson's gr. c. by Marmion, 2 yrs old ..... 4 3

Mr. Robinson's b. f. by Marmion, 2 yrs old (bolted) ..... 5 0

Mr. Haw's ch. f. Maiden, by Comus, 3 yrs old ..... 3 4d.

Even betting on Mr. Armstrong's c. agst the field.—Good race.

## SURREY HUNTERS' MEETING, EPSOM.

**WEDNESDAY, May 2.**—The Farmers' Stakes of 90gs. given by Lord Derby and H. Jolliffe, Esq. added to a subscription of 3gs. each.—Distance not mentioned.

Mr. Gardener's br. m. 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. (owner) ..... 1 1

Mr. Selwood's bay gelding ..... 2 2

Nine others started, but were not placed.—Two to 1 on the field.

Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Weights and distance not mentioned.

Mr. Fisher's b. m. (Mr. Shackel) ..... 1 4

Mr. Shaw's br. m. .... 2 2

Mr. Tattersal's ch. m. .... 4 3

Mr. Thompson's b. g. .... 3 4

Mr. Shaw's mare the favourite; after the first heat, even betting on her.

Sweepstakes of 15gs. each.—Distance not mentioned.

Mr. King's b. g. Philip, by Sir Paul, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. .... 1

Mr. Dockeray's Carbon, 3 yrs old, 8st. .... 2

C 2

Mr.

Mr. Fisher's Denmark, 3 yrs old, 8st .....	3
Mr. Glew's b. m. Sappho, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. ....	4
Six to 4 agst Carbon, 2 to 1 agst Philip, and 4 to 1 agst Sappho.	

### IRVINE MEETING, SCOTLAND.

(Over *Bogside Course*.)

**WEDNESDAY, May 2.**—Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, half ft. for three-year-old colts, 7st. 10lb. fillies, 7st. 7lb.—Last mile and a half.—Four subscribers.

Sir D. H. Blair's br. filly, by Tressy, dam by Caleb Quote'em (W. Boynton) .....	1
Mr. Alexander's c. Eaglesham, by Octavian .....	2
Lord Kelburne's b. f. The Babe, by Viscount .....	3
Won easy.	

Fifty Guineas, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Kelburne's b. h. Chance, by Stamford, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (T. Shepherd) .....	1	1
Sir W. Maxwell's gr. m. Nell Meldon, aged, 9st. 11lb. ....	2	dr.
Won easy.		

**THURSDAY, May 3.**—The Gold Cup, value 100gs. by ten subscribers of 10gs. each.—Three miles.

Lord Kelburne's b. h. Chance, by Stamford, 5 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. (T. Shepherd) .....	1
Sir W. Maxwell's gr. m. Nell Meldon, aged, 8st. 12lb. ....	2
Sir D. H. Blair's br. f. by Tressy, dam by Caleb Quote'em, 3 yrs, 7st. ....	3
Mr. Alexander's c. Eaglesham, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	4
Mr. R. A. Oswald's gr. g. out of Bit of Tartan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	5
Won easy.	

Sixty Guineas, for horses, &c.—Three-mile heats.

Lord Kelburne's b. h. Chance, by Stamford, 5 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. (T. Shepherd) .....	1	1
Sir W. Maxwell's gr. m. Nell Meldon, aged, 9st. 11lb. ....	2	dr.
Won easy.		

### NEWMARKET FIRST SPRING MEETING.

**MONDAY, May 7.**—Sweepstakes of 100gs. each; colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb. rising 4 yrs old.—B. C.—Sixteen subscribers.

Mr. Udny's b. c. Abjer, by Truffle, out of Briseis (Buckle) .....	1
Duke of Grafton's ch. c. Windfall, Brother to Whisker .....	2
Mr. Wortley's b. c. Lockley, by Smolensko .....	3
Two to 1 agst Abjer, 3 to 1 agst Locksley, and 6 to 1 agst Windfall.—	
Won very easy.	

Match for 200gs.—Ab. M.

Mr. Bouverie's bl. c. Paralus, by Pericles, 7st. 13lb. (Clift) .....	1
Mr. Greville's b. c. Pacha, 8st. 5lb. ....	2
Five to 4 agst Paralus.—Won cleverly.	

Sweep.

Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, h. ft. for fillies, 8st. 7lb. each, Ab. M.—  
Five subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's bay, Zeal, by Partisan, out of Zaida (Buckle).... 1  
Duke of Rutland's ch. Emmeline, by Waxy ..... 2  
Mr. G. L. Fox's bl. Lady Peter, by Smolensko ..... 3  
Duke of York's filly, by Hedley, out of Aladdin's dam ..... 4  
Six to 4 on Zeal.—Won by half a length.

Match for 200gs.—D. I.

Mr. Calley's b. c. Champignon, by Truffle, 4 yrs old, 8st. (Buckle).. 1  
Mr. West's b. c. Alpha, 4 yrs old, 7st. .... 2  
Six to 5 on Alpha.—Won by a neck.—Very fine race.

Match for 50gs.—T. Y. C.

Sir J. Shelley's b. f. Little Mab, by Octavius, dam by Gohanna,  
8st. 2lb. (Edwards)..... 1  
Gen. Grosvenor's Dominichino, 8st. 5lb. .... 2  
Six to 4 on Little Mab.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. for fillies, out of untried mares,  
8st. 4lb. each.—Ab. M.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Udney's ch. Ibla, by Truffle, out of Emily .... received.  
Mr. Rush's bay, by Haphazard ..... withdrew his stake.

Mr. Bouverie's br. c. by Blucher, out of Brush's dam, agst Mr.  
Payne's colt, by Blucher, out of Little Jane, 8st. 4lb. each. R. M.  
200gs. h. ft.—off by consent.

TUESDAY, May 8.—Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. for four-  
year-olds.—D. I.—Seven subscribers.

Duke of York's b. c. Banker, by Smolensko, 8st. 13lb. (Goodisson) 1  
Mr. Thornhill's b. f. Shoveller, by Scud, 7st. 10lb. .... 2  
Mr. Biggs's br. c. Elastic, by Whalebone, 7st. 9lb. .... 3  
Five to 4 on Banker, and 5 to 2 agst Shoveller.—Won by two lengths.

The 2000gs. Stakes, a subscription of 100gs. each, h. ft. rising 3 yrs  
old; colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.—Eighteen subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's br. c. Reginald, by Haphazard, out of Prudence,  
(Buckle) ..... 1

Mr. Vansittart's ch. c. by Cardinal York, out of Selima..... 2

Lord Rous's br. c. Incantator, by Sorcerer..... 3

Mr. Tibbitts's bl. c. Phidias, by Pericles, out of Petronilla ..... 4

Even betting on Reginald, 3 to 1 agst Mr. Vansittart's colt, and 3 to 1  
agst Phidias.—Won by a length.

The King's Purse of 100gs. for mares of all ages; three-year-olds,  
8st. 4lb.—R. C.

Mr. Wyndham's b. f. Caroline, by Whalebone, 3 yrs (Edwards) .. 1

Lord Clarendon's b. f. Antiope, 3 yrs old ..... 2

Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. Moonshine, 3 yrs old..... 3

Six to 4 on Antiope, 3 to 1 agst Caroline, and 8 to 1 agst Moonshine.  
Won by half a length.

Fifty Pounds for four-year-olds and upwards.—Last three miles of B. C.

Mr. Pettit's b. h. Master Henry, by Orville, 5 yrs, 8st. 3lb. (Robinson) 1

Mr. Wyndham's gr. c. Little John, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. .... 2

Lord

Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. h. Allegro, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. .... 3  
 Five to 4 agst Master Henry, 5 to 2 agst Allegro, and 3 to 1 agst Little John.—Won by a length.

Sweepstakes of 15gs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—A. F.—The winner to be sold for 150gs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. W. Chifney's c. Cuy, by Haphazard, out of Landscape (Clift)... 1  
 Mr. Villiers's ch. c. Tanais, by Don Cossack, out of Wood-nymph .. 2  
 Mr. Roger's c. by Blucher, out of Little Jane ..... 3  
 Mr. Smith's gr. c. by Sorcerer..... 4  
 Lord Warwick's br. c. by Smolensko, out of Easy ..... 5  
 Mr. Ramsbottom's ch. f. Sister to Moonshine ..... 6  
 Five to 2 agst Mr. Smith's colt, and 3 to 1 agst the winner.—Won by a length.

Mr. Uday's ch. c. Barmecide, by Selim, 8st. 7lb. rec. ft. from Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Sardonyx, 6st. 10lb. D. M. 200gs. h. ft.

WEDNESDAY, May 9.—Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—T. Y. C.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Wyndham's c. by Whalebone, dam by Sir Peter, 7st. 9lb. .... 1  
 Lord Warwick's b. f. Selma, by Selim, 8st. 8lb. .... 2  
 Five to 2 on Selma.—Won easy.

Handicap for a Gold Cup of 90gs. value, by a subscription of 15gs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—D. M.—The surplus in specie.

Mr. Crockford's b. c. Sultan, by Selim, 4 yrs, 9st. 12lb. (Wheatley) 1  
 Mr. Wyndham's b. c. Robin Hood, 3 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. .... 2  
 The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr. Vansittart's gr. c. Financier, 4 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. .... 0  
 Mr. Neale's b. h. Cardenio, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. .... 0  
 Duke of York's b. f. Soota, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. .... 0  
 Mr. Uday's ch. c. Plumper, by Election, 3 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. .... 0  
 Lord Suffield's b. c. by Vandyke Junior, out of Rosetta, 3 yrs, 7st. 13lb. 0  
 Gen. Grosvenor's Piony, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. .... 0  
 Mr. Batson's b. f. Luss, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. .... 0  
 Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Sardonyx, 3 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. .... 0  
 Five to 1 agst Plumper, 3 to 1 agst Luss, 4 to 1 agst Robin Hood, 5 to 1 agst Financier, and 10 to 1 agst Sultan.—A good race.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 8lb. and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.

Lord Clarendon's b. c. Alasco, by Clavelino (Young Clift)..... 1  
 Mr. Fox's br. c. Little Darcy..... 2  
 Lord Suffield's b. c. by Muley, out of Miss Witch..... 3  
 Lord Foley's ch. c. by Soothsayer, out of Annette..... 4  
 Duke of York's b. f. by Hedley, out of Aladdin's dam..... 5  
 Even betting on Lord Suffield's colt.—Won by a length.

Fifty Pounds, for three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb.; 4yr, 8st. 11lb.; 5yr, 9st. 4lb.—B. C.

Mr. Batson's b. f. Luss, by Hedley, out of Jesse, 3 yrs (John Day)... 1  
 Mr. Gardner's ch. c. Flibbertigibbet, 3 yrs old..... 2  
 Duke of Grafton's b. c. Trance, 3 yrs old ..... 3  
 Lord

Lord Foley's ch. c. Brother to Miracle, 3 yrs old..... 4  
Five to 4 agst Trance, 2 to 1 agst Luss, and 6 to 1 agst Brother to Miracle.—A fine race.

**THURSDAY, May 10.—Match for 100gs.—T. Y. C.**

Lord Jersey's c. Prophet, Brother to Oracle, 7st. 7lb. (Barnard)..... 1  
Lord Exeter's b. c. The Athenian, 8st. 9lb..... 2  
Thirteen to 8 on Prophet.—A good race.

The 1000gs. Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. for fillies rising 3 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.—D. M.—Nine subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's b. Zeal, by Partisan (Buckle) ..... 1  
Lord Suffield's b. by Muley, out of Aquilina..... 2  
Lord Foley's ch. Breeze, by Soothsayer—Blowing..... 3  
Lord Grosvenor's b. Bittern, by Thunderbolt—Plover..... 4  
Mr. Rush's br. by Waxy, out of Oliveira ..... 5  
Duke of York's f. by Aladdin, out of Sister to Parisot ..... 6  
Five to 4 on Zeal, 5 to 1 agst Bittern.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. for three-year olds.—A. F.—Seven subscribers.

Lord Jersey's b. c. Sporus, Brother to Master Henry, by Orville, 7st. 7lb. (Barnard) ..... 1  
Mr. Prince's b. by Ardrossan, out of Vicissitude, 8st. 9lb..... 2  
Lord G. H. Cavendish's ch. c. Tiger, 8st. 5lb. .... 3  
Seven to 4 on Sporus.—Won cleverly.

**Match for 100gs.—T. Y. C.**

Lord Exeter's b. c. The Athenian, by Pericles, 9st. 2lb. (Robinson).. 1  
Mr. Udny's filly, Sister to Jobson, 7st. 12lb..... 2  
Eleven to Ten on The Athenian.—Won easy.

The King's Purse of 100gs for four-year olds, 11st.; five, 11st. 9lb.; six and aged, 12st.—R. C.

Mr. Pettit's b. h. Master Henry, by Orville, 5 yrs (Robinson).. 0 1  
Mr. Wyndham's gr. c. Little John, 4 yrs old (Edwards) ..... 2  
Sir J. Shelley's b. c. Antar, 4 yrs old ..... 3  
Seven to 4 on Antar, 5 to 2 agst Master Henry, and 6 to 1 agst Little John; after the dead heat, 12 to 10 on Master Henry.—Won by a neck. A complaint having been made against the rider of Little John, the Stewards investigated the same, and being of opinion no intentional crossing took place, awarded the race to Master Henry.

**FRIDAY, May 11.—Match for 100gs. h. ft.—D. M.**

Mr. Ramsbottom's b. c. Shreckhorn, by Skiddaw, 8st. 8lb..... 1  
Mr. Bouverie's c. by Haphazard, 8st. 9lb. .... 2  
Six to 4 on Shreckhorn.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 150gs, each, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Sir J. Shelley's b. c. Ivanhoe, by Phantom, 8st. 7lb. .... 1  
Mr. Greenville's b. c. Pacha, 8st. 7lb. .... 2  
Mr. Charlton's b. c. Phoenix, 8st. 3lb..... pd.  
Six to 4 on Ivanhoe.—Won very easy.

Third

Third Year of the Newmarket Stakes of 50gs. each, ; h. ft. colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—D. M.—The owner of the second received 100gs. out of the Stakes.—Thirty-one subscribers.

Mr Hunter's gr. c. Gustavus, by Election (Clift) ..... 1  
Mr. Bouverie's b. c. Tressillian, by Orville. .... 2

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. James's gr. c. Fleur-de-lis, Brother to Bourbon ..... 0  
Lord Exeter's b. c. by Soothsayer, out of a Sister to Chippenham.. 0  
Mr. Batson's b. c. Rosicrucian, by Sorcerer (Cecilia) ..... 0  
Mr. Fox's ch. c. North Wester, by Haphazard, out of Charm ..... 0  
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Lawrence, by Rubens ..... 0  
Mr. Wyndham's c. by Canopus, Silvertail's dam ..... 0  
Three to 1 agst Gustavus, 3 to 1 agst Fleur-de-lis, 9 to 2 agst North Wester, 5 to 1 agst Tressillian, and 7 to 1 agst Rosicrucian.—Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. 8st. 2lb.—Ab. M.—Four subscribers.  
Duke of Grafton's b. f. Zeal, by Partisan, out of Zaida ..... rec. ft.

#### CHESTER MEETING.

**M**ONDAY, May 7.—The Grosvenor Stakes of 10gs. each, ; three-year-olds, 7st. ; four, 8st. 3lb. ; five, 8st. 10lb. ; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares allowed 2lb.—Grosvenor Course, about one mile and a quarter.—Ten subscribers.

Lord Derby's b. h. Eryx, by Milo, 3 yrs old (Smith) ..... 1  
Mr. Tomes's b. h. Duplicate, aged ..... 2  
Mr. Mytton's br. h. Paul Potter, 5 yrs old. .... 3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Bodenham's b. h. Spectre, 6 yrs old. .... 0  
Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Harmodius, 5 yrs old ..... 0  
Mr. Clifton's b. c. Arbitrator, 4 yrs old ..... 0  
Lord Grosvenor's bl. c. Manchester, 4 yrs old ..... 0  
Five to 4 on Spectre, 4 to 1 agst Duplicate, 5 to 1 agst Eryx, and 7 to 1 agst Harmodius.

Produce Stakes of 25gs. each: colts, 8st. 4lb. and fillies, 8st.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Two miles.—Ten subscribers.

Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. The Princess Royal, by Castrel, out of Queen of Diamonds (H. Arthur) ..... 1  
Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. by Sir Oliver—Maid of Lorn. .... 2  
Sir T. Stanley's br. c. by Sir Oliver—Hooton's dam. .... 3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Lord Derby's b. c. by Smolensko, out of a Sister to Smuggler. .... 0  
Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. by Young Sorcerer, out of the hipped mare.. 0  
Lord Grosvenor's b. c. by Thunderbolt—Zadora (3lb.) ..... 0

Even betting that Sir T. Stanley won.

Sweepstakes of 15gs. each, for horses of all ages: three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 10lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Two miles.

Sir G. Pigot's black colt, The Chancellor, by Haphazard, 3 yrs old, (T. Whitehouse) ..... 1  
Mr.

Mr. Denham's ch. c. The Abbot, 4 yrs old.....	2
Mr. Vever's b. f. by Orville, 4 yrs old .....	3
Mr. M. Jones's ch. f. by Epperston, out of Moggy, 3 yrs old.....	4
Five to 4 on The Abbot.	

Maiden Purse of 50l. for three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six and aged, 8st. 11lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.  
—Heats, twice round.

Sir W. Wynne's b. c. by Champion, dam by W.'s Ditto, 3 yrs, (J. Jones) .....	1	1
Mr. M. Jones's ch. f. Phoebe, Sister to Catherine, 4 yrs (rec. 10l.)	6	2
Mr. Painter's b. g. Coxcomb, Brother to The Dandy, 3 yrs old ..	2	3
Lord Derby's ch. f. Milo, Sister to Rembrandt, 3 yrs old .....	4	dr.
Mr. Ashall's br. g. Slender Jack, 4 yrs old.....	5	dr.
Colonel Bainbridge's b. colt, by Young Chariot, out of Strumpet, 3 yrs old.....	3	dis.
Two to 1 agst the winner, and 2 to 1 agst Coxcomb.		

TUESDAY, May 8.—The King's Purse of 100gs. for four-year-olds, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Winners of one Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes, 5lb.; of two, 7lb.; and of three or more, 10lb. extra.—Thrice round.

Mr. Houldsworth, gr. colt, Æacus, Brother to Magistrate, 4 yrs old, (W. Scott) .....	1
Mr. Tomes's b. h. Duplicate, aged.....	2
The following also started, but were not placed:	

Colonel Bainbridge's b. m. by Sir Oliver, 6 yrs old.....	0
Lord Grosvenor's bl. c. Manchester, 4 yrs old.....	0
Even betting on Duplicate, and 5 to 4 agst Æacus.—Won easy.	

Sixty Guineas (clear), for three-year-old colts, 6st. 8lb. fillies, 6st. 6lb.; four-year-old colts, 8st. 4lb. fillies, 8st. 11lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Mytton's b. c. Halston, by Langton, 4 yrs old (Dunn).....	1	2	1
Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Bombasine, 4 yrs old .....	0	1	2
Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. Cedric, 4 yrs old .....	2	0	
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Tisiphone, 4 yrs old.....	0	dr.	
Mr. Fiddler's br. c. Montemar, 4 yrs old .....	0	dr.	
Sir J. G. Egerton's b. c. by Cestrian, 4 yrs old .....	0	dr.	
Mr. Boardman's b. c. by Sir Oliver, 3 yrs old .....	0	dr.	
Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. Laena, 3 yrs old (ran over the cords) ..	dis.		

Three to 1 agst the winner; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on him; after the second heat, two to 1 agst him.—The first heat was a fine race; but the second and third were won easy.

WEDNESDAY, May 9.—The Dee Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds; Derby weights; the owner of the second horse received back his stake.—Once round, and a distance.—Twelve subscribers.

Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. by Champion, out of Little Cymro's dam, (W. Dunn) .....	1
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Henry, Brother to William .....	2
The following also started, but were not placed:	

Lord Grosvenor's bl. f. by Thunderbolt, out of Iris .....	0
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Sir W. Wynne's b. c. by Y. Sorcerer, out of his hipped mare..... 0  
 Sir T. Stanley's br. c. Brother to Hooton ..... 0  
 Mr. Clifton's b. c. Thornton, by Comus ..... 0  
 Three to 1 agst Sir W. Wynne's, 3 to 1 agst Thornton, and 4 to 1 agst Henry.—A good race.

The Stand Gold Cup, value 100gs. the gift of the Stand Committee, added to a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for all ages.—Twice round, and a distance.—Sixteen subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Tarragon, by Haphazard, out of Arquebusade, by Sancho, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. .... 1  
 Mr. Bodenham's b. h. Spectre, 6 yrs old, 9st. .... 2  
 Mr. Houldsworth's ch. m. Torrelli, 6 yrs old, 9st. .... 3

The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr. Mytton's b. h. Anti-Radical, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. .... 0  
 Lord Grosvenor's b. h. Belvidere, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. .... 0  
 Sir T. Mostyn's ch. h. Temiers, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. .... 0  
 Mr. G. Brookes's b. h. Duplicate, aged, 9st. .... 0

Five to 4 on Torrelli, and 3 to 1 agst Spectre.—Easy.

The City Purse of 60gs. for three-year-olds, 6st. 5lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—Heats, thrice round.

Mr. Bodenham's b. m. Miss Allegro, by Waxy, out of December, 6 yrs old. .... 2 1 3 1  
 Sir W. Wynne's ch. h. Hobgoblin, 6 yrs old. .... 1 3 2 2  
 Mr. Whitehurst's b. c. Whitehouse, by Cavendish, 4 yrs old .. 3 2 1 3  
 Colonel Bainbridge's b. m. by Sir Oliver, 6 yrs old ..... 4 dr.  
 At starting, even betting on Hobgoblin; after the first heat, 3 to 1 on him; after the second heat, 6 to 4 on Miss Allegro; after the third heat, 6 to 4 on Mr. Whitehurst's colt.

THURSDAY, May 10.—Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 8st.—Once round, and a distance.—Eight subscribers.

Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. The Princess Royal, by Castrel ..... 1  
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Henry, Brother to William ..... 2  
 Lord Derby's b. c. Freebooter, by Smolensko. .... 3  
 Mr. Mytton's ch. c. George the Third ..... 4  
 Five to 4 on The Princess Royal, 2 to 1 agst Henry.—Fine race.

Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, for two-year old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st. Half a mile.—Four subscribers.

Sir J. G. Egerton's ch. c. by Blucher, out of Trinidad (W. Dunn) .. 1  
 Sir T. Mostyn's b. c. by Friend Ned—Lupino ..... 2  
 Mr. Jackson's ch. c. The Ruler, by Rubens, dam by Delpini ..... 3  
 Even betting on Mr. Jackson's colt, and 6 to 4 agst Sir J. G. Egerton's colt.—Easy.

A Cup, value 70l. (in specie) the gift of the Right Hon. the Earl Grosvenor; three-year-olds, 6st. 4lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 12lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 2lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—Heats, three times round, and a distance; to start at the Coming-in Chair.

Mr.



Mr. Houldsworth's gr. c. <i>Æacus</i> , Brother to Magistrate, 4 years old (Scott) .....	1	1
Mr. Mytton's b. c. <i>Halston</i> , 4 yrs old .....	2	2
Mr. Painter's b. c. <i>The Main</i> , by Haphazard, 4 yrs old.....	3	3
Five to 4 agst the winner; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on him.		

FRIDAY, May 11.—The Palatine Stakes, of 50gs. each. h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 2lb.; untried mares or stallions allowed 3lb.; if both, 5lb.—To start at the Castle-pole, and go once round.—Five subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. <i>Doge of Venice</i> , by Sir Oliver, out of Maid of Lorn (T. Nicholson) .....	1
Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. <i>Orville</i> , out of Sprite .....	2
Lord Derby's bl. f. by <i>Milo</i> , dam by Sorcerer .....	3

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each; four-year-olds, 7st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, 9st. 2lb.; and aged, 9st. 5lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. m. <i>Torrelli</i> , by <i>Cerberus</i> , 6 yrs (W. Scott) ..	1
Mr. Clifton's b. c. <i>Arbiter</i> , 4 yrs old .....	0
Mr. Mytton's b. g. <i>Anti-Radical</i> , 5 yrs old .....	0
Even betting on <i>Torrelli</i> .—Won easy.	

A Handicap Stakes of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added by the Stewards. Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's br. f. <i>Bombasine</i> , by <i>Thunderbolt</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. (R. Spencer) .....	1
Sir J. G. Egerton's b. c. by <i>Cestrian</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.! .....	2
Sir T. Stanley's b. h. <i>Harmodius</i> , 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	3
Even betting on <i>Harmodius</i> .—Won easy.	

The Ladies' Purse, value 50l.; three-year-olds, 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—A winner of one fifty to carry 2lb. extra; of two, 5lb.; and three or more, 8lb.—Heats, twice round the course.

Sir T. Mostyn's b. c. <i>Alderman Wood</i> , by <i>Truffle</i> , 5 years old (B. Smith).....	6	1	1
Mr. Fiddler's br. c. <i>Montimar</i> , 4 yrs (received 10l.) .....	1	0	2
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. <i>Tisiphone</i> , 4 yrs old .....	5	2	3
Mr. Maurice Jones's ch. f. <i>Phœbe</i> , 4 yrs old .....	4	0	0
Mr. Mytton's ch. c. <i>George the Third</i> , 3 yrs old .....	3	3	
Mr. Clifton's b. c. <i>Arbiter</i> , 4 yrs old .....	2	dr.	
Col. Bainbridge's b. c. by <i>Young Chariot</i> .....	7	dis	
Three to 1 agst the winner; after the second heat, even betting on him. The second a capital heat; the third, won easy.			

MATCH.—Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. by Y. Sorcerer, dam, Hipped Mare, by Meteor, recd. ft. from Lord Stamford's b. c. Peter Lely, by Rubens, dam, Stella; once round the course, and a distance; 500gs. h. ft.

Lord Stamford's horses did not run at this meeting, in consequence of the death of his Lordship's daughter.

HESTON HUNT MEETING, (*over Cranmore Downs, Bucks.*)

**TUESDAY, May 8.**—The Hunters' Stakes of 5gs. each, with 20gs. added from the Club Fund, 12st.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. Murray's b. g. Goldfinder .....	1	1
Mr. Tosh's gr. m. Penelope .....	4	2
Mr. Humbleton's b. h. Brazier .....	3	3
Mr. Ladbroke's gr. h. Mountebank .....	5	4
Capt. Smith's Torture .....	2	dr.
Mr. Lushington's Gipsy Girl .....	6	dr.
Mr. Porteus's Heigh-ho! .....	dis.	
Two to 1 agst Gipsy Girl, 3 to 1 agst the winner, and 3 to 1 agst Mountebank.		

The Farmers' Stakes of 50l.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Goodchild's Charm .....	5	1	1
Mr. Lowther's Foremost .....	2	3	2
Mr. Hunt's Carter .....	3	4	3
Mr. Moss's Jupiter .....	1	2	dr.
Mr. Lawrence's Dandy .....	4	dr.	

Two to 1 agst the winner, and 6 to 4 agst Jupiter.

Match for 30gs. each, 12st.—Two miles.

Mr. Patten's Pilot .....	1
Mr. George's Glory .....	2

## NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING.

**MONDAY, May 21.**—Match for two hundred guineas. — Ditch Mile.

Mr. James's gr. c. Fleur-de-lis, Brother to Bourbon 3 yrs old, 8st..	1
Mr. Bouverie's gr. c. Arbutus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.....	2
Five to 2 agst the winner.—Won by a neck.	

Match for 100gs. h. ft.—D. M.

Lord Jersey's ch. c. Oracle, by Soothsayer, 4 yrs, 8st. (Barnard)..	1
Duke of Portland's ch. h. Zadig, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.....	2

Two to 1 on the winner.—Won easy.

Handicap Stakes of 15gs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—T. Y. C.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Crockford's b. h. Sultan, by Selim, 5 yrs old, 10st. (Wheatley)	1
Mr. Wyndham's b. c. Cripple, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	2
Mr. James's gr. c. Fleur-de-lis, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	3
Lord Exeter's br. f. Aspasia, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. ....	4
Mr. Fraser's ch. c. Clap Albyn, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.....	5
Mr. Greville's b. h. Pacha, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.....	pd.
Seven to 4 agst Cripple, 2 to 1 agst Sultan, and 4 to 1 agst Fleur-de-lis.	
Won easy.	

Match for 200gs. h. ft.—D. I.

Sir J. Shelley's b. h. Antar, by Haphazard, 5 yrs old, 8st, 7lb. ....	1
Mr. Prendergast's ch. h. Regent, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	2
Five to 4 on the winner.—Won by a head.	

Mr,

Mr. Greville's b. c. Banker, by Smolensko, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. recd. forfeit from Mr. Charlton's b. c. Phoenix, 4 yrs old, 8st. A. F. 200gs. h. ft.

**TUESDAY, May 22.**—Match for one hundred guineas.—Ditch Mile.

Mr. Udney's ch. h. Barmecide, by Selim, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. (Buckle) 1  
Mr. Greville's b. h. Pacha, 5 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. .... 2  
Ten to 1 on Barmecide.—Won by half a length.

Seventy Guineas for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—R. M.  
Mr. Udney's ch. f. Pantouffe, by Crispin, out of Zoraida (F. Buckle) 1  
Lord Jersey's ch. c. Prophet, by Soothsayer..... 2  
Mr. Hunter's ch. c. Rasselas ..... 3  
Mr. Wyndham's bl. c. by Octavius..... 4

The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr. Batson's b. f. Freak, by Hedley ..... 0  
Lord G. H. Cavendish's ch. f. by Soothsayer, out of a Sister to  
Whalebone ..... 0  
Duke of Grafton's b. f. Tipsy, by Election—Mirth ..... 0  
Mr. Crockford's b. f. by Rubens, out of Chryseis..... 0  
Mr. Fox's br. f. Lady Peter, by Smolensko ..... 0  
Eleven to 8 agst Prophet, 3 to 1 agst Mr. Wyndham's colt, 6 to 1 agst  
Tipsy, and 10 to 1 agst the winner.

Handicap Stakes of 20gs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—A. F.  
Mr. Rush's b. m. Romp, by Selim, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. (Robinson).. 1  
Mr. Wortley's b. c. Locksley, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. .... 2  
Lord Jersey's b. c. Sporus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. .... 3

The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr. Fraser's b. h. Champignon, 5 yrs old, 9st. .... 0  
Mr. Greville's b. h. Pacha, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. .... 0  
Mr. Ramsbottom's b. f. Rebecca, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. .... 0  
Five to 4 agst Sporus, 4 to 1 agst Locksley, 4 to 1 agst Champignon,  
6 to 1 agst Romp, and 7 to 1 agst Pacha.—Won by half a length.

**WEDNESDAY, May 23.**—Match for 100gs. 8st. 4lb. each.—T. Y. C.

Lord Jersey's c. Prophet, Brother to Oracle (Barnard)..... 1  
Mr. Greville's ch. c. Prodigious, by Zodiac ..... 2  
Eleven to 8 on the winner.—Easy.

Match for 200gs. 8st. 7lb. each.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Bouverie's ch. c. Plumper, by Election (Clift)..... 1  
Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Sardonyx, by Scud ..... 2  
Six to 4 on the winner.

Handicap Purse of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—A. F.

Sir J. Shelley's ch. c. Flibbertigibbet, by Comus, 4 years old, 8st.  
(Edwards) ..... 1  
Lord Jersey's ch. c. Oracle, 4 yrs old, 9st. .... 2  
Lord Suffield's b. c. hy Vandyke Junior, out of Rosetta, 4 years old,  
8st. 6lb. .... 3  
Lord Clarendon's ch. f. Miranda, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... 4  
General

General Grosvenor's ch. f. Moonshine, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb..... 5  
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's ch. f. by Soothsayer, out of a Sister to  
 Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb..... 6  
 Five to 2 agst Mirandola, 3 to 1 agst Oracle, 5 to 1 agst Lord Suffield's  
 colt, and 6 to 1 agst the winner.—Won easy.

Match for 100gs.—A. M.

Mr. Greville's ch. c. Prodigious, by Zodiac, 8st. (Goodisson) ..... 1  
 Mr. Bouverie's ch. c. Plumper, 8st. 7lb. .... 2  
 Six to 1 agst the winner.

THURSDAY, May 24.—Match for 200gs. h. ft.—D. I.

Mr. Bouverie's gr. c. Arbutus, by Walton, 4 yrs old, 8st. (Clift) . 1  
 Mr. James's b. h. Master Henry, 6 yrs old, 10st..... 2  
 Two to 1 on Arbutus.

Match for 100gs. h. ft.—D. I.

Mr. Ramsbottom's b. h. Shreckhorn, by Skiddaw, 5 yrs old, 8st.... 1  
 Duke of Portland's ch. h. Zadig, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb..... 2  
 Fifty Pounds, for three-year-olds, 6st. 2lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 7lb.;  
 six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—T. M. M.  
 Lord Suffield's b. f. by Muley—Aquilina, 3 yrs old..... 1  
 Mr. Bouverie's br. c. by Blucher, out of Brush's dam, 3 years old.. 2  
 Mr. Wyndham's br. c. by Octavius, out of Truth's dam, 3 yrs old.... 3

The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr. W. Chifney's gr. f. by Dimsdale, 3 yrs old ..... 0  
 Duke of Portland's ch. f. by Walton, 4 yrs old ..... 0  
 Lord Foley's b. c. by Walton—Sycorax, 3 yrs old..... 0  
 Lord Exeter's br. f. Aspasia, 4 yrs old..... 0  
 Lord Valletort's ch. g. Euphrates, 5 yrs old..... 0  
 Mr. Rush's br. c. by Waxy, out of Chintz, 3 yrs old..... 0  
 Mr. Jones's b. c. Brother to Fanny, 3 yrs old..... 0

Handicap Stakes of 10gs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—  
 New T. Y. C.

Mr. Thornhill's Sardonyx, by Scud, 4 yrs old, 7st..... 1  
 Mr. Rush's b. f. by Truffle—Reserve, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb..... 2  
 Lord Clarendon's ch. f. Mirandola, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb..... 4  
 Mr. Hunter's Rosetta, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb..... 3  
 Lord Suffield's b. f. Selma, 4 yrs old, 9st..... pd.  
 Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for three-year-old colts, 6st. 7lb. and fillies,  
 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.

Lord Suffield's br. c. by Muley, out of Black Beauty (Arnold).... 1  
 Mr. Garner's b. c. Atom, by Phantom ..... 2

The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr. Chifney's filly, by Dimsdale..... 0  
 Mr. Crockford's b. c. by Selim, out of Palma ..... 0  
 Mr. Villiers's ch. c. Tanais, by Don Cossack ..... 0  
 Mr. Wyndham's f. by Whalebone—Margaretta ..... 0  
 Mr. Fox's b. c. Little Darcy, by Fyldener ..... 0

The Jockey Club Purse of 50gs. for horses, &c. of all ages.—B. C.

Mr. Wyndham's gr. h. Little John, by Octavius, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.  
 (Edwards) ..... 1  
 Gen.

Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. Moonshine, 4 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. .... 2  
 Lord Suffield's b. c. by Vandyke Junior, out of Rosetta, 4 yrs old,  
 7st. 2lb. .... 3

Match for 200gs. 8st. 4lb. each.—R. M.

Lord Warwick's b. f. Selma, by Selim, 4 yrs old (Robinson) ..... 1  
 Mr. Bouverie's bl. c. Paralus, by Pericles, 4 yrs old ..... 2

Lord Exeter's b. c. Athenian, by Pericles, 8st. received 50gs. from  
 Mr. Greville's b. c. Pacha, 8st. 6lb. T. Y. C. 100gs.

### TOTNES MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, June 6.**—The Stewards' Plate of 50l. the best of three three-mile heats.

Mr. King's b. h. Red Rose, by White Rose, aged, 8st. 12lb. .... 1 1  
 Mr. Erving Clarke's b. g. Galen, by Sorcerer, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 2 2  
 Mr. Taunton's br. f. Hoax, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. .... 3 3

Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, for half-bred horses.—Three two-mile heats.  
 Twelve subscribers.

Mr. S. Trelawney's b. mare, Barbara, by Bucephalus, aged,  
 10st. 10lb. .... 3 1 1  
 Mr. C. Trelawney's b. g. Owen Glendower, by Orville, aged,  
 10st. 11lb. .... 1 3 dr.  
 Mr. Leache's ch. g. Sancho, aged, 10st. 11lb. .... 3 2 dr.

A Match for fifty guineas.

Mr. J. L. Templar's ch. p. by Lilliputian ..... 1  
 Mr. Strode's bay p. .... 2

**THURSDAY, June 7.**—Ladies' Cup, value 50l. the best of three two-mile heats.

Mr. S. Trelawney's b. m. Barbara, by Bucephalus ..... walked over.  
 A Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for hunters who have regularly hunted  
 in either of the counties of Devon, Cornwall, Somerset, and Dorset.  
 —Ten subscribers.

Mr. C. Trelawney's b. g. Owen Glendower, by Orville, aged, 12st. 1 1  
 Mr. S. Trelawney's b. m. Lufra, by Coriander, aged, 12st. .... 2 2  
 Mr. Strode's b. g. Druid, by Czar Peter, aged, 12st. .... 3 3

Mr. Strode's bay poney beat Mr. S. Heath's b. g.; a hack race;  
 one mile.

A poney, by Phœnix, won the saddle and bridle.

GEORGE STRODE, Esq. }  
 JOHN CARPENTER, Esq. } Stewards.

### YORK SPRING MEETING.

**MONDAY, May 28.**—Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-miles.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Kirby's b. c. Canova, by Golumpus, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb. (Garbutt) .. 1  
 Mr. Gascoigne's b. f. Cora, by Waxy, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. .... 2  
 Lord Queensberry's b. c. Gonsalvi, by Cardinal York, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb. 3  
 Mr. Watt's ch. c. Cæsar, by Cerberus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. .... 4

Mr.

Mr. Lambton's br. c. Cavalier, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. .... 5  
Seven to 4 agst Cora, 3 to 1 agst Cæsar, and 7 to 2 agst Canova.—A  
smart race, with the first two.—Run in 3 min. 53 sec.

Produce Match for 200gs. each, h. ft.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. by Cardinal York, out of Podagra, by Gouty, 8st. 2lb. (W. Scott) ..... 1

Mr. Clifton's b. c. by Rubens, out of Algerine's dam, 8st. 5lb. .... 2  
Even betting, and 5 to 4 on the winner.—Very easy.—Run in 2 min. 11 sec.

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.

Last mile and three-quarters.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. T. Sykes's bay colt, by Golumpus, out of Magistrate's dam, (T. Nicholson) ..... 1

Mr. C. Marson's ch. c. by Ardrossan—Remembrance ..... 2

Mr. Frankland's ch. c. Northern Light, by Octavian ..... 3

Mr. Armstrong's b. c. Packman, by Cardinal York or Langton .... 4

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Czernicheff, by Smolensko ..... 5

Mr. Yarburch's b. f. by Prime Minister, dam by Orville ..... 6

Seven to 5 agst Mr. Marston's colt, 5 to 2 agst Northern Light, and  
4 to 1 agst the winner.—Won easy.—Run in 3 min. 24 sec.

The Sapling Stakes of 50gs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 3lb.—

Last mile and half.—Four subscribers.

Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. Civet, by Cervantes, out of Kitten (W. Clift) 1

Lord Scarbrough's br. by Catton, out of Henrietta, by Sir Solomon.. 2

Mr. Riddell's b. Jeanne d'Arc, by Comus ..... 3

Six to 4 on Jeanne d'Arc.—A good race, won by half a neck.—Run in  
3 min. 23 sec.

Produce Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.; 3lb.  
allowed, &c.—T. Y. C.—Six subscribers.

Lord Queensberry's b. c. by Prime Minister, dam by Ruler (Smith) 1

Mr. Lambton's ch. c. by Leopold—Shepherd's dam ..... 2

Duke of Leeds's b. f. by Octavian, out of Miss Clift ..... 3

Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. by Woful—Masquerade ..... 4

Seven to 4 agst Mr. Powlett's colt, 2 to 1 agst the Duke of Leeds's  
filly, and 5 to 1 agst the winner.—Very easy.—Run in 1 min. 17 sec.

The York Spring St. Leger Stakes of 25gs. each; colts, 8st. 3lb. fil-  
lies, 8st.—Last mile and three-quarters.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Robinson's b. c. The Lord of the Manor, by Raphael, dam by  
Young Eagle (W. Scott) ..... 1

Mr. Ridsdale's br. c. Statesman, by Prime Minister ..... 2

Sir J. Byng's b. c. Fitzwalter, by Amadis ..... 3

Mr. Pelham's b. c. by Prime Minister, dam by Williamson's Ditto .. 4

Five to 4 agst Statesman, and 3 to 1 agst the winner.—An uncommonly  
fine race with the first two, and won by only half a head.—Run in  
4 min. 7 sec.

TUESDAY, May 29.—Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft. for two-  
year-old colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.—T. Y. C.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Watt's b. f. Marion, Sister to Tramper, by Tramp (J. Jackson) 1

Mr. W. Peirse's b. c. Baron Bowes, by Woful ..... 2  
Mr.

Mr. Humphries's b. f. by Woful, dam by Spadille ..... 3

The following also started, but were not placed :

Sir H. Nelthorpe's b. c. by Cervantes, dam by Sorcerer ..... 0

Mr. Lambton's ch. c. by Leopold—Shepherd's dam ..... 0

Sir J. Byng's b. c. Tristram Shandy, by Woful..... 0

Five to 4 on Marion, and 3 to 1 agst Baron Bowes.—Easy.—Run in 1 min. 12 sec.

The Shorts.—A Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Last mile.—Five subscribers.

Mr. T. O. Powlett's ch. f. Marigold, by Comus (W. Scott)..... 1

Mr. Riddell's b. f. by X Y Z, out of Swinton's dam..... 2

Mr. C. Marson's ch. c. by Ardrossan—Remembrance..... 3

Five to 4 on Mr. Riddell's filly, 7 to 4 agst Ardrossan colt, and 3 to 1 agst Marigold.—A good race.—Run in 1 min. 57 sec.

Match for 200gs. each, h. ft. 10st. each.—Two miles.

Mr. Lawson's b. m. Jenny Horner, by Golumpus, aged (J. Jackson) 1

Mr. J. Ferguson's ch. h. Joker, by Octavian, 6 yrs old..... 2

Six to 4 on Jenny Horner.—Easy.—Run in 3 min. 55 sec.

The Gold Cup, value 100gs. by a subscription of 20gs. each (the surplus in specie), for horses, &c. of all ages; three-year-olds, 6st. 4lb.; four, 7st. 12lb.; five, 8st. 7lb.; six and aged, 8st. 13lb.—Two miles.—Eleven subscribers.

Sir E. Smith's ch. c. St. Patrick, by Walton, 4 yrs old (R. Johnson) 1

Mr. F. Watt's br. c. Bergami, by Cerberus, 4 yrs old..... 2

Mr. Lambton's gr. h. Consul, 5 yrs old..... 3

The following also started, but were not placed :

Sir W. Maxwell's b. h. Archibald, by Stamford, 5 yrs old..... 0

Mr. Watson's ch. f. Woodbine, by Comus, 4 yrs old..... 0

Sir J. H. Maxwell's Fair Helen, by Viscount, 4 yrs old..... 0

Mr. Fox's b. h. Cardinal Wolsey, 5 yrs old ..... 0

Five to 4 agst St. Patrick, 5 to 2 agst Cardinal Wolsey, and 4 to 1 agst Bergami.—Very easy.—Run in 3 min. 38 sec.

Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Pelham's b. g. Smallhopes, by Truth, 6 yrs old, 12st. (owner) 1

Mr. Rowley's b. g. Burnby, by Ploughboy, 4 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. (Mr. Healey) ..... 2

Mr. Worsley's b. g. Skipjack, by Kite, aged, 12st. (Mr. T. Sykes).. 3

Mr. Brown's ch. f. by Yellow-Hair'd Laddie, dam by Coriander, 4 yrs old, 10st. 11lb. (Mr. Gilbert) ..... 4

Seven to 4 agst Buraby, and 2 to 8 agst Smallhopes.—Easy.—Run in 4 min. 6 sec.

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Last mile and half.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Watson's ch. Fortuna, Sister to Woodbine, by Comus, dam by Patriot (J. Day)..... 1

Mr. Grimston's black, by Sir Malagigi—Tuneful ..... 2

Lord Milton's ch. Civet, by Cervantes, out of Kitten ..... 3

Lord Scarbrough's br. by Catton, out of Henrietta ..... 4  
 Mr. Watt's b. Lunatic, by Prime Minister ..... 5  
 Mr. Duncombe's br. by Smolensko, out of Ceres ..... 6  
 Five to 4 on Fortuna, and 3 to 1 agst Civet.—Very easy.—Run in  
 3 min.

**WEDNESDAY, May 30.**—The Colt Sapling Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. three-year-olds; 8st. 3lb. each; 3lb. allowed, &c.—Last mile and three-quarters.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Watt's ch. by Cerberus, out of Altisidora (J. Jackson) ..... 1  
 Lord Scarbrough's b. by Catton, out of the Black Prince's dam (allowed 3lb.) ..... 2  
 Lord Fitzwilliam's b. Czernicheff, by Smolensko, out of Minstrel (3lb.) 3  
 Mr. Brandling's b. by Prime Minister, dam by Ruler (3lb.) ..... 4  
 Eleven to ten on Mr. Watt's colt, and 2 to 1 agst Lord Scarbrough's colt.—A fine race.—Run in 3 min. 24 sec.

The third and last year of the Constitution Stakes of 20gs. each, h. ft. for horses, &c. of all ages; three-year-olds, 5st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six, and aged, 9st. 11lb.—One mile and a quarter.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Lambton's br. c. Borodino, by Smolensko, 4 yrs old (T. Nicholson) ..... 1  
 Mr. Watt's b. c. Trumper, by Tramp, 4 yrs old ..... 2  
 Lord Queensberry's b. c. Gonsalvi, 4 yrs old ..... 3  
 Mr. Petre's br. c. Sir John, by Smolensko, 4 yrs old ..... 4  
 Mr. R. Milnes's ch. h. Mortimer, 5 yrs old ..... 5  
 Five to 4 on Borodino, 5 to 2 agst Mortimer, and 4 to 1 agst Trumper.  
 Won easy at the last.—Run in 2 min. 21 sec.

The Stand Purse of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, one mile and three-quarters.

Mr. Smith's b. h. Percy, by Walton, 5 yrs, 8st. 13lb. (B. Smith) 8 1 1  
 Mr. Watt's b. c. Bergami, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 1 2 3  
 Lord Scarbrough's br. c. by Amadis, dam by Golumpus, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 6 5 2  
 Mr. Petre's br. c. Sir John, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 2 3 dr.  
 Mr. Harrison's ch. f. Eliza Leeds, by Comus, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. 5 4 dr.  
 Mr. Warneford's b. f. by Whitelock, dam by Coriander, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. .... 7 6 dr.  
 Mr. Storey's b. h. Little England, aged, 9st. 3lb. .... 3 dr.  
 Mr. Powlett's br. c. Gambler, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 4 dr.  
 Six to 4 on Bergami; after the first heat, 5 to 2 on him; after the second heat, 2 to 1 on Percy.—The two first fine heats, the third easy.

#### MILFORD MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, May 30.**—The Hunters' Stakes of 10gs. each, h. ft. 12st. each.—Two miles.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Jones's b. h. Clodhopper ..... 4 1 1  
 Capt. Smith's Jessima ..... 1 3 2  
 Mr. Howe's gr. h. Gladiator ..... 3 3 dr.  
 Mr.



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Mr. Honeywood's Jack of Trumps ..... 2 4 dr.  
 Mr. Bromead's Fortune Teller..... 5 dr.  
 Six to 4 agst Jessima, and 2 to 1 agst Clodhopper.

Match for 50gs. h. ft.—Two miles.

Mr. Ferguson's Will-o'-the-Whisp..... 1  
 Mr. Green's Ploughboy ..... 2

The Wilford Stakes of 10gs. each, h. ft.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Mudford's Fanny..... 1  
 Capt. Smith's Tulip ..... 2  
 Mr. Goodchild's Pilot ..... 3

Two others started.—Six to 4 agst the winner.

**THURSDAY, May 31.**—The Hunters' Purse of 50l.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Lomax's King John ..... 1 1  
 Mr. Norton's Bullrush ..... 5 2  
 Capt. Thorpe's Nancy ..... 2 3  
 Mr. Mason's Deceit ..... 3 4  
 Mr. Dockray's Bobadil..... 4 dr.

Six to 4 agst Nancy, and 2 to 1 agst the winner.

Match for 50gs.—Two miles.

Mr. Maxwell's Pilot ..... 1  
 Mr. Joseph's Don Juan ..... 2

Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, h. ft.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Hall's Placehunter ..... 1  
 Mr. Phelps Jupiter..... 2

Three others started.—Even betting on the winner.

## EPSOM MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, June 6.**—The Craven Stakes of 10gs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—The last mile and a quarter of the Derby Course.

Mr. Gardner's ch. c. Flibbertigibbet, by Comus, 4 yrs old, 8st. .... 1  
 Mr. Fraser's b. h. Champignon, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. .... 2  
 Mr. R. Walker's ch. c. Canova, 4 yrs old ..... 3

Four others started, but were not placed.—Five to 2 agst the winner, 7 to 4 agst Canova, and 3 to 1 agst Champignon.—Won by three-fourths of a length.

The Gold Cup, value 100gs. (the surplus in specie), by fifteen subscribers of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two miles.

Mr. Goddard's b. c. Moonraker, Brother to Bobadil, by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8st. .... 1

Mr. Ramsbottom's b. h. Shreckhorn, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. .... 2

Duke of Rutland's ch. f. Emmeline, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb..... 3

Six others started, but were not placed.—Five to 2 agst Shreckhorn, 4 to 1 agst Emmeline, and any odds agst the winner.—Won by a length.

**The Woodcot Stakes of 30gs. each, h. ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 6lb. fillies, 8st. 3lb.—The last half mile.—Four subscribers.**

Lord Warwick's ch. c. by Juniper, out of Niobe .....	1
Duke of Rutland's b. c. by Smolensko, dam by Shuttle .....	2
Mr. Pearce's b. f. by Phantom, out of Fairing .....	3
Mr. Forth's b. f. by Seymour, out of Psyche .....	4
Six to 4 agst Duke of Rutland's colt, 5 to 2 agst the winner, and 4 to 1 agst Mr. Pearce's filly.—Won by half a length.	

**THURSDAY, June 7.—First year of a renewal of the Derby Stakes of 50gs. h. ft. for three-year-olds; colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—The last mile and half.—Fifty-four subscribers.**

Mr. Hunter's gr. c. Gustavus, by Election, out of Sister to Viscount (S. Day) .....	1
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Reginald, by Haphazard, out of Prudence, (received 100gs.) .....	2
Lord Egremont's br. c. by Octavius—Truth's dam .....	3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Duke of York's b. c. by Walton .....	0
Mr. Fox's ch. c. North Wester, by Haphazard .....	0
Mr. R. Milnes's ch. c. Jock the Laird's Brother .....	0
Lord Exeter's c. by Soothsayer—Sister to Chippenham .....	0
Lord Jersey's b. c. Richard, by Orville .....	0
Mr. Batson's b. c. by Hedley, out of Jesse .....	0
Mr. Bouverie's b. c. Tressilian, by Orville .....	0
Mr. Calley's b. c. The Hetman, by Hedley .....	0
Mr. S. Duncombe's b. c. by Selim—Hipswell-Lass .....	0
Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Smolensko, out of Cowslip .....	0

Seven and a half to 4 agst Gustavus, 3½ to 1 agst Reginald, 9 to 2 agst Jock, 7 to 1 agst Tressilian, and 100 to 3 agst North Wester.—Reginald took the lead, and made the running; after passing Tottenham Corner, some play was made.—Gustavus, at the distance, took the lead, and won by about half a length.

**THURSDAY, June 7.—The Durdain Stakes of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added, for three-year-olds and upwards.—One mile.**

Mr. Dockwray's b. h. Slim, by Selim, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. ....	1
Mr. Goddard's b. f. by Haphazard, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. ....	2
Mr. Scaith's b. f. by Soothsayer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	3
Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added, for maiden horses, &c.—One mile.	

Mr. O. Gore's b. f. Pastora, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	1
Mr. Rogers's b. c. Denmark, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	2
Mr. Maplesden's gr. g. Oliver, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. ....	3
Mr. Pickford's Caricature, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	4

**FRIDAY, June 8.—The Oaks Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Last mile and a half.—Forty-three subscribers.**

Lord Exeter's bay, Augusta, by Woful (Robinson) .....	1
Mr. Udney's chs. Ibla, by Truffle (rec. 100gs.) .....	2
Mr. R. Milnes's bay, My Lady—Comus .....	3
Duke of Grafton's bay, Zeal, by Partisan .....	4

The

The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr. Crockford's bay, by Rubens.....	0
Mr. Payne's filly, by Crispin—Zoraida .....	0
Mr. Turner's brown, by Walton—Fairing.....	0
Six and a half to 4 agst Augusta, 5 to 2 agst My Lady, 4 to 1 agst Ibla, 11 to 1 agst Pantoufle, 100 to 5 and 6 agst Zeal.—Augusta took the lead at starting, and was never headed. Ibla remained second all the way. My Lady and the rest, never came within several lengths of Augusta and Ibla. My Lady attempted to come up after having passed Tottenham Corner, but failed.—Won by two lengths.	
The Epsom Purse of 50l. for three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 9lb.; six and aged, 9st.	
Mr. Brown's ch. h. Wouvermans, by Rubens, 6 yrs old.....	3 1 1
Mr. Rogers's b. h. Carbine .....	1 2 2
Mr. King's br. g. Philip, 5 yrs old .....	4 3 dr.
Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. by Crispin.....	2 dr.

Match for 100gs.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Theobald's Mat-o'-the-Mint, 6st. 7lb.....	1 1
Mr. Farrall's Mangel Wurze, 6st.....	2 2
Six to 4 on the winner.	

SATURDAY, June 9.—Match for 100gs. each, h. ft.—Derby Course.

Mr. Bouverie's b. c. Tressilian, by Orville, out of Morel, 8st. 7lb. (Clift) 1	
Mr. R. Milnes's b. f. My Lady, by Comus, out of Carlton's dam 8st. 7lb. ....	2
A very severe race, and won only by the nose.—Six to 4 on Tressilian.	

### MANCHESTER MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, June 13.—The Manchester St. Leger Stakes of 25gs. each, with 50gs. added; colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—St. Leger Course, one mile and three-quarters.—Eleven subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. The Doge of Venice, by Sir Oliver, out of Maid of Lorn (T. Nicholson) .....	1
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Henry, Brother to William .....	2
Sir J. Byng's b. f. Madona, by Raphael—Paulina.....	3
Mr. Clifton's br. c. Odds, by Haphazard.....	4

The following also started, but were not placed :

Lord Grosvenor's b. f. Agate, by Thunderbolt .....	0
Mr. Benson's b. c. Pilgrim, by Thunderbolt.....	0
Six to 4 agst the winner, 5 to 2 agst Henry, and 4 to 1 agst Madona. Won easy.	

The Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each: three-year-olds, 6st. 6lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Twice round the Course, and a distance.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's b. g. Anti-Radical, by Marmion, 5 yrs old (W. Dunn) 1	
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. m. Torrelli, 6 yrs old .....	2
Mr. Bell's br. c. Jehu, by Fitz-Teazle, 4 yrs old.....	3

The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr. Clifton's b. h. Advance, 6 yrs old .....	0
Lord	

Lord Grosvenor's br. c. Belvidere, 4 yrs old. .... 0  
 Five to 4 on Torrelli, 4 to 1 agst Anti-Radical, 4 to 1 agst Advance, and  
 5 to 1 agst Jehu.—A good race.

Fifty Pounds for maiden horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, twice round  
 the Course, and a distance : to start at the Distance-chair.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. by Orville, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. (T. Lye) .. 3 1 1  
 Mr. Bell's b. h. Pilot, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (rec. 10l.) ..... 1 2 2  
 Sir J. Byng's b. f. Madona, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. .... 5 3 dr.  
 Mr. Mytton's bl. c. Hudibras, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 4 4 dr.  
 Mr. Jackson's Minerva, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. .... 2 5 dr.  
 Two to 1 agst the winner, 2 to 1 agst Pilot, and 5 to 1 agst Madona ;  
 after the first heat, 6 to 4 on the field.—Won easy.

THURSDAY, June 14.—Free Handicap Stakes of 30gs. each, 10gs.  
 ft. with 20gs. added, for four-year-olds.—St. Leger Course, one mile  
 and three-quarters.—Ten subscribers.

Sir J. Byng's b. f. Lucinda, Sister to Maritornes, by Cervantes, 7st.  
 9lb. (T. Nicholson) ..... 1  
 Mr. Houldsworth's gr. c. Æacus, 7st. 9lb. .... 2

The following also started, but were not placed :

Lord Grosvenor's br. c. Belvidere, by Thunderbolt, 8st. .... 0  
 Mr. Mytton's b. c. Halston, by Langton, 7st. 11lb. .... 0  
 Sir J. G. Egerton's b. c. Young Cestrian, 7st. 11lb. .... 0  
 Mr. Brown's b. c. Dexter, by Tram, 7st. 7lb. .... 0  
 Six to 5 on Æacus, and 5 and 6 to 4 agst Lucinda.—A good race.

Free Handicap Stakes of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft. with 20gs. added, for  
 five-year-olds, six, and aged horses, &c.—Twice round the Course,  
 and a distance.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's ch. h. Mandeville, by Young Woodpecker,  
 6 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. .... walked over.

Hunters' Stakes of 20gs. each, h. ft. 12st. each.—Gentlemen riders.—  
 Twice round the Course, and a distance.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's b. g. Acastus, by Shuttlecock, dam by Gayman, 6 yrs,  
 (owner) ..... 1

Mr. Mytton's g. Singlepeeper, by Cleveland, aged ..... 2

Mr. E. V. Fox's b. g. Hopeful, aged ..... 3

Mr. Gisborne's bl. m. Rebecca, by Shuttlecock, 6 yrs old ..... 4

Even betting on Rebecca.—Won easy.

Fifty Pounds for three and four-year-olds.—Heats, twice round the  
 Course, and a distance.

Mr. Petre's br. c. Sir John, by Smolensko, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.  
 (Scott) ..... 4 1 1

Mr. J. Ferguson's ch. c. The Duke, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (rec. 10l.) 1 2 2

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. Cedric, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. .... 2 3 dr.

Mr. Mytton's b. c. Halston, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. .... 2 dr.

Seven to 4 agst the winner ; after the first heat, the same.—Won easy.

FRIDAY, June 15.—The Palatine Stakes of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft.  
 with 50gs. added ; three-year-olds, 6st. 8lb. ; four, 8st. 3lb. ; five,  
 8st. 10lb. ; six and aged, 9st.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two  
 miles

miles and three-quarters, to start at the St. Leger Post.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's b. g. Aanti-Radical, by Marmion, 5 yrs old.. walked over.

One Hundred Pounds for three-year-olds and upwards.—Heats, twice round the Course, and a distance; to start at the Distance-chair.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Henry, by Governor, 3 yrs, 6st. 7lb.

(T. Lye) ..... 4 1 1

Mr. Mytton's b. h. Paul Potter, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (rec. 10l.) 1 2 2

Mr. Ferguson's b. f. Lucinda, by Haphazard, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. 5 5 dis.

Lord Grosvenor's b. f. Bombasine, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. .... 2 3 dr.

Mr. Clifton's b. h. Advance, 6 yrs old, 9st. .... 3 4 dr.

Mr. Brown's b. c. Dexter, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. .... 0 dr.

Seven to 4 agst Advance, 5 to 2 agst Paul Potter, and 5 to 1 agst Henry; after the first heat, 7 to 4 agst Paul Potter, 7 to 4 agst Advance, and 5 to 1 agst Henry.—Lucinda fell the third heat, owing to the crowd pressing in, by which her rider, T. Nicholson, was severely hurt.

Handicap Stakes of 5gs. each, with 30gs. added.—Twice round the Course, and a distance.—Six subscribers.

Sir J. Egerton's b. c. Y. Cestrian, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. .... 1

Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. Leana, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2lb. .... 2

Mr. Mytton's ch. h. Mandeville, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. .... 3

Mr. J. Ferguson's ch. c. The Duke, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. .... 4

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Tisiphone, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. .... 5

Seven to 4 agst the Duke, 7 to 4 agst Tisiphone, and 2 to 1 agst Mandeville.—Won very easy.

### ASCOT HEATH MEETING.

**TUESDAY**, June 19.—The King's Purse of 100gs. for all ages.—Four miles.

Mr. Goddard's b. c. Moonraker, by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 9st. (Chifney) 1

Mr. Bigg's Trance, 4 yrs old, 9st. .... 2

Duke of York's ch. c. Prodigious, 4 yrs old, 9st. .... 3

The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr. Garner's ch. c. Flibbertigibbet, 4 yrs old, 9st. (broke down) .... 0

Mr. Weatherill's ch. f. Elizabeth, 4 yrs old, 9st. .... 0

Mr. Ward's br. f. by Mountaineer, dam by Sorcerer, 4 yrs old, 9st. .... 0

Mr. Browne's ch. h. Wouvermans, 6 yrs old, 10st. 8lb. .... 0

Mr. Radclyffe's b. m. Effie Deans, 6 yrs old, 10st. 8lb. .... 0

Five to 2 agst Moonraker, 3 to 1 agst Flibbertigibbet, 4 to 1 agst Wouvermans, and 5 to 1 agst Effie Deans.—Won by half a neck.

Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—The New Mile.—Fourteen subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's c. Titian, by Rubens (Buckle) .... 1

Duke of Rutland's f. by Waxy—Penny-Trumpet .... 2

Duke of York's c. by Walton (bought of Butler) .... 3

Mr. Rush's b. c. by Waxy, out of Ringtail .... 4

Six to 4 agst Titian, and 2 to 1 agst Mr. Rush's colt.—Won by half a length.

The

## THE RACING CALENDAR.

The Otlands Stakes of 30gs. each, 20gs. ft. and only 10gs. ft. if declared, &c.—Two miles and a half.

Mr. Ockenden's b. h. Strephon, by Rubens, 6 yrs 8st. 5lb, (Howard) 1  
 Duke of York's b. c. Banker, 5 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. .... 2  
 Mr. J. Walker's b. c. Vanloo, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. .... 3  
 Lord Verulam's b. c. Veterinarian, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. .... 4  
 Four subscribers paid 20gs. ft.; and ten others having declared within the time prescribed, paid only 5gs. each.—Five to 4 on Banker, 3 to 1 agst Strephon, and 7 to 2 agst Vanloo.

Mr. Ramsbottom's ch. f. by Soothsayer, out of Spitfire, received forfeit from Mr. Calley's ch. g. by Mountaineer, out of Nimble, 8st. 7lb. each, New Mile, 100gs. h. ft.

Renewed Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for two years, for all ages.—The winner to be sold for 300gs. if demanded, &c.—About two miles and a half.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Ramsbottom's b. h. Shreckhorn, by Skiddaw, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. 1  
 Mr. Biggs's b. h. Elastic, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. .... 2  
 Duke of York's bl. m. Soota, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. .... 3  
 Seven to 4 on the winner.—Won by half a length.

Match for 100gs. h. ft.—Two miles.

Mr. King's Tybalt, 7st. 10lb. .... 1  
 Mr. H. Neale's Cardenio, 9st. .... 2

The King arrived on the ground at one o'clock, and took his station in the Royal stand.

WEDNESDAY, June 20.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—The winner to be sold for 350gs. if demanded, &c.—Once round, and a distance. Mr. Ramsbottom's b. h. Shreckhorn, by Skiddaw, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.

(Buckle) ..... 1  
 Mr. Neale's Cardenio, 6 yrs old, 9st. .... 2  
 Mr. Wyndham's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Margaretta, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. .... 3  
 Mr. Stevens's br. c. Fonmon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. .... 4  
 Mr. Williams's ch. f. Amy, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. .... 5  
 Mr. Farrell's b. h. Piccaro, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. .... 6  
 Mr. Ward's br. f. by Mountaineer, dam by Sorcerer, 4 yrs old. .... 7  
 Seven to 4 on the winner.—Won by a length.

The Winkfield Stakes of 50gs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—New Mile.—Fourteen subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. by Woful, out of Charcoal ..... 1  
 Lord Lowther's c. Cuyp, by Haphazard—Landscape ..... 2  
 Mr. Goddard's f. by Haphazard, out of Spinetta ..... 3  
 Mr. Batson's b. c. Rosicrucian, by Sorcerer—Cecilia ..... 4  
 Six to 4 on the winner.—Won by a length.

The Billingbear Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb. warranted untried at the time of naming.—Old Mile.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Udny's ch. f. Ibla, by Truffle, out of Emily ..... 1

Lord Verulam's b. f. Varennes, Sister to Fandango ..... 2  
 Mr. Northey's b. c. by Hedley, out of Ralphina. .... 3  
 Ten to 4 were taken, that all the three winners were named.—Won by  
 a length.—The King was not present, and the course was but thinly  
 attended in comparison with the first day.

THURSDAY, June 21.—The Gold Cup, value 100gs. by seven sub-  
 scribers of 20gs. each (the surplus in specie), for all ages.—About two  
 miles and a half.

Duke of York's bay colt, Banker, by Smolensko, 5 yrs old;  
 8st. 2lb. .... walked over.

The Windsor Forest Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fil-  
 lies, 8st. 4lb.—The winner of the 2000gs. Stakes; Derby; or Oaks, to  
 carry 5lb. extra.—The Old Mile.—Five subscribers.

Mr. T. Sadler's b. f. Pastorella, by Fyldener ..... 1  
 Lord Verulam's b. f. Varennes, Sister to Fandango ..... 2  
 Five and 6 to 4 on Pastorella.

Second year of a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for three-year-old colts,  
 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—The winner of the Derby or Oaks to carry  
 7lb. extra.—New Mile.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Ramsbottom's br. c. by Octavius—Truth's dam ..... 1  
 Duke of York's b. c. by Walton ..... 2  
 Mr. Glew's b. f. Scowerer, by Raphael, out of Stella, by L'Orient .. 3  
 Mr. Frazer's b. c. Fitz Hedley ..... 4  
 Mr. Cay's b. c. Atom ..... 5  
 Six to 4 on the winner.

Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb.  
 fillies, 8st. 3lb.—New Mile.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Udney's ch. f. Pantouffe, by Crispin ..... 1  
 Mr. Wyndham's gr. c. by Young Gohanna, dam by Selim ..... 2  
 Lord Foley's ch. f. Breeze, by Soothsayer ..... 3  
 Five to 4 agst Pantouffe.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Biggs's b. c. Trance, by Phantom, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. .... 1 2 1  
 Mr. Pearce's b. m. Misery, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. .... 3 1 2  
 Mr. Cay's b. c. Atom, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 2 3 dr.  
 Mr. Ramsbottom's ch. f. Starlight, by Soothsayer, 3 yrs, 7st. .... 4 dr.  
 Two to 1 on Trance.

FRIDAY, June 22.—Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, 20gs. ft. for two-  
 year-old colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—The winner of a Sweepstakes  
 to carry 3lb. extra.—T. Y. C.—Four subscribers.

Mr. James's b. c. Ajax, by Amadis, out of Pentagon (Arnold) ..... 1  
 Duke of Rutland's b. c. by Smolensko, dam by Shuttle ..... 2  
 Lord Suffield's ch. c. by Juniper, out of Niobe (3lb. extra) ..... 3  
 Duke of York's gr. c. by Young Gohanna, dam by Rubens ..... 4  
 Five to 4 agst Lord Suffield's colt, 2 to 1 agst Duke of Rutland's colt,  
 and 4 to 1 agst colt by Young Gohanna.—Won by a length.

The Wokingham Stakes of 5gs. each (handicap), for three-year-olds and  
 upwards.—Seventeen subscribers.

Mr. L. Charlton's b. c. St. Patrick, by Sir Walter, 4 yrs, 7st. 13lb. (S. Day) .....	1
Duke of Rutland's ch. f. by Waxy—Penny Trumpet, 3 yrs, 7st. 7lb.	2
Mr. Rush's b. f. by Truffle, out of Reserve, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	3
The following also started, but were not placed :	
Mr. Dockeray's b. h. Slim, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. ....	0
Mr. Biggs's br. h. Elastic, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	0
Duke of York's bl. m. Soota, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	0
Mr. Grove's ch. g. Guistenelli, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	0
Col. Morland's ch. c. Lounger, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	0
Mr. Farrall's ch. f. by Blucher, out of Harriet, 6 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	0
Mr. Fraser's ch. c. Clan Albyn, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	0
Mr. Cay's b. c. Atom, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	0
Mr. T. Thornhill's ch. f. Scarpa, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. ....	0
Sir J. Shelley's b. f. Little Mab, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	0
Two to 1 agst St. Patrick, 4 to 1 agst Slim, 7 to 1 agst Soota, and 7 to 1 agst filly by Waxy.—Won by half a length.	

## Sweepstakes of 200gs. each.—New Mile.

Duke of Grafton's ch. c. by Woful—Charcoal, 8st. 7lb. ....	1
Lord Foley's ch. f. Breeze, by Soothsayer, 8st. ....	2
Duke of York's b. f. by Seymour, out of Lady of the Lake, 8st. ....	3
Mr. Vansittart's ch. f. by Comus—Alexandria, 8st. ....	4

## Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Heats, the Old Mile.

Mr. L. Charlton's b. c. St. Patrick, by Sir Walter, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. (S. Day) .....	1
Mr. King's br. g. Tybalt, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	3
Mr. T. Thornhill's ch. f. Scarpa, by Crispin, out of Bizarre, 3 yrs old, 7st, 11lb. ....	0
Mr. S. Pearce's br. f. by Phantom, out of Miranda, 4 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. ....	2
Mr. Perkin's b. c. by Ashton, out of Coquettilla, 3 yrs, 7st. 4lb.	0
Mr. Ryan's gr. h. Tempest, 5 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. ....	0
Six to 4 on St. Patrick, and 6 to 4 agst Tybalt; after the first heat, 2 to 1 on St. Patrick.—First heat won by half a length; second, by a length.	

## BEVERLEY MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, June 6.**—Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, p. p. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st.—One mile and a half.—Three subscribers.

Mr. King's b. f. Lunatic, by Prime Minister, out of Fulford's dam, (J. Jackson) .....	1
Mr. Whiting's b. c. by Tramp, dam by Gabriel .....	2
Two to 1 on the winner.—Won easy.	

## Fifty Pounds for horses, &amp;c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Haworth's gr. c. Joseph, by Cottingham, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. .	1
Lord Scarbrough's br. c. by Amadis, dam by Golumpus, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. ....	4
Mr.	1



Mr. Horsley's b. c. by Golumpus, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.....3 6 3  
 Mr. Spence's b. c. by Prime Minister, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.....2 2 4  
 Mr. Storey's b. c. by Cramlington, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.....5 4 5  
 Mr. Swabey's bl. c. Second-fly, by Whitelock, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. 6 5 6  
 Seven to 4 agst Lord Scarbrough's colt, and 4 to 1 agst the winner;  
 after the first heat, 2 to 1 agst him.—Won easy.

**THURSDAY, June 7.**—The Gold Cup, by eight subscriptions of ten guineas each, with 20gs. added: three-year-olds, 6st. 9lb.; four, 8st. 2lb.; five, 8st. 13lb.; six and aged, 9st. 4lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Three miles.

Mr. G. L. Fox's b. h. Cardinal Wolsey, by Cardinal York, 5 yrs old, (W. Scott) ..... 1  
 Mr. J. Ferguson's ch. f. The Lady of the Vale, 4 yrs old..... 2  
 Mr. Watt's ch. c. Cæsar, by Cerberus, 4 yrs old..... 3  
 Mr. Yarburgh's b. f. by Prime Minister, dam by Orville, 3 yrs old.. 4  
 Even betting Lady of the Vale agst the field; 7 to 4 agst the winner, and 3 to 1 agst Cæsar.—A fine race.

**The Members' Purse of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Three-mile heats.**

Mr. G. L. Fox's b. h. Percy, by Walton, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.... 2 1 1  
 Mr. G. Pelham's b. m. Cottage Girl, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb..... 1 2 2  
 Mr. Shipley's b. m. Jenny Horner, aged, 8st. 7lb..... 3 3 3  
 Even betting Percy against the field; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on Cottage Girl.—Won easy.

**FRIDAY, June 8.**—The Hunters' Stakes of ten guineas each, for horses, &c.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Thorold's br. g. Whynot, 6 yrs old, 12st. (Mr. Tatton Sykes).. 1  
 Mr. W. Worsley's b. g. Skipjack, by Kite, aged, 12st..... 2  
 Mr. Mason's ch. g. by Mowbray, dam by Barnaby, out of Cleasby's dam ..... 8  
 Mr. G. Pelham's b. g. by Truth, 6 yrs old, 12st..... 4  
 Mr. Bell's b. h. by Screveton, aged, 12st..... 5  
 Thres to 1 agst Whynot.

**FRIDAY, June 8.**—A Silver Cup, given by the town of Hull, value 50gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Storey's b. horse, Little England, by Cramlington, aged, 9st. (J. Shepherd)..... 5 0 1 1  
 Mr. Wright's b. c. Master Fray, by Piccadilly, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb. (rec. 10gs.) ..... 2 3 0 2  
 Mr. Haworth's gr. colt, Joseph, by Cottingham, out of Defamer's dam, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb..... 3 0 0 3  
 Major Bower's b. c. by Prime Minister, 3 yrs old, 7st.... 1 5 0 bol.  
 Lord Scarbrough's b. c. by Smolensko, 3 yrs old, 7st.... 4 4 2 dr.  
 The second was a dead heat between Little England and Joseph; the third, the Judge placed only two.—A very fine race, and won by the brilliant exertions of John Shepherd, whose handling of Little England was the general admiration of the spectators.

## IRVINE MEETING.—(Continued from p. 16.)

**SIR** William Maxwell's gr. f. Dodo, by Viscount, out of Brillante, received forfeit from Lord Queensberry's f. Nan, by Break, out of Dumfriesshire-Lass, both two years old, 8st. each, one mile, 200 guineas, h. ft.

**THURSDAY, May 3.**—Match for 100gs.; catch weights.—Two miles.

Mr. Pollock's Miss Beningbrough .....	1
Mr. Gumfright's Hamburgh-Lass .....	2

## STAMFORD MEETING.

**TUESDAY, June 26.**—The Burleigh Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Once round, and a distance.—Eight subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's b. c. Adolphus, by Thunderbolt, out of Musidora, 8st. 7lb. (S. Day).....	1
Lord Exeter's b. f. Augusta, by Woful—Rubens, 8st. 11lb.....	2
Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. f. Civet, by Cervantes—Kitten, 8st. 4lb.....	3
Mr. Hunter's ch. c. Rasselas, by Walton, 8st. 7lb.....	4
Dr. Willis's ch. c. Slouch, by Haphazard, 8st. 7lb.....	5

Three to 1 on Augusta.—A fine race.

The Macaroni Stakes of 25gs. each, h. ft. for horses, &c.—Gentlemen riders.—Twice round the Course.—Two subscribers.

Mr. Platel's b. f. Fudge, by Soothsayer, 4 yrs old, 10st. 11lb. walked over.

The Town Purse of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Platel's b. f. Fudge, by Soothsayer, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. (S. Barnet)...	1
Mr. Villiers's ch. c. Tanais, by Don Cossack, out of Wood-Nymph, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (bolted).....	dis.
Even betting on the winner.	

**WEDNESDAY, June 27.**—Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—New Mife.—Three subscribers.

Lord Exeter's b. c. Mokanna, by Soothsayer, out of a Sister to Chippenham..... walked over.

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 6lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.—Five subscribers.

Ld. Grosvenor's br. c. Broxton, by Thunderbolt, out of Opal (S. Day)	1
General Grosvenor's ch. f. Betty Hint, by Selim—Mite.....	2
Mr. Platel's ch. c. Smyrna, by Selim.....	3

Even betting on the winner.—A fine race.

The Gold Cup, value 100gs. by thirteen subscribers of 10gs. each (the surplus in specie), for horses, &c.—Four miles.

Lord Clarendon's b. f. Antiope, by Whalebone, out of Amazon, 4 yrs, 7st. 4lb. (T. Clift) .....	1
Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. Moonshine, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.....	2
Mr. Hunter's ch. c. Rasselas, 3 yrs old, 6st.....	3
Dr. Willis's h. Snail, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.....	4

Six

Six to 4 on the winner, 5 to 2 agst Moonshine, and 5 to 1 agst Rasselas.  
A good race.

Fifty Pounds for three-year-old colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st.—Heats, once round the Course.

Lord Clarendon's b. c. Alasco, by Clavelino (T. Clift)..... 1 1  
Mr. Wright's br. c. Haddon, by Pericles..... 2 dr.  
Mr. Saile's ch. f. Moiety, by Rubens—Antelope..... 3 dr.  
Two to 1 on the winner.—Won easy.

THURSDAY, June 28.—Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Gentlemen riders.—Heats, twice round the Course.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Thorold's br. g. Whynot, 6 yrs, 11st. 11lb. (Mr. T. Sykes).. 1 1  
Mr. Wright's b. g. Moses, by Alonzo, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb..... 2 2  
Three to 1 on the winner.—Won very easy.

Fifty Pounds for three-year-olds and upwards.—Heats, twice round.

Lord Clarendon's b. c. Alasco, by Clavelino, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.. 1 1  
Mr. Stephenson's b. c. Ashbud, 4 yrs old, 8st..... 2 2  
Mr. Drage's b. c. Snowball, by Sir Paul, dam by Dick Andrews,  
3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb..... 4 3  
Mr. Platel's b. f. Fudge, by Soothsayer, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.... 3 4  
Three to 1 on the winner.—Won very easy.

Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 3lb.—General Grosvenor's Course, from the Cross Plantation-in.  
—Six subscribers.

Lord Exeter's br. c. Stamford, by Haphazard, out of Bess (J. Robinson)..... 1  
General Grosvenor's ch. c. Roebuck, by Chilton..... 2  
Mr. Bouverie's ch. c. by Clavileno, out of Quail..... 3  
General Grosvenor's ch. f. Betty Hint, by Selim..... 4  
Mr. Udny's b. c. by Partisan, out of Wowski..... 5  
Sir A. Don's f. by Raphael, dam by Sir Charles..... pd.  
Five to 4 on the winner.—A good race.

## NANTWICH MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, June 27.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Denham's b. g. Oxtan, by Marmion, dam by Remembrancer,  
4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb..... 6 1 1  
Mr. T. Cooke's ch. f. Harmonia, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb..... 1 5 3  
Sir T. Mostyn's ch. c. Blood Royal, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb..... 4 3 2  
Mr. Beardsworth's b. f. Lœana, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb..... 5 2 4  
Mr. Jones's ch. f. Phœbe, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb..... 2 4 dr.  
Mr. Cooke's ch. m. Rosa, by King Bladud, aged, 8st. 8lb..... 3 dr.  
The Gold Cup, value 100gs. by seven subscribers of 10gs. each, with  
30gs. added, for all ages.—Three miles.

Sir W. Wynne's b. h. Tarragon, by Haphazard, 5 yrs, 8st. 12lb.... 1  
Mr. Mytton's b. c. Halston, 4 yrs old, 8st..... 2  
Sir W. Wynne's ch. f. Cambrian-Lass, 4 yrs, 8st. (broke down).... 3

THURS-

**THURSDAY, June 28.**—Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, with 25gs. added, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two-mile heats.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. Cedric, by Walton, 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb. .... 4 1 1  
 Mr. Denham's ch. c. The Abbot, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. .... 1 2 2  
 Mr. Ashall's b. c. Slender Jack, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. .... 3 3 dis.  
 Mr. Duncan's b. g. The Corsair, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. .... 2 dr.

Handicap Stakes of 15gs. each, 5gs. ft. with 15gs. added, for horses, &c.—Two miles.

Mr. Mytton's ch. h. Mandeville, by Young Woodpecker, 6 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... 1  
 Mr. Thompson's b. h. Fitz-Langton, 5 yrs, 7st. 6lb. .... 2

Mr. Cooke's ch. m. Rosa, by King Bladud, aged, against Mr. Acton's ch. f. by Remembrancer, two miles, 50gs.; Rosa walked over.

### GUILDFORD MEETING.

**THURSDAY, June 28.**—The King's Purse of 100gs. for horses, &c. Four-mile heats.

Mr. King's br. g. Tybalt, by Thunderbolt, 4 yrs, 10st. 4lb. .... 1 1  
 Captain Wyndham's b. h. by Whalebone, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. .... 2 dr.  
 Mr. Brown's br. g. Marksman, aged, 12st. 2lb. .... 3 dr.  
 Mr. Stevens's br. c. Fonmon, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. .... 4 dr.  
 Mr. Farrell's b. c. Picaro, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. .... 5 dr.

The Town's Purse of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Wetherell's ch. f. Elizabeth, by Granicus, 4 yrs, 8st. 4lb. 6 2 1 1  
 Mr. Cay's b. c. Atom, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. .... 5 1 2 2  
 Mr. Stevens's br. c. Fonmon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... 1 4 4 3  
 Mr. Gates's bl. f. Corset, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. .... 2 3 3 dr.  
 Mr. J. Edwards's b. f. Little Mab, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. .... 3 dr.  
 Captain Wyndham's b. f. by Young Gohanna, 3 yrs, 7st. 11lb. 4 dr.

**FRIDAY, June 29.**—The Members' Purse of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Thresher's b. c. Carbon, by Waxy, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... 1 1  
 Mr. Brown's br. g. Marksman, aged, 9st. 4lb. .... 3 2  
 Mr. Field's b. g. Philip, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. .... 2 3

### BIBURY MEETING.

**TUESDAY, July 3.**—The Bibury Stakes of 25gs. each, 15gs. ft. with 30gs. added by the Club.—Thirteen subscribers.—Two miles.

Mr. Fraser's ch. c. Clan Albyn, by Mountaineer, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb. .... 1  
 Mr. Pryse's ch. h. Dr. Eady, 5 yrs old, 9st. .... 2  
 Mr. West's b. h. Alpha, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. .... 3  
 Mr. Jones's b. c. Valentine, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. .... 4  
 Six to 4 on Dr. Eady.

The Barford Stakes of 10gs. each, with 25gs. added by the Club.—Heats, the New Mile.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Charlton's b. c. St. Patrick, by Sir Walter, 4 yrs, 8st. 11lb. .... 1 1  
 Mr.

# THE RACING CALENDAR.

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Mr. Dundas's b. c. Pelican, 5 yrs old, 9st. 6lb.....	3	2
Mr. West's b. h. Alpha, 5 yrs old, 9st. 6lb.....	2	3
Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Scarpa, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.....	4	4

St. Patrick the favourite.

**WEDNESDAY, July 4.**—The Welter Stakes of 20gs. each, h. ft. for any horse, &c. 12st. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.

Captain Berkeley's b. h. Alfred, by Fitz-Teazle, 5 yrs old.....	1
Mr. Pryse's b. m. Rosamond, by Grimaldi, out of Octavia, 6 yrs....	2
Mr. Dundas's br. g. Wisdom, aged .....	3

The winner was sold for 250gs.

Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-years-old colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—New Mile.

Mr. Pryse's gr. f. Undine, by Grimaldi, out of Frances.....	1
Mr. Jones's br. c. Valentine, Brother to Fanny.....	2

Handicap Purse of 50l.—Heats, the New Mile.

Mr. West's br. h. Fitz-Orville, by Orville, aged, 10st. 5lb.....	1	3	1
Mr. Pryse's b. m. Rosamond, by Grimaldi, 6 yrs, 9st. 12lb.....	4	1	3
Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Scarpa, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.....	3	2	2
Mr. Dundas's b. c. Pelican, 5 yrs old, 9st. 9lb.....	2	dr.	

Scarpa the favourite.

## LANCASTER MEETING.

**TUESDAY, July 3.**—The Town Purse of 50l. for maiden horses, &c.: three-year-olds; 6st. 10lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Simpson's b. f. by Corrector, 3 yrs old (G. Tate) .....	1	1
Mr. James's ch. c. A B C, by X Y Z, 3 yrs old.....	2	2

Five to 1 agst the winner.—Very easy.

**WEDNESDAY, July 4.**—The Gold Cup, added to a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each.—Three miles.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Peirse's b. h. Reveller, by Comus, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	1
Mr. Riddell's br. h. Doctor Syntax, aged, 8st. 12lb. ....	2

Five to 2 on Doctor Syntax.—Easy.

Seventy Pounds for three-year-olds, 7st. 2lb.; four, 8st. 7lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Sir J. H. Maxwell's gr. f. Fair Helen, by Viscount, 4 yrs (B. Smith) 1	1
Major Bower's b. c. by Prime Minister, 3 yrs old.....2	2

Two to 1 on Fair Helen.—Won easy.

Two to 1 on Fair Helen.—Won easy.

**THURSDAY, July 5.**—The Hunters' Stakes of 10gs. each, for horses, &c. 12st. each.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Horrocks's bl. g. Blackrock, by Windle, 5 yrs old.....	1
Mr. C. Mason's ch. g. Kenilworth, by Mowbray .....	2
Mt. Lodge's ch. g. Buckram, by Foxhunter .....	3
Mr. Langton's br. m. aged .....	4
Mt. M'Minnies's ch. g. Done and Done, aged .....	5

IPSWICH

## IPSWICH MEETING.

**TUESDAY, July 3.**—The King's Purse of 100gs. for three-year-olds, 7st. 12lb. four, 9st. 6lb.—Fillies allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats:

Lord Jersey's b. c. Sporus, by Orville, 4 yrs old .....	1	1
Mr. Jones's br. c. by Sorcerer, 4 yrs old .....	2	2
Lord Rous's ch. f. Mæotis, 3 yrs old .....	3	3
Mr. Meynell's b. f. Muslin, by Williamson's Ditto, out of Crape's dam, 3 yrs old .....	4	4

Even betting.—A most excellent race.

**WEDNESDAY, July 4.**—The Gentlemen's Purse of 50gs. for three-year-olds, 7st. 7lb.; four, 8st. 11lb.; five, 9st. 4lb.; six, 9st. 8lb.; and aged, 9st. 10lb.—Heats, two miles and a quarter.

Mr. Jones's br. c. by Sorcerer, 4 yrs old .....	1	1
Lord Rous's Hoopoe, by Quiz, 4 yrs old .....	2	2

The winner the favourite.—Won easy.

**THURSDAY, July 5.**—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Heats, about two miles and a quarter.

Mr. Jones's br. c. by Sorcerer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	1	1
Lord Rous's ch. f. Mæotis, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	2	2
Mr. Meynell's b. f. Muslin, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	dis.	

Fifty Pounds for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Rous's ch. c. Hoopoe, by Quiz, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	4	3	1	1
Mr. Meynell's b. f. Muslin, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. ....	0	1	2	2
Mr. Jones's br. c. by Sorcerer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	0	2	dr.	
Mr. Cockrell's ch. m. by Selim, 6 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. ....	3	dis.		

## HAMPTON MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, July 4.**—Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, with 75gs. added, for all ages.—Heats, once and a half round.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Brown's ch. h. Wouvermans, by Rubens, 6 yrs old, 9st. ....	2	1	1
Mr. Northey's b. c. by Hedley, 3 yrs old .....	1	2	2
Mr. King's br. g. Tybalt, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	3	4	3
Mr. Scaith's b. f. Elvira, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. ....	4	3	4
Six to 4 agst Wouvermans, 7 to 4 agst Tybalt; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on the colt by Hedley; after the second heat, even on Wouvermans.			

**THURSDAY, July 5.**—The Cobourg Stakes of 5gs. each, with 20gs. added, for all ages.—Heats, once and a half round.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Brown's ch. h. Wouvermans, by Rubens, 6 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. ....	1	1
Mr. Scaith's b. f. Mrs. Bang, 4 yrs old .....	3	2
Mr. Glew's b. f. Souvenir, 3 yrs old .....	4	3
Mr. Roger's b. c. Carbon, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	2	4

Even betting on the winner.

The Ladies' Purse of 50gs.—Heats, once and a half round the Course.

Mr. Field's b. g. Philip, by Sir Paul, 3 yrs, 8st. 9lb. ....	1	1
Mr. Brown's br. g. Marksman, aged, 9st. ....	5	2
Mr. Berkeley's b. g. Saddleback, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	4	3
Mr.		

Mr. Cay's b. c. Atom, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb.	3	4
Mr. Dockwray's br. h. Slim, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.	2	dr.
Mr. Boyce's b. m. Sappho, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.	6	dr.
Mr. Duncombe's b. c. Smolensko.	7	dr.

Slim the favourite.—Two to 1 agst the winner.—A charge of crossing having been brought against the rider of Philip the second heat, by the rider of Marksman, and the Stewards not being able to decide the dispute immediately, a third heat was run between Saddleback and Marksman, subject to the decision, and won by the latter.

FRIDAY, July 6.—Handicap Stakes of 5gs. each, with 20gs. added.—Heats, one mile.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Deckwray's br. h. Slim, by Selim, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	1	2	3	1
Mr. Berkeley's b. g. Saddleback, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.	2	1	2	2
Mr. Boyce's b. m. Sappho, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	3	3	1	3
Mr. Mappleston's Yeoman, aged, 8st.	4	dr.		

Six to 4 agst Slim, 7 to 4 agst Saddleback, 3 to 1 agst Sappho; after the first heat, 6 to 4 on Slim; after the second heat, even betting on Saddleback; after the third heat, even betting on Sappho, and 4 to 1 agst the winner. Every heat was well contested.

Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for horses, &c. not thorough bred, 11st. each.—Gentlemen riders.

Mr. Rogers's bay mare, aged.	1	1
Mr. Berkeley's bay mare.	2	2
Mr. Shaw's bay mare	3	bol.

Five to 4 agst the winner.

### TENBURY MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, July 4.—Fifty Pounds for horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Painter's b. g. Coxcomb, by Fitz-James, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	1	1
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Carpenter, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	5	2
Mr. Canning's b. f. by Fyldener, out of Slawg, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb.	2	3
Mr. O. Gore's b. f. Rosina, by Sir H. Dimsdale, out of Mary, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.	4	4
Mr. R. Allen's b. g. by Sultan, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb.	6	5
Lord Stamford's bl. c. Firebrand, by Thunderbolt, out of Petronilla, 3 yrs old, 7st.	3	dr.

Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, with 10gs. added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Painter's b. c. The Main, by Haphazard, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	1	1
Lord Stamford's br. h. Magician, 5 yrs old, 9st.	2	dr.
Mr. W. Moseley named b. c. Hippus, by Williamson's Ditto, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	3	dr.
Mr. Patrick's gr c. by Y. Walton, dam by Grimaldi, 3 yrs, 7st. 2lb. dis.		

THURSDAY, July 5.—Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, for hunters.—Three-mile heats.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. T. Pickernell's ch. m. Mary Ann, by Applegarth, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	walked over.
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## NEWMARKET JULY MEETING.

**MONDAY, July 9.**—The July Stakes of 50gs. each, 30gs. ft. for two-year-old colts; 8st. 6lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.—Eighteen subscribers.

Lord Rous's b. c. The Stag, Brother to Gazelle, by Sorcerer, out of Jerboa (Arnold) .....	1
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Guerilla, by Partisan, out of Coquette .....	2
Mr. Wyndham's b. c. by Octavius, dam by Gohanna, out of Amazon ..	3
Mr. Rush's ch. f. by Rubens, out of Reserve .....	4

The following also started, but were not placed :

Duke of Rutland's b. c. by Smolensko—Shuttle .....	0
Mr. Hunter's colt, by Haphazard—Pea Blossom .....	0
Lord Grosvenor's br. c. Brother to Falcon .....	0
Duke of Rutland's b. c. by Sir Paul—Streamlet .....	0
Lord Exeter's br. c. Stamford, by Haphazard, out of Bess .....	0
Mr. Rogers's b. f. by Marmion, dam by Precipitate, out of Colibri ..	0
Five to 2 agst Stamford, 3 to 1 agst Guerilla, 5 to 1 agst The Stag, 7 to 1 agst Mr. Wyndham's b. c. 8 to 1 agst Mr. Rush's ches. filly, and 8 to 1 agst Brother to Falcon.—Won easy.	

**TUESDAY, July 10.**—Second year of a renewal of a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for horses, &c.—T. M. M.—Twelve subscribers.

Duke of Grafton's b. f. Topsy, by Election, out of Mirth, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. ....	1
Mr. Wyndham's gr. c. by Young Gohanna, dam by Selim, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. ....	2
Lord G. H. Cavendish's ch. f. by Soothsayer, out of Sister to Whalebone, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. ....	3
Lord Jersey's ch. c. Oracle, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. ....	4
Duke of Portland's b. c. Locksley, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. ....	5
Mr. Fox's br. f. Lady Peter, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. ....	6
Two to 1 agst Oracle, 3 to 1 agst Locksley, and 10 to 1 agst Topsy.—Won easy.	

Fifty Pounds for three-year-olds and upwards.—D. I.

Mr. Wyndham's b. c. Robin Hood, by Octavius, 4 yrs, 8st., walked over.

**WEDNESDAY, July 11.**—The Red Lion Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for two-year-old colts, 8st. 6lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.—Four subscribers.

Mr. R. Wilson's ch. c. by Chilton, out of Antelope, by Sorcerer ....	1
Major Wilson's b. f. by Partisan, dam by Oscar .....	2

Two to 1 on the winner.—Very easy.

The Town Purse of 50l. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 4lb. fillies, 8st.—Last mile and distance of B. C.

Mr. Wyndham's bl. c. by Octavius .....	1
Lord Rous's br. c. Incantator, by Sorcerer .....	2
Lord Exeter's b. c. Mokanna, by Soothsayer, out of Sister to Chippenham .....	3

Two to 1 on the winner, and 3 to 1 agst Incantator.

Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for two-year-olds, 6st. 11lb. three, 9st.—T. Y. C.—Nineteen subscribers.

Mr.



## THE RACING CALENDAR.

4

Mr. Rush's ch. c. Brother to Ringleader, 3 yrs old (Robinson) ....	1
Lord Jersey's f. Sister to Master Henry, 2 yrs old .....	2
Mr. Wyndham's gr. c. by Young Gohanna, out of Mermaid, 2 yrs ..	3

The following also sarterd, but were not placed :

Mr. Villiers's b. c. by Ditto, out of Feather, 3 yrs old .....	0
Mr. Bouverie's c. by Clavelino—Quail, 2 yrs old.....	0
Mr. Rogers's b. c. by Blucher—Little Jane, 3 yrs old .....	0
Mr. Wortley names b. c. Little Darcy, 3 yrs old .....	0
Duke of Rutland's b. c. by Sir Paul, out of Streamlet, 2 yrs old ..	0
Lord Foley's ch. f. by Soothsayer—Pipylina, 2 yrs old .....	0
Lord G. H. Cavendish's ch. f. by Middlethorpe, out of Pagoda, 2 yrs	0
Mr. Neville names f. by Blucher—Mockbird, 2 yrs old.....	0

Two to 1 agst the winner.—A fine race.

Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, for fillies, 8st. 4lb. each.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Rush's ch. by Rubens, out of Reserve (Robinson) .....	1
Major Wilson's f. by Rubens, out of Tippetwitchet .....	2
Mr. Wyndham's f. by Y. Gohanna—Snowdon's dam .....	3
Mr. Greville's f. by Sir Harry Dimsdale, out of Harriet .....	4
Mr. Payne's f. by Partisan, out of Bizarre .....	pd.

Two to 1 agst the winner.—Won easy.

### PRESTON MEETING.

**TUESDAY, July 10.**—Sweepstakes of 50gs. each; colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Those got by untried stallions, &c. allowed 3lb.—Two miles, and a distance.—Eighteen subscribers.

Lord Grosvenor's b. f. Bittern, by Thunderbolt, out of Plover— R. Spencer—(allowed 3lb.).....	1
Mr. Clifton's br. c. Odds, by Haphazard (allowed 3lb.) .....	2
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. by Cardinal York, out of Podagra.....	3
Mr. Yates's b. f. by Sir Oliver, out of Berenice.....	4

Eleven to 10 agst Bittern, and 3 to 1 agst Odds.—Easy.

Seventy Pounds for horses, &c. of all ages.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Heats, two miles, and a distance.

Lord Derby's bl. f. by Milo, dam by Sorcerer .....	3	1	1
Mr. Robinson's b. f. by Marmion .....	2	3	2
Mr. Clifton's b. c. Thornton, by Comus.....	1	2	dr.

Five to 4 on Thornton, and 3 to 1 agst the winner.—First heat a fine race, the others easy.

**WEDNESDAY, July 11.**—The Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each; for three-year-olds, 6st. 6lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six, and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—Three miles, and a distance.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Riddell's br. h. Doctor Syntax, by Paynator, aged (R. Johnson)	1
Mr. Peirse's b. h. Reveller, 6 yrs old .....	2
Sir J. H. Maxwell's gr. f. Fair Helen, 4 yrs old .....	3

Six to 4 on Reveller, 2 to 1 agst Doctor Syntax, and 7 to 1 agst Fair Helen.—Easy.

**Seventy Pounds, for three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb. four-year-olds, 8st. 7lb.**  
—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. maiden horses, &c. 2lb.—Heats,  
two miles, and a distance.

Sir J. H. Maxwell's gr. f. Fair Helen, by Viscount, 4 yrs old,  
(B. Smith) ..... 2 1 1  
Mr. Clifton's b. c. Arbiter, 4 yrs old, ..... 1 2 dr.  
At starting, 5 to 4 on Fair Helen.—Won easy.

**THURSDAY, July 12.**—Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. for four-  
year-olds.—One mile and a quarter.—Eight subscribers.

Sir W. Maxwell's ch. c. Jock the Laird's Brother, by Viscount, 8st.  
4lb. (W. Scott) ..... 1  
Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. Stingo, by Champion, out of Fanina, 8st. 4lb. 2  
Lord Stamford's b. c. Peter Lely, by Rubens, 8st. 4lb. .... 3  
Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Brother to Hooton, 8st. 7lb. .... 4  
Two to 1 agst Stingo, 5 to 2 agst Jock the Laird's Brother, 5 to 2  
agst Peter Lely, and 4 to 1 agst Sir T. Stanley's colt.

**Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for hunters, not thorough bred, 12st, each.**  
Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Mr. S. Horrocks's (jun.) bl. g. Blackrock, by Windle, 5 yrs old .... 1  
Mr. Gillow's bl. m. Little Martha, by Pam, aged, ..... 2  
Mr. C. Fletcher's gr. c. Jack, aged, ..... 3  
Four to 1 on the winner.—Won easy.

**Seventy Pounds, for all ages.**—Heats, three miles, and a distance.  
Mr. James's br. h. Saucebox, by Walton, 5 yrs old (R. Johnson) 1 1  
Mr. Robinson's b. f. by Marmion, 3 yrs old, ..... 2 dr.  
Six to 1 on the winner.

### BATH MEETING.

**TUESDAY, July 10.**—Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, with 50l. added,  
for horses, &c.—Two miles, and a distance.—Twenty-six sub-  
scribers.

Lord Palmerston's b. c. by Rubens, dam by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old,  
8st. 7lb. .... 1  
Mr. Canning's bl. c. Gleaner, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 2  
Mr. Beechey's b. c. by Hedley, out of Atalanta, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 3

The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr. Dundas's br. c. Berkshire Boy, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 0  
Mr. Bartley's br. m. Victorine, 5 yrs old, 9st. .... 0  
Mr. C. Day's gr. f. by Grimaidi, out of Snowdrop, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. .. 0

The Members' Purse of 50l. was won, at two heats, by Mr. Gardi-  
ner's ch. f. Imogen, by Haphazard, beating two others.

Mr. Biggs's b. c. by Camerton, received forfeit from Mr. Calley's b. c.  
by Mountaineer.

**WEDNESDAY, July 11.**—The Kelston Stakes of 25gs. each, for  
three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile.—Seventeen  
subscribers.

Mr. T. Sadler's b. f. Pastorella, by Fyldener ..... 1  
Mr.

Mr. Goddard's b. f. by Haphazard, out of Spinetta.....	2
Mr. Fraser's c. Fitz-Hedley, by Hedley.....	3
Mr. Biggs's b. c. by Camerton, out of Lamia.....	4
Mr. Russell's b. c. by Gnatho, out of Enchantress.....	5
Sir W. Wynne's dark b. c. by Champion, out of a brown mare by Williamson's Ditto .....	6

Fifty Pounds given by the Members for the city.—Heats, two miles,  
and a distance.

Mr. Goddard's b. f. by Haphazard, out of Spinetta, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.....	1	1
Mr. Dundas's b. c. Chef d'Œuvre, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb.....	2	2
Sir W. Wyane's b. c. by Champion (fell lame).....	3	dr.

Both heats well contested.

The Dyrham Stakes, a free handicap of 10gs. each, with 30gs. added.  
One-mile heats.

Mr. Bartley's b. g. Swindon, by Lewes, 5 yrs.....	1	1
Mr. Apperley's b. m. Victorine, 5 yrs old.....	3	2
Mr. Dundas's b. c. by Turtle—Shoestrings, 4 yrs old.....	2	3

# NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE MEETING.

**M**ONDAY, July 16.—Produce Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft.—Two  
miles.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Watson's ch. f. Fortuna, Sister to Woodbine, by Comus, dam by Patriot, 8st. (J. Day).....	1
Mr. Riddell's b. f. Jean d'Arc, by Comus, 8st.....	2
Mr. Baillie's b. f. by Stamford, or Viscount, out of Penelope, 7st. 11lb. 3 Seven to 2 on Fortuna.—Won very easy.	3

Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, for colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—From the  
Newcastle Turn-in.

Mr. Brandling's b. c. by Prime Minister, dam by Ruler (J. Jackson) 1	
Sir W. Maxwell's gr. c. Ben Nevis, by Viscount, out of Mrs. Barnet.. 2	
Mr. Lambton's br. c. by Amadis, out of Rosalind..... 3	
Lord Queensberry's gr. c. Senator, by Prime Minister. .... 4	

Even betting on Ben Nevis, and 5 to 1 agst the winner.—A fine race.

The Swinburne Castle Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 3lb. fil-  
lies, 8st.—Two-year-olds' Course.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr. c. The Swap, by Catton, dam by Hambleto- nian (W. Scott) .....	1
Mr. Riddell's b. c. The Whig, Brother to Colwell, by X Y Z.....	2
Mr. Lambton's ch. c. Leopold—Shepherd's dam.....	3
Lord Kelburn's b. c. Sir William, Brother to Archibald .....	4
Mr. Benson's (jun.) Shuffler, by Walton—Arabella.....	5
Sir M. Ridley's ch. c. by Walton, dam by Patriot.....	6

Even betting on The Whig, and the winner not mentioned.—A great  
betting race.—Won easy at last.

**TUESDAY**, July 17.—Second year of a renewal of the Gosforth  
Stakes of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—  
Two miles.—Nine subscribers.

Mr.

Mr. Lambton's gr. c. Dunsinane, by Macbeth, 4 yrs, 8st. 3lb. (T. Nicholson) .....	0	1
Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr. h. The Marshal, 6 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	0	2
Mr. Loftus's br. c. Domain (late Alert), by Bucephalus, dam by Dick Andrews, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	3	
Mr. Watson's ch. f. Woodbine, by Comus, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. ....	4	
Mr. Storey's b. h. Little England, aged, 8st. 10lb. ....	5	
Six to 4 agst The Marshal, and 7 to 4 agst Dunsinane; after the dead heat, 6 to 4 on Dunsinane, who won easy.		

The Filly Stakes of 25gs. each, 10gs. ft. for three-year-olds, 8st. each.  
One mile.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Watson's ch. Fortuna, by Comus, dam by Patriot (J. Day) ....	1	
Mr. Kirby's b. La Belle, by Magic, out of Laura .....	2	
Five to 2 on the winner.—Very easy.		

The King's Purse of 100gs. : four-year-olds, 10st. 4lb. ; five, 11st. 6lb. ;  
six, 12st. ; and aged, 12st. 2lb.—Four miles.

Mr. Lambton's br. c. Borodino, by Smolensko, 4 yrs (T. Nicholson) ..	1	
Mr. W. Peirse's b. c. by Whitworth, out of Arabella, 4 yrs old. ....	2	
Mr. Wright's b. c. Master Fray, 4 yrs old. ....	3	
Even betting on Borodino, 5 to 2 agst Master Fray, and 3 to 1 agst Mr. Pierce's c.—A good race.		

The Silver Cup, value 60gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 5gs. each,  
for three-year-olds and upwards.—Heats, two miles and a quarter.—  
Fifteen subscribers.

Mr. Ferguson's gr. c. Jonathan, by Octavian, dam by Sir Harry Dimsdale, 3 yrs old, 7st. (T. Lye) .....	1	1
Mr. Frankland's b. f. Caroline, 4 yrs old, 8st. (recd. 20gs.) ....	6	2
Mr. Lambton's br. c. Cavalier, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	3	3
Mr. W. Peirse's b. c. by Whitworth, out of Arabella, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	4	4
Mr. Kirby's b. c. Canova, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	2	5
Mr. Catterson's ch. c. by Walton, dam by Phenomenon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	5	dr.
Even betting on Jonathan.—The first heat was won easy, the second a very fine race.		

THURSDAY, July 19.—The Gold Cup, by twelve subscribers of  
10gs. each : for three-year olds, 6st. 4lb. ; four, 7st. 11lb. ; five, 8st.  
7lb. ; six and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Four miles.

Lord Queensberry's b. c. Gonsalvi, by C. York, 4 yrs (B. Smith) ..	1	
Mr. Lambton's gr. h. Consul, by Camillus, 5 yrs old .....	2	
Mr. Beaumont's ch. f. Woodbine, 4 yrs old .....	3	
Sir M. W. Ridley's b. g. Chorister, by Comus, 4 yrs old. ....	4	
Mr. Brandling's br. c. by Don Cossack, dam by Hambletonian, 3 yrs old (broke down) .....	0	
Thirteen to 8 on Consul, and 5 to 2 agst the winner.—Won easy.		

The Members' Purse of 50l. for horses, &c. : for three-year-olds, 6st.  
7lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 9lb. ; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares al-  
lowed 3lb.—Heats, two miles, and a distance.

Lord

Lord Queensberry's br. mare, Miss Syntax, by Payuator, aged, (B. Smith) .....	1	1
Mr. Loftus's b. c. Middleton, by Orville, 4 yrs old .....	2	2
Two to 1 on the winner.—Won very easy.		

### CURRAGH JUNE MEETING, IRELAND.

**SATURDAY, June 9.**—Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, 10gs. ft. for hunters, &c.—Three-year-olds' course.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Caldwell's b. c. Pirate, 7st. 12lb. ....	1
Mr. Andrews's c. by Gauntlet, 6st. 5lb. ....	2
Mr. Prendergast's ch. Patch colt, 7st. ....	3
Mr. Hunter's b. h. Cardinal, 7st. 7lb. ....	4
Seven to 4 agst Pirate.	

**MONDAY, June 11.**—The Kirwan Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft.—Post on the Flat.—The second saved his stake.

Mr. Duly's ch. c. Bob Roy, by Bob Booty, 5 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. ....	1
Sir N. Loftus's b. c. Cade, by Antagonist, out of Turk's dam, 3 yrs old, 5st. (bolted) .....	2
Mr. Caldwell's b. h. Noble, 5 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	3
The following also started, but were not placed :	

Lord Cremorne's b. f. Thetis, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	0
Mr. M'Donnell's Don Juan, 4 yrs old, 7st. ....	0
Sir N. Loftus's b. c. by Sir Walter, or Friday, out of Patch, 3 yrs old, 5st. 6lb. ....	0
Mr. Gore's b. c. out of Rosa, 3 yrs old, 6st. ....	0
Five subscribers paid half forfeit, and eleven others having declared forfeit in September, paid 5gs. each.—Three to 1 agst Cade, 3 to 1 agst Bob Roy, 4 to 1 agst Thetis, 4 to 1 agst Don Juan, 5 to 1 agst Noble and Patch, and 6 to 1 agst Mr. Gore's colt.	

The Caldwell Stakes of 25gs. each, 10gs. ft. for hunters, to which racers were admitted.—Three-year-olds' Course.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Battersby's Johnny Raw, 5 yrs old, 5st. 6lb. ....	1
Mr. Caldwell's b. c. Pirate, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	2
Lord Cremorne's ch. h. Roller, aged, 9st. 2lb. ....	3
Mr. Watts's ch. c. St. Lawrence, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	4
Two to 1 on Johnny Raw.	

**TUESDAY, June 12.**—The King's Purse of 100gs. for four-year-olds, 8st. 7lb. each.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Sligo's ch. c. Langar, by Selim. ....	1	1
Mr. Prendergast's b. c. by Sir Harry Dimsdale .....	2	2
Mr. Croker's ch. c. Don Juan, by Overseer .....	0	3
Mr. Hunter's b. f. Thetis, by Navigator .....	3	4
Mr. Battersby's ch. f. Sister to Oakstick, by Fitz Emily .....	0	0
Mr. Corbett's b. c. Sprite, by Overseer .....	0	0
Mr. Kirwan's b. c. Thistle, by Waxy .....	0	dr.
Mr. Molony's br. c. by Oliver Cromwell. ....	0	dr.
Mr. Hill's b. colt, Friday (late Wicklow Youth), by Robinson Crusoe .....	0	dr.
Five to 4 on Langar.		

WED.

**WEDNESDAY, June 13.**—Challenge of the Kirwan Stakes of 100gs. one hundred guineas forfeit.

Mr. Daly's ch. h. Bob Roy, by Bob Booty, 5 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. .... 1

Mr. Caldwell's b. h. Noble, 5 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. .... 2

Mr. Prendergast's b. c. Cade, 3 yrs old, 5st. .... 3

The O'Darby Stakes, of 25gs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb.

fillies, 8st, 2lb.—Post on the Flat.—Nineteen subscribers.

Mr. Prendergast's b. c. Cade, by Antagonist. .... 1

Mr. Gore's b. c. Talbot. .... 2

Lord Sligo's ch. f. Gambouge, by Rubens .... 3

Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. fillies, 7st. 9lb.

Three-year-olds' Course.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Gore's b. c. Talbot. .... walked over.

**THURSDAY, June 14.**—The King's Purse of 100gs. for horses, &c. not exceeding 6 yrs old, 12st. 4lb. each.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Hammerton's b. h. King William ..... 1 1

Mr. Kennedy's Moll Antony. .... 2 2

Mr. Joyce's br. h. Collector ..... 0 dr.

Col. Bruen's b. h. Gamahoe ..... 0 dr.

The Irish Oak Stakes of 25gs. each, for three-year-old fillies.—Post on the Flat.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Kirwan's b. f. by Recordon, out of Lissey. .... walked over.

**FRIDAY, June 15.**—King's Purse of 100gs. for horses not exceeding five years old, 9st. each.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Daly's ch. h. Bob Roy, by Bob Booty, 5 yrs old ..... 1 1

Lord Sligo's br. c. Prendergast, by Waxy, 5 yrs old ..... 2 dr.

Mr. Irwin's b. h. Shanks ..... dis.

Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, 10gs. ft. for three-year-olds.—T. Y. C.

Mr. Prendergast's b. c. Cade, by Antagonist, 8st. .... 1

Mr. Kirwan's br. c. Ivanhoe, 8st. 3lb. .... 2

Mr. M'Donnell's br. c. Troubadour, 7st. 6lb. .... 3

Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, 15gs. ft. for hunters, &c.—Post on the Flat.

Mr. Battersby's gr. h. Hollymount, aged ..... 1

Mr. Caldwell's b. c. Pirate, 4 yrs old ..... 2

Mr. Gore's b. c. Thistle, Brother to Shamrock, 4 yrs old ..... 3

**SATURDAY, June 16.**—Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, 15gs. ft.—Four subscribers.

Lord Sligo's ch. h. Langan, 8st. 5lb. .... walked over.

The King's Purse of 100gs. 9st. each.—Four mile heats.

Mr. Daly's ch. h. Bob Roy, by Bob Booty, 5 yrs old. .... 1 1

Mr. Hammerton's b. h. King William. .... 3 2

Mr. Battersby's gr. h. Hollymount. .... 2 3

Handicap Purse of 50gs.—Heats, Three-year-olds' Course.

Mr. Callwell's b. c. Spriggins. .... 1 3 1

Mr. Faulkner's Edward. .... 0 2 3

Mr. Gore's b. c. Talbot. .... 0 4 3

**MONDAY,**

# THE RACING CALENDAR.

33

**MONDAY, June 18.—Match for 25gs. each.—Three-year-olds' Course.**

Colonel Bruen's Mokamna, 7st. 7lb. ....	1
Lord Sligo's Nun, 8st. 7lb. ....	2

**Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 5gs. forfeit.—T. Y. C.**

Mr. Battersby's Johnny Raw, 5 yrs old. ....	1
Mr. Watt's St. Lawrence .....	2
Mr. Callwell's Nabb .....	3
Mr. Hunter's Pope .....	4

**WEDNESDAY, June 20.—Match for 50gs. each.—Half a mile.**

Major Montray's Doctor Syntax, 9st. 7lb. ....	1
Captain Dogherty's Mary Grey, 9st. 7lb. ....	2

**Match for 100gs. each.—Bruen Mile.**

Colonel Wyndham's Cheviot (owner) .....	1
Captain Osborne's Gannymede (owner) .....	2

**Match for 60gs. each.—Bruen Mile.**

Captain Cumblede's Dandy (owner) .....	1
Captain Methold's Ivanhoe (owner) .....	2

**Match for 50gs. each.—Half a mile.**

Captain Hammersley's Tennis-ball (owner) .....	1
Captain Beauchamp's Sportsman (owner) .....	2

**Match for 70gs. each.—Half a mile.**

Captain Dogherty's Helen Mar (Captain Osborne) .....	1
Captain Hall's Cora (owner) .....	2

**Match for 25gs. each.—Half a mile.**

Captain Joliff's Child Harold (owner) .....	1
Captain Hammersley's Saddle Bag (owner) .....	2

**Match for 20gs. each.—Bruen Mile.**

Captain Osborne's Laprelle (owner) .....	1
Captain Methold's Young Duff (owner) .....	2

**Match for 100gs. each.—Bruen Mile.**

Colonel Wyndham's Harlequin .....	1
Captain Hammersley's Tidy .....	2

**Match of 50gs. each.—Bruen Mile.**

Captain Osborne's Gannymede (owner) .....	1
Colonel Wyndham's Harlequin (owner) .....	2

**FRIDAY, June 22.—Match for 25 guineas each.—Conolly's Mile.**

Colonel Wyndam's Harlequin, 8st. 10lb. ....	1
Mr. Kenny's ch. m. aged, 8st. 7lb. ....	2

## BUNTINGFORD HUNT MEETING.

**NO DATE MENTIONED.—Hunters' Stakes of 15gs. each, h. ft.—Two-mile heats.—Ten subscribers.**

Major Audley's Firebrand .....	1	4	1
Mr. Moss's gr. h. Tulip .....	4	1	2
Mr. Jones's Majocci .....	3	2	3
Mr. R. Forth's Magic .....	2	3	dr.
Mr. Page's Joe .....	5	dr.	

Six to 4 agst Tulip, 2 to 1 agst Majocci, and 2 to 1 agst the winner, which was backed at even after the first heat.

The Bucks' Stakes of 7gs. each.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Fortescue's Truth.....	1
Mr. Dean's Ferdinand.....	2
Captain Smith's Forgery.....	3

Three others started.—Two to 1 agst the winner.—Smith, the jockey, who rode Forgery, fell, and was much hurt.

Match for 60gs.—Two miles.

Mr. James's My Cousin .....	1
Mr. Hansard's Eliza .....	2

### NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE MEETING, (Continued from p. 51.)

FRIDAY, July 20.—A Maiden Purse of 50l. for horses, &c. of all ages. Heats, two miles and a quarter.

Mr. T. Sykes's b. c. by Don Cossack, dam by Shuttle, 4 yrs, 8st. . . . .	1	1
Mr. Loftus's br. c. Domain, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	2	2
Mr. Riddell's b. f. Jeanne D'Acre, by Comus, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. . . . .	4	3
Mr. Gatterson's ch. c. by Walton, 4 yrs old .....	3	4

### CHELTENHAM MEETING.

WEDNESDAY, July 18.—The St. Leger Stakes of 25gs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—T. Y. C.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. T. Sadler's b. f. Pastorella, by Fyldener, out of Folly.....	1
Mr. R. Jones's b. c. Valentine, by Poulton .....	2
Mr. Stevens's ch. c. by Fyldener, dam by Sancho, out of Glory. ....	3

Three to 1 on Pastorella.

The Gloucestershire Stakes of 25gs. each, 15gs. ft. ; and only 5gs. if declared, &c.—Two miles:

Mr. Sadler's b. h. Strephon, by Rubens, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. ....	1
Mr. Mytton's gr. c. Claudius, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	2
Lord Warwick's b. h. Roman, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. ....	3
Mr. Tomes's b. h. Duplicate, aged, 9st. 10lb. ....	4

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Charlton's br. c. Shamrock, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	0
Mr. Biggs's b. h. Elastic, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	0
Mr. O. Gore's gr. h. Snowdon, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. ....	0
Mr. J. Walker's b. h. Sir Topaz, 6 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	0
Mr. Mytton's b. c. Theodore Majocci, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	0
Mr. Fraser's ch. c. Chan Albyn, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. ....	0
Mr. B. Canning's bl. c. Gleaner, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	0
Mr. Patrick's gr. colt, by Young Walton, dam by Grimaldi, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	0

Fourteen subscribers paid 15gs. forfeit ; and thirty-seven paid only 5gs. each.—Seven to 4 agst Shamrock, 5. to 1 agst Roman, 5. and 6 to 1 agst Strephon, and 20 to 1 agst Claudius. . .

The Berkeley Hunt Stakes of 15gs. each, 5gs. ft.—Gentlemen riders.—Two-mile heats.—Twenty-three subscribers.



Col. Berkeley's b. m. Chantilly, by Smuggler, 5 yrs old,  
12st. 8lb. .... walked over.

Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—One mile and a  
quarter.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Jones's b. c. Valentine, by Poulton..... walked over.

THURSDAY, July 19.—Seventy Guineas for three-year-olds and  
upwards.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Jones's ch. h. Steeltrap, by Scud, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. .... 1 1

Captain Berkeley's b. h. Alfred, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. .... 5 2

Mr. Beechy's b. c. by Hedley, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. .... 4 3

Mr. Bodenham's b. m. Miss Allegro, 6 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. .... 3 4

Mr. Fraser's b. c. Fitz-Hedley, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. .... 2 dr.

Six to 4 agst Alfred, and 2 to 1 agst Miss Allegro.

The Farmers' Purse, value 20gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 5gs. each,  
for half-bred horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Bartley's b. m. Aspasia, aged ..... 4 1 1

Mr. Lovesey's br. g. Charlton, 6 yrs old ..... 1 2 2

Mr. White's gr. g. Farmer, 5 yrs old ..... 3 3 4

Mr. C. Day's b. m. by Adlibitum, 5 yrs old ..... 2 4 3

FRIDAY, July 20.—Sweepstakes of 15gs. each, for two-year-old  
colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 3lb.; 3lb. allowed, &c.—T. Y. C.

Mr. West's ch. f. by Fyldener, dam by Rubens, out of Streatlam Lass 1

Mr. Sadler's b. f. Sister to Pastorella ..... 2

Mr. C. Day's ch. f. by Rubens, out of Snowdrop ..... 3

Mr. Russell's b. c. Flibbertigibbet, by Ashton ..... pd.

Six to 4 against the Sister to Pastorella, and 2 to 1 agst Mr. Day's f.

The Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a subscription of 20gs each.—  
Cup Course, about three miles.—Thirteen subscribers.

Mr. Mytton's gr. c. Claudius, by Camillus, 4 yrs old, 8st. .... 1

Mr. Bodenham's b. h. Spectre, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. .... 2

Mr. West's b. g. Alpha, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. .... 3

Mr. Canning's bl. c. Gleaner, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. .... 4

Six to 4 on Spectre, and 2 to 1 agst Claudius.

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each.—Gentlemen riders, 12st.—Two-mile heats.  
Seven subscribers.

Mr. Day's b. g. Alfred, by Fitz-Teazle, 5 yrs old ..... 1 2 1

Mr. Benson's b. g. Bryan Barew, 6 yrs old. .... 2 1 2

Five to 4 on Alfred; and, after the second heat, 2 to 1 agst him.

The Ladies' Purse of 50gs. added to a subscription of 5gs. each.—Two-  
mile heats.—Three subscribers.

Mr. West's b. g. Alpha, by Ashton, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 1 1

Mr. O. Gore's gr. h. Snowdon, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. .... 2 2

TUESDAY, July 24.—Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-  
olds; colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—The New Mile.—Eight subscribers.

Lord Exeter's b. f. Augusta, by Woful, dam by Rubens, out of Guild-  
ford Nan (Robinson)..... 1

Lord Grosvenor's br. c. Adolphus, Brother to Abra. .... 2

Mr. James's gr. c. Fleur-de-Lis ..... 3

Five to 4 on Augusta, and 6 to 4 agst Adolphus.—Won by a neck.

The Outlands. Stakes of 30gs. each, 20gs. ft. for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two miles and a half.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Rush's b. m. Romp, by Selim, 6 yrs old ..... walked over.

The King's Purse of 100gs. for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Bouverie's b. f. Topsy, by Election, out of Mirth, 3 yrs old,  
7st. (a boy) ..... 1 1  
Lord Clarendon's b. f. Antiope, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. .... 2 dr.  
Mr. Barham's br. f. by Young Whiskey, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 3 dr.  
Six to 4 on Topsy.—Won by a length.

WEDNESDAY, July 25.—The Gold Cup, value 100gs. by thirteen subscribers of 10gs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Three miles.

Lord Clarendon's b. f. Antiope, by Whalebone, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 1  
Mr. Bouverie's b. f. Topsy, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 2  
Mr. Rush's b. m. Romp, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. (fell) ..... 3  
Five to 4 on Topsy, 6 to 4 agst Romp, and 5 to 1 agst Antiope.

Match for 100gs. 6st. each.—Two miles.

Mr. Mew's ch. m. Miss Flirt ..... 1  
Mr. Farrall's br. m. Mangel Wurzel ..... 2  
Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lb. each.—The New Mile.—Five subscribers.

Lord Exeter's bay f. Augusta, by Woful ..... walked over.

THURSDAY, July 26.—Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, 20gs. ft. for two-year-olds.—Last half mile.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Rush's ch. f. by Rubens, out of Reserve, 8st. 6lb. .... 1  
Duke of Grafton's b. c. Guerilla, by Partisan, 8st. 6lb. .... 2  
General Grosvenor's ch. f. Betty Hint, by Selim, 8st. 3lb. .... 3  
Six to 4 on Guerilla.—Won by a neck.

The Stewards' Purse of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Rush's b. m. Romp, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. .... 1 1  
Mr. Edwards's b. c. Cavendish, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... 2 2  
Mr. James's gr. c. Fleur-de-Lis, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 3 dr.  
Each heat won by half a length.

### BECCLES MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 24.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Lord Dunwich's ch. f. Mæotis, by Quiz, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. .. 1 1  
Mr. Jones's b. c. by Sorcerer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 2 dr.

WEDNESDAY, July 25.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Lord Dunwich's ch. f. Mæotis, 3 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. .... 1 1  
Major Wilson's b. f. Rotterdam, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. .... 2 2  
Mr. Jones's b. c. by Sorcerer, 4 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. .... 3 dr.  
Lord Suffield's br. f. Washerwoman, Sister to Nectar, 3 yrs old,  
7st. 4lb. .... 4 dr.

DUR.

DURHAM MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, July 25.**—The Trial Stakes of 20gs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Once round.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Frankland's b. f. Harriet, by Octavian, dam by Shuttle (Jackson) .....	1
Mr. Lambton's ch. f. by Leopold, out of Rosalind .....	2
Mr. Robinson's b. f. Miss Fanny, by Walton, dam by Ruler .....	3
Even on Miss Fanny.	

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. each.—Once round, and a distance.—Three subscribers.

Mr. T. Hutchinson's b. f. Miss Wilks, by Octavian, dam by Remembrancer (S. Day) .....	1
Mr. Jaques's ch. f. Progue, by Octavian, out of Merryfield's dam..	2
Two to 1 on Miss Wilks.—A good race.	

Fifty Pounds for maiden horses, &c. of all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Lambton's br. c. Cavalier, by Amadis, out of Rosalind, 4 yrs old (T. Nicholson) .....	1	1
Mr. Bell's b. f. by Fitz-Teazle, 3 yrs old .....	2	2
Mr. Sykes's b. c. by Henderskelf, 3 yrs old .....	5	3
Mr. Jaques's ch. f. Progue, by Octavian, 3 yrs old .....	3	dr.
Sir T. Burdon's b. c. Tom Tempest, 4 yrs old .....	4	dr.
Even betting on Cavalier; after the first heat, 2 to 1 he won.		

The Silver Cup, value 50gs. by subscription of 5gs. each; three-year-olds, 7st. four, 8st. 3lb.—Mares allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Lambton's br. c. Cavalier, by Amadis, 4 yrs (T. Nicholson) 4	1	1
Lord Queensberry's ch. c. Ledston, 3 yrs old .....	1	4 3
Mr. Ferguson's gr. c. Jonathan, 3 yrs old .....	2	3 2
Mr. Hutchinson's b. f. Miss Wilks, 3 yrs old .....	3	2 dr.
Even betting on Jonathan; 7 to 4 agst Ledston; and 6 to 1 agst Cavalier; after the first heat, 2 to 1 on Ledston, who bolted, and lost much ground in running the second heat; third heat, 6 to 4 on Cavalier, who won easy.		

**FRIDAY, July 27.**—The Durham Stakes of 5gs. each, with 25l. added, for three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb. four-year-olds, 8st. 7lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Lambton's gr. c. Dunsinane, by Macbeth, 4 yrs old (T. Nicholson) .....	1	1
Sir M. W. Ridley's b. g. Chorister, 4 yrs old .....	2	dr.
High odds on the winner.—Won very easy.		

**SATURDAY, July 26.**—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Bell's b. f. by Fitz-Teazle, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. (a boy) .....	1	1
Mr. Loftus's b. c. Middleton, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	3	2
Mr. Kirby's b. f. La Belle, by Magic, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. ....	2	3
Six to 4 on the winner; after the heat, 2 to 1 on her.—Won easy.		

BUX.

## BUXTON MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, July 25.**—Fifty Guineas for maiden horses, &c.—  
Two-mile heats.

Mr. Denham's ch. c. The Abbot, by Cerberus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. (J. Lamb) .....	1	1
Mr. Ardern's b. m. Charlotte, aged, 8st. 10lb. ....	3	2
Mr. Wilson's b. f. Amelia, by Raphaël, out of Desdemona, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	2	dr.
Mr. Frost's b. f. Primrose, by Teazer, dam by Delpini, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. ....	dis.	
Mr. Hall's b. m. Fair Helen, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	dis.	
The North High Peak Yeomanry Cavalry Cup, value 50gs. 12st. each.— Two-mile heats.		

Mr. Lingard's b. m. Kitty o' the Clyde (S. Redfern) .....	1	1
Mr. Eley's b. h. Ranter (rec. 8gs.) .....	2	2
Mr. Pidcock's ch. h. Haphazard. ....	3	3
Mr. Dickens's ch. m. Chance. ....	dis.	

**THURSDAY, July 26.**—Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, with 30gs. added,  
for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. Cedric, by Walton, out of Trull, by Precipitate, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	1	
Mr. Denham's ch. c. The Abbot, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	2	
Sir G. Sitwell's b. h. Truth, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	3	

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, 9st. each.

Mr. Hall's br. m. Fair Ellen, 5 yrs old. ....	1	
Mr. Flintoff's ch. h. Ranter. ....	2	
Mr. Dickens's ch. m. Chance. ....	3	

## WINCHESTER MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, July 25.**—Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, with 25l. added,  
for three and four-year-olds.—The Straight Mile.—Twelve sub-  
scribers.

Mr. Charlton's b. c. St. Patrick, by Sir Walter, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. .	1	
Mr. Ramsbottom's br. c. by Octavius, out of Truth's dam, 3 yrs, 7st.	2	
Mr. J. Walker's b. c. Vanloo, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	3	

Four others also started, but were not placed.—St. Patrick the favorite.  
The King's Purse of 100gs. for four-year-olds and upwards.—Four-mile  
heats.

Mr. Goddard's b. c. Moonraker, by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. .	1	1
Col. Morland's b. h. Ranter, 6 yrs old, 12st. ....	2	dr.
Two to 1 on Moonraker.		

Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, with 25l. added, for three-year-olds and up-  
wards.—One mile and a half.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Russell's ch. c. Prodigious, by Zodiac, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. .	3	1	1
Mr. Hill's ch. f. Jenny Sutton, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. ....	1	3	dr.
Mr. Dundas's b. h. Pelican, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	2	2	dr.
Mr. Fleming's ch. g. by Haphazard, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. ....	4	4	dr.
Mr. Gauntlet's b. f. Guess, Sister to Beppo, 3 yrs old .....	3	dr.	

THURS.

**THURSDAY, July 26.**—Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, with 25l. added, for three-year-olds and upwards.—One mile and a half.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Fleming's b. c. by Beverley, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... 1  
 Lord Palmerston's b. c. by Crown Prince, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 2  
 Mr. Hill's ch. f. Jenny Sutton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... 3

Even betting on the winner.

Fifty Pounds for four-year-olds and upwards.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Dundas's b. h. Chef d'Œuvre, by Rubens, 5 yrs, 8st. 4lb. .... 3 1 1  
 Mr. Radclyffe's b. m. Effie Deans, 6 yrs, 8st. 12lb. .... 1 3 3  
 Mr. Ramsbottom's b. c. Shreckhorn, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 2 2 2

Even betting on Effie Deans.

Fifty Pounds for three and four-year-olds.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Russell's b. colt, by Gnathe, out of Enchantress, 3 yrs old,  
 7st. 5lb. .... 2 1 1  
 Mr. Gardiner's ch. f. Imogen, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. .... 4 2 2  
 Mr. Coventry's br. c. Sir John, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. .... 1 3 dia.  
 Mr. J. Walker's b. c. Vanloo, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. .... 3 4 dr.

**FRIDAY, July 27.**—A Silver Cup, value 100gs. by ten subscribers of 10gs. each.—The last mile and half.

Mr. Goddard's b. c. Moonraker, by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. .... 1  
 Mr. Biggs's b. c. Trance, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. .... 2  
 Seven others also started, but were not placed.—Six to 4 against Moonraker.

Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, h. ft.—Straight Mile.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Fleming's bl. c. by Aladdin, out of Virgin, 3 yrs old,  
 8st. 2lb. .... walked over.

The Ladies' Purse of 50l. for maiden horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Coventry's br. c. Bother'em, by Thunderbolt, 0 yrs, 0st. 0lb. .... 3 1 1  
 Mr. Gauntlet's b. f. Guess, 3 yrs, 6st. 11lb. .... 1 2 2  
 Mr. Weatherell's bl. m. by Overseer, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. .... 4 4 3  
 Mr. Fleming's ch. g. by Haphazard, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. .... 2 3 dr.

### BRIGHTON MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, July 25.**—The King's Gold Cup, value 100gs. added to a Sweepstakes of 20gs. each.—Two miles.—Ten subscribers.

Sir J. Shelley's b. h. Antar, by Haphazard, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. .... 1  
 Lord Egremont's gr. h. Little John, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. .... 2  
 Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. h. Allegro, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. .... 3  
 Mr. Walker's ch. f. Prosody, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. .... 4  
 Mr. Bouverie's ch. c. Plumper, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. .... 5

The Pavilion Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 8lb. fillies, 8st. 5lb.—Last mile.—Seven subscribers.

Lord Verulam's b. f. Varrennes, Sister to Pandango. .... 1  
 Lord Egremont's b. c. by Canopus, out of Silvertail's dam. .... 2  
 Mr. Walker's b. f. Ally, by Partisan, out of Jest. .... 3  
 Five to 2 on the Canopus colt, and 5 to 1 agst Varrennes.—Won by half a neck:

The

**The Town Purse of 70gs. for all ages.—Heats, one mile and three-quarters.**

Lord Egremont's gr. c. by Young Gohanna, out of Scotina, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	1	1
Mr. Rogers's b. h. Carbon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	4	2
Duke of Richmond's b. h. Roncesvalles, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. ....	6	3
Mr. Scaith's b. f. Mrs. Bang, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. ....	5	4
Mr. Field's b. g. Philip, 5 yrs old, 9st. ....	2	5
Mr. Synge's bl. c. Hassan, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	3	6

**The Brighton Club Purse of 100gs. for all ages.—Heats, the New Course.**

Sir J. Shelley's b. c. Ivanhoe, by Phantom, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	8	1	1
Mr. Dockwray's b. h. Cardenio, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. ....	1	2	2
Lord G. H. Cavendish's ch. f. by Soothsayer, 3 yrs, 6st. 9lb. ....	4	3	3
Mr. Scaith's br. f. Elvira, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. (broke down)....	3	4	dr.
Mr. Cracroft's ch. g. Liberty, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	6	5	dr.
Mr. Brown's ch. h. Wouverbans, 6 yrs old, 9st. 8lb. ....	2	dr.	
Mr. Peirce's br. m. Misery, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	5	dr.	
Mr. Field's b. c. Freeholder, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	7	dr.	
Even betting on Ivanhoe, 6 to 1 agst Wouverbans, and 10 to 1 agst Cardenio.			

**THURSDAY, July 26.—The Brighton Stakes of 10gs. each, with 60gs. added, for horses, &c.—New Course.—Twelve subscribers.**

Lord Egremont's b. c. by Canopus, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	1
Sir J. Shelley's b. h. Antar, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. ....	2
Mr. Walker's b. c. Canova, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	3
Mr. Boyce's b. m. Sappho, 6 yrs old, 9st. 3lb. ....	4
Two to 1 on Antar.	

**Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—The winner of a stakes this year to carry 3lb. extra.—T. Y. C.—Seven subscribers.**

Mr. Bouverie's c. by Clavileno, out of Quail. ....	1
Mr. Walker's ch. c. by Juniper, out of Niobe. ....	2
Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. f. by Middlethorpe, out of Pagoda. ....	3
Mr. Wyndham's b. c. by Young Gohanna, out of Thalestris. ....	4
Six to 4 agst the Juniper colt, 6 to 4 agst the Thalestris colt, and 6 to 1 agst the winner.	

**The Ladies' Purse of 60gs. for maiden horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, New Course.**

Lord Egremont's gr. c. by Young Gohanna, out of Scotina, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	1	1
Mr. Maplesden's bl. f. Corset, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. ....	4	2
Mr. Constable's bl. c. Blowham, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	3	3
Duke of Richmond's br. c. Chichester, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	2	dis.
Three to 1 on the winner.—Chichester bolted the second heat.		

**FRIDAY, July 27.—Match for 50gs.—New Course.**

Duke of Richmond's b. h. Roncesvalles, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. ....	1
Mr. Synge's bl. c. Hassan, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	2
Four to 1 on Roncesvalles.	

**Sweep.**

**Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, for three and four-year-olds.—Last mile.—**  
Two subscribers.

**Lord Egremont's b. c. Robin Hood, 4 yrs old,**  
8st. 7lb. .... walked over.  
Five to 2 on Robin Hood.

**The Waterloo Stakes of 5gs. each, with 50gs. added, for horses, &c.—**  
New Course.—Six subscribers.

**Lord Egremont's bl. c. Black and all Black, by Octavius,**  
dam by Gohanna, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. .... walked over.  
Match for 50gs.—Pavilion mile.

**Lord Egremont's b. c. Robin Hood, by Octavius, 4 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. 1**  
**Mr. Northey's c. by Hedley, out of Ralphina, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb.. 2**

**Handicap Stakes of 5gs. each, with 50gs. added, for the beaten horses.**  
Heats, New Course.

**Mr. Brown's ch. h. Wouvermans, by Rubens, 6 yrs, 9st. 3lb. .. 1 0 1**  
**Duke of Richmond's b. h. Roncesvalles, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. .... 4 0 2**  
**Mr. Boyce's b. m. Sappho, 6 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... 3 3 3**  
**Mr. Rogers's b. c. Carbon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. .... 2 dr.**  
Six to 4 agst Roncesvalles, and 2 to 1 agst Wouvermans; after the  
second heat, 3 to 1 on Wouvermans.

**Hunters' Stakes of 5gs. each, with 25gs. added.—Four-mile heats.—**  
Five subscribers.

**Mr. Gates's b. f. Easy, by Coalebs, out of a half-bred mare, 4 yrs**  
old, 10st. 4lb. .... 1 1  
**Captain Minchin's b. h. Don Giovanni, aged, 12st. 2lb. .... 2 dis.**  
**Mr. Martin's b. m. Grosvenor Lass. .... dis.**

### LUDLOW MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, July 25.—The Ludford Stakes of 10gs. each, for**  
for all ages.—Once round, and a distance.—Thirteen subscribers.

**Mr. Charlton's b. h. Master Henry, by Orville, 6 yrs old, 9st. .... 1**  
**Sir W. W. Wynn's b. h. Thyrsis, 4 yrs old, 8st. .... 2**  
**Mr. Owen's b. f. by Orville, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. .... 3**

**Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies,**  
8st. 2lb.—Once round, and a distance.—Five subscribers.

**Mr. Twamley's b. f. Bonny Black, by Soothsayer, out of Belinda. .... 1**  
**Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. Brother to Thyrsis .... 2**  
**Mr. T. Hickman's b. c. Mallard, by Weaver. .... 3**

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Three-mile heats.

**Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Vampire, 0 yrs old .... 1 1**  
**Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. Brother to Thyrsis, 3 yrs old .... 3 2**  
**Mr. Griffith's ch. c. by Brigladoro, 0 yrs old .... 2 dr.**

**Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, with a Cup, value 20gs. added, for half-bred**  
horses, &c.—Heats, once round, and a distance.—Six subscribers.

**Mr. Welling's b. g. by Sir Guy, 5 yrs old. .... 1 1**  
**Mr. Jones's b. m. aged, 12st. 2lb. .... 2 2**

**THURSDAY, July 26.**—Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, with 20l. added, for horses, &c.—Four miles.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Spencer's b. c. The Main, by Haphazard, out of Elizabeth, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	1
Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. Thyrsis, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	2
Mr. Bodenham's b. h. Spectre, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. ....	3

Hunters' Stakes of 10gs. each.—Four miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Aston's b. g. Shiver O! by Sir Sampson, 5 yrs old, 12st. ....	1
Mr. Onion's bl. g. by Black Sultan, 5 yrs old, 12st. ....	2
Mr. Adams's br. m. Miss Fanny, aged, 12st. ....	3
Mr. Rea's gr. h. Forester, 5 yrs old, 12st. 3lb. ....	4

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. Brother to Thyrsis, 3 yrs old. ....	1	1
Mr. Bodenham's b. m. Miss Allegro, 6 yrs old. ....	2	2

The South Shropshire Yeomanry Cavalry Stakes of 5gs. each, with a Cup, value 20gs. added.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. T. Hickman's b. c. Mallard, by Weaver, 8 yrs old, 10st. ....	1	1
Mr. Welling's b. g. by Sir Guy, 5 yrs old, 12st. 2lb. ....	3	2
Mr. Taylor's b. m. by Brigliadoto, 5 yrs old, 12st. 2lb. ....	2	3

## EDINBURGH MEETING.

(Over Musselburgh Course.)

**MONDAY, July 30.**—The Produce Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 8lb. fillies, 8st.—Untried stallions, &c. allowed 3lb.—One mile.—Six subscribers.

Sir Alexander Don's ch. f. by X Y Z, out of Agnes Sorrel (Garbutt) 1	
Mr. Bogue's br. c. by Stamford, out of Diana ..... 2	
Mr. Bailey's ch. f. by Viscount, out of Salamanca. .... 3	

Five to 4 on the winner.—A good race with the first two.

Produce Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft., two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Untried stallions, &c. allowed 3lb.—Half a mile.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Baird's ch. c. by Stamford, out of Clementina. .... 1	
Sir D. Moncrieff's ch. c. by Colophon, dam by Caleb. .... 2	

Two to 1 on the winner.—Won easy.

The Gold Cup, value 100gs. by ten subscribers of 10gs. each, the rest in specie; three-year-olds, 6st. 8lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Three miles.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Bogue's ch. c. by Stamford, out of Ayrshire Lass, 3 yrs old .... 1	
Sir D. H. Blair's b. c. Milton, 4 yrs old ..... 2	
Lord Kelburne's b. h. Chance, 5 yrs old ..... 3	

Five to 4 on Chance.—A fine race.

**TUESDAY, July 31.**—Fifty Guineas for horses, &c. of all ages; three-year-olds, 6st. 8lb.; four, 8st.; five, 8st. 8lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. G. Marshall's b. c. The Sheriff, 4 yrs old. ....	0	1	1
Mr. Oliver's br. g. Exile, aged. ....	3	2	2

Sir



Sir D. Moncrieff's b. c. Warlock, 3 yrs old..... 0 dr.  
 Mr. Baillie's b. f. by Viscount, 3 yrs old..... 4 dr.  
 Sir R. K. Dick's br. g. Roebuck, 3 yrs old..... 5 dr.  
 Mr. Johnston's gr. g. Coronation..... 6 dr.  
 A very good race.—The first a dead heat between Sheriff and Warlock.

WEDNESDAY, August 1.—Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for all ages ; three-year-olds, 6st. 12lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 10lb. ; six and aged, 9st. —Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—Two miles.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Bogue's ch. c. by Stamford, out of Ayrshire Lass, 3 yrs (Boynnton) 1  
 Sir Wm. Maxwell's b. h. Archibald, 5 yrs old..... 2  
 Mr. Baird's ch. g. by Stamford, 3 yrs old..... 3  
 Won quite easy.

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st. Half a mile.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Baird's ch. c. by Stamford, dam by John Bull..... 1  
 Sir Alexander Don's b. c. by Haphazard, out of Oliveira..... 2  
 Lord Kelburne's b. c. Sir William, Brother to Archibald..... 3  
 Mr. Baillie's ch. f. by Comus, dam by Conductor..... 4  
 Even betting between the Brother to Archibald and Sir A. Don's colt.  
 Won easy.

The King's Purse of 100gs. ; three-year-olds, 6st. ; four, 7st. 4lb. ; five, 8st. 2lb. ; six, 8st. 10lb. ; and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Four-mile heats.

Hon. J. Leslie's bay f. Hambletonian, by Stamford, 4 yrs old,  
 (J. Grey)..... 3 1 1  
 Mr. Frankland's b. f. Caroline, 4 yrs old..... 1 3 2  
 Sir D. H. Blair's b. c. Milton, 4 yrs old..... 4 2 3  
 Sir A. Ramsay's b. g. Monreith, 5 yrs old..... 2 dr.  
 Sir R. K. Dick's ch. f. Louisa, 4 yrs old..... 4 dr.  
 Caroline the favourite.—Won easy.

THURSDAY, August 2.—Fifty Guineas for all ages ; three-year-olds, 6st. 6lb. ; four, 7st. 8lb. ; five, 8st. 3lb. ; six and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—Three-mile heats.

Sir A. Ramsay's b. h. Green Bag, by Stamford, aged..... 1 1  
 Mr. Peirse's b. c. by Whitworth, 4 yrs old..... 3 2  
 Sir R. K. Dick's ch. f. Louisa, 4 yrs old..... 2 3  
 Fifty Guineas for all ages ; three-year-olds, 6st. 8lb. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 8lb. ; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Frankland's b. f. Caroline, by Walton, 4 yrs old..... 2 1 1  
 Mr. Oliver's br. g. Exile, aged..... 4 2 2  
 Mr. Bogue's b. c. by Stamford, 3 yrs old (bolted)..... 1  
 Sir D. Moncrieff's b. c. by Stamford, 3 yrs old (fell)..... 3

FRIDAY, August 3.—The Scotch St. Leger Stakes of 25gs. each, for Scotch-bred three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Once round, and a distance.

Mr. Bogue's b. c. The Champion, by Stamford..... 1  
 Mr. Baird's ch. g. by Stamford..... 2  
 Sir R. K. Dick's br. g. Roebuck..... dis.  
 Ten to 1 on Champion.—Won in a canter.

Fifty Guineas for all ages ; three-year-olds, 7st. ; four, 8st. ; five, 8st. 7lb. ; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.  
—Two-mile heats.

Sir W. Maxwell's b. h. Archibald, by Stamford, 5 yrs old..... 1 1  
Mr. Leslie's b. f. Hambletonian, 4 yrs old..... 2 5  
Sir A. Ramsay's b. g. Monreith, 5 yrs old (bolted) ..... dis.  
Even betting on Hambletonian.—Won easy.

A Cup, value 25gs. for hunters ; 12st. each.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Kerr's grey mare ..... 1 1  
Mr. Shand's chesnut gelding ..... 2 2  
Mr. Fife's bay mare..... dis.  
Three to 1 on the winner.—Won in a canter.

### KNUTSFORD MEETING.

**TUESDAY, July 31.**—The Produce Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. ; colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Two miles.—Thirteen subscribers.  
Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Princess Royal, by Castrel, out of Queen of Diamonds (3lb.) ..... 1  
Lord Grosvenor's b. f. Bittern, by Thunderbolt, out of Plover (3lb.) 2  
Two to 1 on Princess Royal.—A good race.

The Gold Cup, value 100gs. by eleven subscribers of 10gs. each, the surplus in specie, for all ages.—Three miles.

Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Tarragon, by Haphazard, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. (Nicholson) ..... 1  
Mr. Mytton's b. g. Anti-Radical, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. .... 2  
Lord Stamford's b. c. Quicksilver (late Copeland), 4 yrs, 7st. 12lb. 3  
Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Bombasine, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. .... 4  
Five to 4 agst Tarragon.—Won easy.

Fifty Pounds for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Clifton's b. c. Thornton, by Comus, out of St. Patrick's dam, 6st. 10lb. .... 3 1 1  
Mr. Boardman's b. c. The Patriarch (late Uncle Bob), 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. .... 1 2 2  
Mr. Hill's br. m. Fair Ellen, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... 4 3 3  
Mr. Cooke's ch. f. Harmonia, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. .... 2 dr.  
Two to 1 agst Thornton.—Won easy.

**WEDNESDAY, August 1.**—The Peover Stakes of 10gs. each.—Once round the Course, and a distance.—Eleven subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. The Doge of Venice, by Sir Oliver, 3 yrs old, 7st. (Whitehouse) ..... 1  
Mr. Mytton's ch. h. Mandeville, 6 yrs old, 9st. .... 2  
Sir J. G. Egerton's b. c. Young Cestrian, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. .... 3  
Mr. Clifton's b. c. Arbitrator, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. .... 0  
Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Harmodius, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. .... 0  
Five to 4 on the winner.—Won cleverly.

A Cup, value 50gs. for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Heats, two miles, and a distance.

Mr.

Mr. Briscoe's b. m. Atalante, 5 yrs old, 12st. ....	0	1	1
Mr. Barrow's br. m. Harlot, 6 yrs old, 12st. 7lb. (received 10gs.)	1	2	2
Mr. Ditchfield's br. f. Miss Roe, 4 yrs, 11st. 7lb. (received 5gs.)	0	3	3
Mr. Gleave's br. m. Ceres, 6 yrs old, 12st. 7lb. ....	0	4	0
Mr. Plaister's br. g. Rob-Pocket, 4 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. ....	0	0	0
Mr. Wood's br. m. Lady Mary, 5 yrs old, 12st. ....	0	0	0
Mr. Greaves's b. m. Kitty, 6 yrs old, 12st. 7lb. ....	0	0	0
Mr. Johnson's ch. g. Cheshire Hero, 6 yrs old, 12st. 7lb. ....	0	dis.	
Mr. Flintoft's br. h. George the Fourth, 6 yrs old, 12st. ....	0	dis.	
Mr. Smith's ch. m. Woodpecker, aged, 12st. 7lb. ....	dis.		
Mr. Hooley's b. m. Lady Loyal, by Diamond, aged, 12st. 7lb. ....	dis.		
Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for ponies, not exceeding 12½ hands high; 12 hands and under, 7st.; 12½ hands, 7st. 3½lbs.; 12 hands 1 inch, 7st. 7lb.; 12 hands 1½ inch, 7st. 10½lb.; 12 hands 2 inches, 8st.— Heats, Peover Course.			
Mr. Hoyle's bl. g. Jackey .....	1	1	
Mr. J. Eyre's ch. c. Little Fox .....	2	2	
Mr. J. Johnson's ch. f. Miss Dohnelo .....	0	0	
Mr. J. Maycock's b. f. Jennet .....	0	0	
Mr. Stannard's br. f. Miss Caper .....	0	0	

THURSDAY, August 2.—Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Two miles.—Ten subscribers.

Sir T. Mostyn's b. f. Princess Royal, by Castrel, out of Queen of Diamonds, (3lb.)—H. Arthur .....	1
Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. Doge of Venice, (3lb.) .....	2
Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. Stingo, by Champion .....	3
Lord Stamford's b. c. Peter Lely, by Rubens, (3lb.) .....	4
Five to 4 agst Doge, 2 to 1 agst Stingo, and 5 to 2 agst Princess Royal.	
Won easy.	

Lord Grosvenor's b. f. Bittern, by Thunderbolt, out of Plover, rec. ft. from Lord Derby's br. f. by Milo, dam by Sorcerer, 8st. 3lb. each, once round, 100gs. h. ft.

Sixty Pounds for all ages.—Three times round the Course, and a distance.

Sir T. Mostyn's b. h. Alderman Wood, by Truffle, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (H. Arthur) .....	1	1
Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Cedric, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	2	2
Two to 1 on the winner.—Second heat a capital race.		

Handicap Stakes of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added.—The Peover Course.  
Sir T. Stanley's b. c. Harmodius, by Walton, 5 yrs, 8st. 6lb. (Nicholson) 1  
Lord Grosvenor's br. f. Bombasine, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. .... 2  
Mr. Mytton's br. h. Paul Potter, 5 yrs old, 9st. .... 3  
Sir J. G. Egerton's b. c. Young Cestrian, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. .... 4  
Eleven to 8 agst Paul Potter, and 7 to 4 agst the winner.—A good race.

### KNIGHTON MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 31.—Fifty Pounds.—Heats, two miles and three-quarters.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Vampire, by Don Cossack, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb.	1	1
Mr.		

Mr. Ball's br. m. Georgiana, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb..... 2 2  
 Mr. Bodenham's b. m. Miss Allegro, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb..... 3 dr.

WEDNESDAY, August 1.—Handicap Stakes of 5gs. each, with 25l. added.—Heats, two miles and three-quarters.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Beardsworth's br. c. Vampire, 8st. 10lb..... 1 1  
 Mr. Ball's br. m. Georgiana, 8st..... 2 4

Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, with 20l. added, for horses not thorough bred, 10st. each.—Heats, two miles and three-quarters.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Oseland's b. c. Mercury, 4 yrs old ..... 1 1  
 Lord Harley's b. m. Polacre, 6 yrs old ..... 2 2

The qualification of Mercury is disputed.

### MADDINGTON MEETING.

(Over Stockbridge Course.)

TUESDAY, July 31.—The Maddington Stakes of 25gs. each, 15gs. ft. 5gs. if declared, &c. with 30gs. added.—Twice round the New Course.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. Biggs's b. c. Trance, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb..... walked over.

Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, with 25gs. added, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two-mile heats.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Dundas's b. b. Chef d'Œuvre, by Rubens, 5 yrs old, 10st.... 1 1  
 Mr. Farquharson's b. g. Garus, aged, 10st. 1lb..... 2 2

Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, h. ft.—New Course.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Walker's ch. f. Prosody, by Don Cossack, out of Metre, 7st. 12lb..... walked over,

WEDNESDAY, August 1.—Fifty Pounds for horses, &c.—Heats, the New Course, and a distance.

Mr. Dundas's b. h. Chef D'Œuvre, by Rubens, 5 yrs old, 9st.... 1 1

Mr. Biggs's b. c. Trance, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb..... 3 2

Mr. Farquharson's b. g. Garus, aged, 8st. 12lb..... 2 dr.

### MERSTHAM MOOR MEETING.

TUESDAY, July 31.—Hunters' Stakes of 7gs. each, 12st.—Heats, two miles.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Martin's b. m. Jezebel..... 4 4 1 1

Captain Friend's Myrtle..... 1 6 2 dr.

Mr. Sadler's gr. h. Jupiter..... 3 4 3 dr.

Mr. John's b. h. Lamplighter..... 5 1 4 dr.

Mr. Addington's Mayor of Garratt ..... 2 3 dr.

Mr. Duncan's Soothsayer ..... 6 2 dr.

Major Phillips's Majocci ..... 7 dr.

Lamplighter the favourite; 3 to 1 on the field; after the first heat, 6 to 4 agst Myrtle; after the second heat, even on Lamplighter; and after the third, 2 to 1 on Jezebel, who walked the last heat over.

A poney race for a Cup, by five subscribers of 5gs. each, with 25gs. added.

Mr. Mason's Little John ..... 1  
 Mr.

Mr. Martin's Catgut .....	2
Mr. Mould's Fanny .....	3
Two others started.	

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**LEWES MEETING.**

**WEDNESDAY, August 1.**—The King's Purse of 100gs. for horses, &c.—Four-mile heats.

Lord Egremont's gr. h. Little John, by Octavius, 5 yrs, 11st. 6lb. 1	1
Mr. Davey's bl. g. Steel, aged, 12st. 2lb. ....	dis.

The Hacks' Stakes of 50l.—One-mile heats.

Duke of Richmond's black mare .....	1	2	1
Mr. Field's grey mare.....	4	1	2
Mr. Harvey's bay mare .....	5	3	dr.
Mr. Courthope's chesnut mare .....	2	dr.	
Mr. Shiffner's brown gelding .....	3	dr.	

**THURSDAY, August 2.**—Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, with 50l. added.—One mile and a half heats.

Lord Egremont's gr. c. by Young Gohaana, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1lb. ..	1	1
Lord G. H. Cavendish's ch. f. by Sootheayer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. 2	2	2

**FRIDAY, August 3.**—The Ladies' Purse of 60gs. for horses, &c.—Heats, the New Course.

Lord Egremont's gr. h. Little John, by Octavius, 5 yrs, 8st. 7lb. ..	1	1
Sir J. Shelley's b. h. Antar, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	2	2
Lord G. H. Cavendish's b. h. Allegro, 6 yrs, 8st. 12lb. (fell lame) 3	3	3

Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, with 35gs. added. — Heats, the New Course.

Mr. Brown's br. g. Marksman, by Paynator, aged, 9st. ....	2	1	1
Mr. Field's br. g. Philip, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	1	2	2
Lord G. H. Cavendish's chesnut filly, by Sootheayer, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. ....	3	dr.	

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**SWAFFHAM MEETING.**

**WEDNESDAY, August 1.**—Fifty Pounds for three-year-olds; colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 3lb.—Two-mile heats.—The winner to be sold for 200gs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Rogers's b. c. by Blucher, out of Little Jane .....	1	1
Mr. Edward's b. c. Atom .....	3	2
Mr. Villiers's ch. c. Tanais .....	2	3

**THURSDAY, August 2.**

Lord Stradbroke's b. c. Incantator, by Sorcerer, 3 yrs old, 7st. ..	1	1
Mr. Rogers's b. c. by Blucher, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	2	2

The County Members' Plate of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.—The winner to be sold for 300gs. if demanded, &c.

Major Wilson's b. f. Rotterdam, by Juniper, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. ..	1	1
Lord Stradbroke's ch. Hoepoe, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	2	dr.

**BRIDGE-**

## BRIDGENORTH MEETING.

**THURSDAY, August 2.**—Fifty Pounds, for three and four-year-olds.  
Two-mile heats.

Mr. Painter's b. c. The Main, by Haphazard, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 1 1  
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Mars, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. .... 2 2

**FRIDAY, August 3.**—Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, with 20gs. added.  
—Two-mile heats.—Fourteen subscribers.

Mr. G. Aston's b. h. Shiver O! by Sampson, 5 yrs, 11st. 4lb. . 4 1 4 1  
Sir T. Jones's ch. h. Stanley, 5 yrs old, 11st. 4lb. .... 3 3 1 2  
Mr. H. Edwards's gr. m. Chance, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. .... 1 4 3 3  
Mr. Dallewy's br. m. Gipsy, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. .... 2 2 2

Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, with 15gs. added, for all ages.—Two miles.  
Five subscribers.

Mr. L. Charlton's b. h. Master Henry, by Orville, 6 yrs.. walked over.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Prendergast's ch. m. Letitia, by Rugantino, 5 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. . 1 1  
Mr. Pickernell's b. m. Patience, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. .... 3 2  
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Mars, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. .... 2 3

## STOCKBRIDGE MEETING.

**THURSDAY, August 2.**—Fifty Pounds for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Palmerston's b. c. by Crown Prince, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. .... 1 1  
Mr. Gardiner's ch. f. Imogen, 4 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. .... 2 2  
Mr. Fellowes's b. f. by Colossus, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. .... 3 3

**FRIDAY, August 3.**—Fifty Pounds for horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Fleming's bl. c. by Aladdin, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. .... 1 1  
Mr. Fellowes's b. g. by Czar Peter, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. .... 3 2  
Mr. King's b. c. Brother to Red Rose, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. .... 2 dr.

## HUNTINGDON MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 7.**—A Gold Cup, by nine subscribers of 10gs. each, for all ages.—About four miles.

Mr. Batson's b. f. Luss, by Hedley, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. .... 1  
Mr. Jones's br. c. by Sorcerer, dam by Stamford, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 2

**WEDNESDAY, August 8.**—Seventy Pounds for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Lord Valletort's ch. g. Euphrates, by Quiz, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. . 1 1  
Mr. Wortley's b. c. Locksley, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. .... 2 2  
M. Jones's br. c. by Sorcerer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. .... 3 dr.

**THURSDAY, August 9.**—Seventy Pounds for all ages.—The winner to be sold for 150gs. if demanded, &c.—Heats, once round, not two miles.

Lord Valletort's Euphrates, 5 yrs old, 9st. .... 1 1  
Lord Stradbroke's ch. c. Hoopoe, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. .... 5 2  
Mr.

## THE RACING CALENDAR.

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Mr. Jones's br. c. by Sorcerer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. .... 3 3  
 Mr. Rush's br. c. by Waxy, out of Chintz, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. .. 2 dr.  
 Mr. Saile's ch. f. Moiety, 3 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. .... 4 dis.  
 The winner was claimed.

### YORK AUGUST MEETING.

**M**ONDAY, August 20.—The Produce Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Four miles.—Seven subscribers.  
 Sir M. M. Sykes's br. c. Antelope, by Smolensko, dam by Shuttle (T. Nicholson)..... 1  
 Lord Milton's b. f. Lucinda, by Cervantes, out of Sally..... 2  
 Seven to 4 on Antelope.—A good race, and won by a head: run in 7 min. 50 sec.

The Knavesmire Stakes of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft.—Last-mile and a half.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Kirby's b. c. Canova, by Golumpus, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (J. Jackson).. 1  
 Mr. Bell's b. c. Jehu, by Fitz-Teazle, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. .... 2  
 Sir W. Milner's b. c. Langtonian, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. .... 3  
 Six to 4 agst Canova, 2 to 1 agst Jehu, and 5 to 2 agst Langtonian.—  
 Won cleverly.

Match for 100gs. each, h. ft.—Two-miles.

Mr. Knapton's gr. h. by Mowbray, aged, 11st. .... walked over.  
 Mr. James Horner's ch. h. Thornton, by Weazel, 11st. .... pd.  
 The King's Purse of 100gs.: four-year-olds, 10st. 4lb.; five-year-olds, 11st. 6lb.; six-year-olds, 12st.; and aged, 12st. 2lb.—Four miles.  
 Mr. Petre's br. c. Sir John, by Smolensko, 4 yrs old (Scott)..... 0 1  
 Mr. Lambton's b. c. Cavalier, by Amadis, 4 yrs old. .... 0 2  
 Mr. Houldsworth's gr. c. Bacus, 4 yrs old. .... 3  
 Mr. T. Sykes's b. c. Alexander, 4 yrs old. .... 4  
 Mr. T. Duncombe's b. g. by Walton, 4 yrs old. .... 5  
 Mr. Haworth's gr. c. Joseph, by Cottingham, 4 yrs old. .... 6  
 Thirteen to 8 agst Cavalier, and 5 to 1 agst Sir John: after the dead heat, even betting.—Won by a head.

**TUESDAY, August 21.**—Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Two-year-olds' Course.—Seventeen subscribers:

Mr. Watt's b. f. Marion, Sister to Trumper (J. Jackson)..... 1  
 Sir E. Dodsworth's br. f. by Woful, dam by Sorcerer..... 2  
 Mr. F. Lumley's ch. f. by Comus, dam by Shuttle..... 3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. by Woful, out of Masquerade..... 0  
 Sir M. Ridley's ch. c. Brother to Harmodius ..... 0  
 Mr. Petre's b. c. by Woful, out of Blacklock's dam..... 0  
 Lord Dundas's gr. c. by Comus, out of Heliantha..... 0  
 Mr. Crowther's b. c. by Woful, dam by Shuttle..... 0  
 Mr. Gascoigne's b. f. by Amadis—Fitz-Orville's dam..... 0  
 Colonel Croft's ch. f. by Comus, dam by Paul..... 0  
 Mr. Wright's b. c. by Walton, dam by Hambletonian..... 0  
 Mr. J. Ferguson's ch. f. Evens, by Walton—Lucinda's dam..... 0

Seven to 4 agst Marion, 3 to 1 agst Sir E. Dodsworth's filly, and 5 to 1 agst Mr. Gascoigne's filly.—Won very easy: run in 1 min. 11½ sec.

The last year of a Subscription of 25gs. each, divided into three Purses, with 50l. added to each by the City of York; for five-year-olds, 8st. 7lb.; six, 8st. 12lb.; and aged, 9st.—Four miles.—Eighteen subscribers.

Mr. Peirse's b. h. Reveller, by Comus, 6 yrs old (J. Shepherd).....	1
Lord Fitzwilliam's b. h. Palmerin, 5 yrs old.....	2
Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. h. The Juggler, by Comus, 6 yrs old.....	3
Lord Scarbrough's The Black Prince, by Walton, 5 yrs old.....	4

Six to 5 on Reveller, 3 to 1 agst Palmerin, and 4 to 1 agst The Juggler.  
Won easy: run in 7 min. 48 sec.

Fifty Pounds, for three-year-olds, 7st. 7lb. and 8st. 8lb.—Maiden colts allowed 2lb. and fillies, 3lb.—Heats, one mile and three-quarters.

Lord Scarbrough's b. c. by Smolensko, 3 yrs old (G. Nelson).....	5	4	1	1
Major Bower's b. c. by Prime Minister, 3 yrs old.....	1	2	2	3
Mr. Wright's b. c. Master Fray, 4 yrs old.....	4	1	3	2
Sir M. W. Ridley's b. g. Chorister, 4 yrs old.....	2	3	4	dr.
Mr. Horsley's b. c. Venture, by Golumpus, 3 yrs old.....	3	dr.		

Two to 1 agst Major Bower's colt, and 7 to 2 agst Venture; after the first heat, 5 to 4 on Major Bower's colt; after the second heat, 6 to 4 on Master Fray; after the third heat, 6 to 4 on the winner.—Four beautiful heats.

WEDNESDAY, August 22.—Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile and three-quarters.—Ten subscribers.

Col. King's bay, Lunatic, by Prime Minister, out of Fulford's dam (J. Garbutt).....	1
Mr. Bell's br. by Smolensko, out of Tiny.....	2
Mr. J. Ferguson's b. Floranthe, by Octavian.....	3
Lord Scarbrough's br. by Calton, out of Henrietta.....	4

Two to 1 on the winner.—Won in a canter: run in 5 min. 24½ sec.

Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Untried stallions, &c. allowed 3lb.—Two miles.—Fifteen subscribers.

Mr. Watt's ch. c. Cerberus, out of Altisidora (J. Jackson).....	1.
Mr. Peirse's gr. f. by Comus, out of Lisette.....	2
Lord Milton's br. c. Czernicheff, by Smolensko.....	3
Mr. Gascoigne's b. c. by Whitelock—Sheba's Queen.....	4

Eleven to 10 on Mr. Watt's colt.—Won cleverly.—3 min. 44½ sec.

The last year of a Subscription of 25gs. each, divided into three Purses, with 50l. added to each by the City of York; for four-year-old colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Four miles.—Eighteen subscribers.

Mr. Gascoigne's b. f. Cora, by Waxy (W. Scott).....	1
Mr. Lambton's br. c. Waverley, by Whalebone.....	2
Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. c. Gambler, by Haphazard.....	3
Lord Queensberry's b. c. Gonsalvi, by Cardinal York.....	4
Mr. Watt's br. c. Bergami, by Cerberus.....	5
Lord Milton's b. c. Field Marshal, by Smolensko.....	6

Eleven to 5 agst Bergami, 3 to 1 agst Waverley, 3 to 1 agst Gonsalvi, and 7 to 2 agst Cora.—Won easy: run in 7 min. 57½ sec.

THURS.



**THURSDAY, August 23.**—The last year of a Subscription of 25gs. each, divided into three Purses, with 50l. added to each by the City of York; four-year-olds, 8st.; five, 8st. 11lb.—Four miles.—Eighteen subscribers.

Lord Scarbrough's The Black Prince, by Walton, 5 yrs (J. Jackson) 1  
 Lord Queensberry's b. c. Gonsalvi, by Cardinal York, 4 yrs old.... 2  
 Lord Milton's b. h. Palmerin, by Amadis, 5 yrs old (broke down) .. 3  
 Two to 1 on Palmerin, 3 to 1 agst Gonsalvi, and 6 to 1 agst The Black Prince.—Won easy: run in 7 min. 54 sec.

Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—Last mile and a quarter.—Sixteen subscribers.

Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. Statesman, by Prime Minister (Wheatley) .... 1  
 Lord Scarbrough's b. c. Coronation, by Catton—Black Prince's dam 2  
 Mr. J. Ferguson's b. c. Champagne, by Octavian, out of Memento.. 3

The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. T. O. Powlett's ch. f. Marigold, by Comus..... 0  
 Mr. Fletcher's b. g. by Comus, out of Arabella ..... 0  
 Mr. Frankland's ch. c. Northern Light, by Octavian..... 0  
 Mr. C. Marson's ch. c. by Ardrossan, out of Remembrance ..... 0  
 Mr. Yarrowburgh's b. f. by Prime Minister, dam by Orville ..... 0  
 Six and 7 to 4 agst Statesman, 4 to 1 agst Coronation, and 5 to 1 agst Mr. C. Marson's colt.—Won easy.—Statesman's rider rode in the most masterly style.—Run in 2 min. 5 sec.

The second year of a Subscription of 25gs. each; three-year-old colts, 7st. 2lb.; fillies, 6st. 11lb.; four-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb.; fillies, 8st.; five, 8st. 10lb.; six and aged, 9st.—Two miles.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Lambton's gr. c. Daunsinane, 4 yrs old (T. Nicholson)..... 1  
 Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Henry, 3 yrs old ..... 2  
 Mr. Fox's b. h. Cardinal Wolsey, 5 yrs old..... 3  
 Five to 2 on the winner.—Won uncommonly easy: run in 3 min. 26½ seconds.

**FRIDAY, August 25.**—Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, with 25gs. added, for all ages; two-year-olds, 6st. 4lb.; three, 7st. 11lb.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 3lb.—Last Mile.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Lambton's br. c. Borodino, 4 yrs old (T. Nicholson) ..... 1  
 Mr. Kirby's b. c. Canova, 4 yrs old..... 2  
 Mr. Ridsdale's b. c. by Cardinal York, 3 yrs old ..... 3  
 Five and 6 to 4 on Borodino.—Won easy.

The Ladies' Purse.—Heats, one mile and three-quarters.

Mr. Yarrowburgh's b. filly, by Prime Minister, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (T. Nicholson)..... 1 1  
 Mr. Horseley's b. c. Venture, by Golampus, 3 yrs old, 7st..... 2 2  
 Mr. T. Sykes's b. c. by Henderskelf, 3 yrs old, 7st..... 3 3  
 Six to 4 on Mr. Yarrowburgh's filly; after the first heat, 5 to 1 on her.—Both heats won in a canter.

**SATURDAY, August 25.**—Match for 50gs.—Last mile and a half.

Mr. Lambton's br. c. Borodino, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (T. Nicholson) .. 1  
 Mr. Lane Fox's b. h. Cardinal Wolsey, 5 yrs old, 9st..... 2  
 Two and 3 to 1 on the winner.—Won easy.

**Fifty Pounds, given by the Members for the City of York, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, one mile and a half.**

Mr. Lambton's br. c. Borodino, by Smolensko, 3 yrs old, 8st. (T. Nicholson) ..... 1 1  
 Mr. T. Sykes's b. c. Alexander, by Don Cossack, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. 2 2  
 Mr. C. Marson's ch. c. by Ardrossan, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. .... 4 3  
 Mr. T. Hutchinson's b. f. Julietta, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. .... 3 dr.  
 Mr. Perron's ch. f. by Clinker, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. .... dis.  
 Six and 7 to 4 on Borodino; after the heat, 5 and 6 to 1 on him.—  
 Won easy.

### KENDAL MEETING.

(*New Course.*)

**TUESDAY, August 7.—Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds and upwards.—Three miles.—Five subscribers.**

Mr. Robinson's b. f. by Marmion, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. .... walked over.

**Fifty Pounds for horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.**

Mr. Robinson's b. f. by Marmion, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. .... 1 2 1  
 Mr. Field's gr. c. by Marmion, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. .... 3 2 2  
 Mr. M'Minnie's br. h. The Palmer, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. .... 2 1 3

**WEDNESDAY, August 8.—The Gold Cup, by five subscribers of 10gs. each, for all ages.—Three miles.**

Lord Queensberry's b. m. Miss Syntax, by Paynator, aged, 8st. 9lb. .... walked over.

**Sweepstakes of 7gs. each, with 20gs. added, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Four subscribers.**

Mr. Blizzard's b. m. Creeping Kate, aged, 8st. 9lb. .... 1 1  
 Mr. Robinson's b. f. by Marmion, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. .... 2 2  
 Mr. Smith's b. f. by Corrector, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. .... 3 3

**The Town Purse of 50l. for horses, &c.—Two-mile heats.**

Mr. T. Hutchinson's b. f. Miss Wilks, by Octavian, 2 yrs, 6st. 7lb. 1 1  
 Mr. Blizzard's b. m. Creeping Kate, aged, 8st. 9lb. .... 3 2  
 Lord Queensberry's b. m. Miss Syntax, aged, 8st. 9lb. .... 2 3  
 High odds on Miss Syntax.

**THURSDAY, August 9.—Sweepstakes of 10gs. each.—Gentlemen riders, 12st.—Two miles.**

Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. g. by Young Benningbrough ..... 1  
 Mr. Read's b. g. Black Rock ..... 2  
 Mr. T. Parkinson's b. g. Fearnought ..... 3

**Handicap Stakes of 7gs. each, with 20gs. added.**

Mr. Simpson's b. f. by Corrector, 3 yrs old ..... 1 1  
 Mr. M'Minnie's br. h. The Palmer, 5 yrs old ..... 2 2  
 Mr. Field's gr. c. by Marmion, 3 yrs old ..... 3 3

**Match for 50gs. 9st. each.—Two miles.**

Mr. Pooley's b. m. Molly Flash ..... 1  
 Mr. Goulden's bay mare ..... 2

OK

OXFORD MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 8.**—The Gold Cup, value 100gs. by nineteen subscribers of 10gs. each (the surplus in specie), for all ages.—Four miles.

Mr. Ockenden's b. h. Strephon, by Rubens, 6 yrs old, 9st. ....	1
Mr. West's br. h. Fitz-Orville, aged, 9st. 4lb. ....	2
Mr. Sadler's ch. h. Steeltrap, 6 yrs old, 9st. ....	3

Strephon the favourite.

Fifty Pounds for three-year-olds and upwards.—Heats, once round:

Mr. Thornhill's ch. f. Scarpa, by Crispin, 3 yrs old, 6st. 1lb. ...	1	5	1
Mr. Beechey's b. c. by Hedley, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. ....	4	1	2
Mr. West's b. f. Barbara, 3 yrs old, 6st. 1lb. ....	3	4	3
Mr. Dundas's b. h. Pelican, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. ....	2	3	4
Mr. C. Day's b. g. Swindon, 5 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. ....	5	2	dr.
Mr. Pryse's gr. f. Undine, 3 yrs old, 6st. 1lb. ....	3	dr.	
Mr. Meynell's b. f. Muslin, 3 yrs old, 6st. 1lb. ....	7	dr.	

**THURSDAY, August 9.**—The Oxfordshire Stakes of 20gs. each, h. ft. with 50l. added.—Heats, once round.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Dundas's b. h. Chef d'Œuvre, by Rubens, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. 1	1
Mr. Sadler's ch. h. Steeltrap, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. ....	2

Fifty Pounds for horses, &c. not thorough bred.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Meynell's ch. c. by Waxy, 4 yrs old, 10st. ....	1	1
Mr. Stroud's b. m. by Witchcraft, aged, 11st. 10lb. ....	3	2
Mr. Deakins's b. g. by Carpet Weaver, 6 yrs old, 11st. 7lb. ....	2	3

NOTTINGHAM MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 7.**—The King's Plate, for four-year-olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Stevenson's b. c. Ashbud, by Ashton, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. ...	1	2	1
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Tisiphone, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. ....	2	1	2
Mr. Platel's br. g. Lop, by York, 6 yrs old, 12st. ....	3	dis.	

Two to 1 on Tisiphone; after the first heat, 3 to 1 on Ashbud; after the second heat, 5 to 1 on Tisiphone.—A good race.

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds.—Once round the Course.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Platel's br. c. Haddon, by Pericles, 8st. 3lb. (Scott).....	1
Mr. Mytton's ch. f. Queen Caroline—Brighiadoro, 8st. ....	2

Six to 4 on Haddon.—Won easy.

Sixty Pounds for maiden horses.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. Jackson's b. f. Minerva, by Haphazard, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. (a boy) .....	2	1	1
Sir J. Byng's b. f. Madona, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. ....	1	2	2
Mr. Whitehurst's b. f. Cybele, by Cavendish, 3 yrs, 6st. 12lb. ...	3	3	dr.
Mr. Massey's b. h. Brutus, 5 yrs old, 9st. ....	4	4	dr.

Six to 4 agst Madona, and 3 to 1 agst Brutus.—Won easy.

**WEDNESDAY, August 8.**—Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. each.—Once round the Course.

Mr. Lacey's b. c. by Cardinal York or Cervantes, dam by Sancho .. 1  
 Mr. Bettison's b. c. by Cervantes—Sancho ..... 2  
 Even betting.—Won easy.

The Gold Cup, value 100gs. by fifteen subscribers of 10gs. each, the surplus in specie.—Two miles and a half.

Mr. Mytton's b. c. Halston, by Langton, 4 yrs old, 8st. (W. Dunn) 1  
 Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. Moonshine, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. .... 2  
 Mr. Houldsworth's gr. c. Æacus, 4 yrs old, 8st. .... 3  
 Sir W. Wynne's ch. c. Stingo, by Champion, out of Fanina, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. .... 4  
 Mr. Twamley's bl. f. Bonny Black, 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb. .... 5  
 Mr. Stevenson's b. c. Ashbud, 4 yrs old, 8st. .... 6  
 Six to 4 agst Æacus, 11 to 5 agst Moonshine, and 4 to 1 agst Halston.  
 A good race.

Sixty Pounds for three-year-olds.—Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Horseley's b. c. Venture, by Golumpus, dam by Hyacinthus,  
 8st. 3lb. (M. Noble) ..... 1 1  
 Mr. Platel's br. c. Haddon, by Pericles, 8st. (recd. 10l.) ..... 2 2  
 Mr. Jackson's b. f. Minerva, 8st. .... 2 3  
 Mr. J. C. Gillson's bl. or br. colt, by Julius Caesar, dam by Dick  
 Andrews, 8st. 3lb. .... 4 dr.  
 Six to 4 agst Venture, and 7 to 4 agst Minerva.—Won very easy.

THURSDAY, August 9.—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Heats, two miles and a half.

Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Tisiphone, by Langton, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb.  
 (W. Scott) ..... 1 1  
 Mr. Stevenson's b. c. Ashbud, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. .... 2 2  
 Two to 1 on the winner.—Won easy.

The Macaroni Stakes of 20gs. each, h. ft.—Heats, two miles and a half.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's gr. c. Æacus, by Camillus, 4 yrs old, 10st. 8lb.  
 (W. Scott) ..... 1 1  
 Mr. Mytton's ch. h. Mandeville, 6 yrs old, 12st. 8lb. .... 2 dr.  
 Four to 1 on the winner.—Won easy.

#### NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYNE MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 7.—Sixty Pounds for maiden horses.—Heats, twice round, and a distance.

Sir T. Stanley's br. c. Brother to Hooton, by Sir Oliver, 3 yrs old,  
 6st. 10lb. .... 1 1  
 Sir G. Pigot's b. f. Loyalty, 4 yrs old, 8st. .... 2 dr.

The Gold Cup, value 100gs. by ten subscribers of 10gs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Three miles.

Sir T. Mostyn's ch. h. Teniers, by Rubens, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. .... 1  
 Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Tarragon, 6 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. .... 2  
 Sir T. Mostyn's b. h. Alderman Wood, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. .... 3  
 Tarragon the favourite.—A good race, and won with difficulty.

WED.

WEDNESDAY, August 8.—The Members' Purse of 60gs. for three and four-year-olds.—Twice round, and a distance.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. Doge of Venice, by Sir Oliver, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.....walked over.

A Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, with 30gs. added.—Twice round, and a distance.—Six subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's br. c. Brother to Hooton, by Sir Oliver, 3 yrs old, 8st. 6lb.....walked over.

THURSDAY, August 9.—Handicap Stakes of 5gs. each, with 50gs. added, for all ages.—Heats, twice round, and a distance.

Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Harmodius, by Walton, 5 yrs old, 9st. .... 1 1

Mr. Clifton's b. c. Thornton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. .... 2 2

Sir T. Stanley's br. colt, Brother to Hooton, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. paid one guinea.

### LUTON LEES MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 7.—Sweepstakes of fifteen guineas each.

Mr. Phillips's ch. f. by Gohanna, 3 yrs old, 8st. 4lb..... 1

Captain Meredith's Sans Souci, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb..... 2

Mr. Jones's gr. h. Pilot, aged, 9st. 2lb..... 3

Mr. Smart's c. by Waxy, 3 yrs old, 8st. 6lb..... 4

Even on Sans Souci, and 6 to 4 agst the winner.—A fine race.

Sweepstakes of 5gs. each.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. R. Forth's Wolsey ..... 1 1

Captain Ferrand's Amelia..... 5 2

Mr. Wellesley's Contraband..... 3 3

Mr. Jaques's Robin Rough-head ..... 2 4

Mr. Hart's Juniper ..... 4 dr.

Captain Crompton's Haphazard ..... 5 dr.

Two to 1 agst Wolsey, 2 to 1 agst Amelia, and 3 to 1 agst Robin Rough-head.

Match for 50gs.—Two miles.

Mr. Smith's Porcupine ..... 1

Mr. Russell's Jean D'Arc ..... 2

WEDNESDAY, August 8.—The Ladies' Purse of 50l. ; three-year-olds, 8st. 4lb. ; four, 8st. 10lb. ; five, 9st. ; and aged, 9st. 6lb.—Heats.

Mr. Roger's Fortunio, 4 yrs old ..... 5 1 1

Captain Grainger's colt, by Sorcerer ..... 1 2 2

Mr. Luff's Sir Benjamin ..... 2 3 dr.

Mr. Goddard's Thunderbolt, aged..... 4 4 dr.

Mr. W. Milne's b. m. Maria ..... 3 dr.

The Farmers' Stakes of 10gs. each, for horses not thorough bred.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Luff's Ge-ho ! ..... 1

Mr. Pratt's Fickle ..... 2

## BROMYARD MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 8.**—Fifty Pounds for maiden horses.—Heats, twice round.

Major O. Gore's b. f. Rosina, by Sir Harry Dimsdale, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. ....	1	1
Mr. Stevens's br. h. Shaw Abjah, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	3	2
Mr. Roberts's b. f. by Orville, dam by Worthy, 7st. 13lb. ....	2	dr.

**THURSDAY, August 9.**—Hunters' Stakes of 5gs. each, for horses, not thorough bred.—Heats, twice round.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Winnington's ch. f. Mary Ann, by Applegarth, 4 yrs old. ....	1	1
Mr. Stevens's br. h. Shaw Abjah, 5 yrs old. ....	2	dr.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Heats, twice round.

Mr. Prendergast's ch. m. Letitia, by Rugantino, 5 yrs, 8st. 10lb. ....	1	2	1
Mr. Bartley's b. m. Victorine, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. ....	2	1	2
Mr. Benson's b. g. Bryan Barew, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	2	3	dr.
Major O. Gore's ch. c. The Duke, 4 yrs old, 8st. (fell) ....	dis.		
Mr. Stevens's br. c. Fonmon, 4 yrs old, 8st. (fell) ....	dis.		

## SALISBURY MEETING.

**WEDNESDAY, August 8.**—His Majesty's Plate of 100gs. for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. King's b. c. Halldon (late Moonraker), by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. ....	1	1
Mr. Fellowes's b. g. by Czar Peter, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. ....	2	2

**THURSDAY, August 9.**—The City Silver Bowl for four-year-olds and upwards.—Heats, the Cup Course.

Mr. Fleming's b. c. by Beverley, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	1	1
Mr. Maplesden's br. m. Sappho, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. ....	2	2

The Members' Purse of 50l.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Farquharson's br. g. Garus, by Hambletonian, aged, 9st. 4lb. ....	1	1
Mr. Gardiner's ch. f. Imogen, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. ....	dis.	

**FRIDAY, August 10.**—Fifty Guineas for horses, &c. that never won a Plate.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Ramsbottom's br. c. by Octavius, out of Truth's dam, 3 yrs, 7st. ....	1	1
Mr. Fleming's ch. g. by Haphazard, 3 yrs old, 7st. ....	2	dr.

The County Members' Purse of 50gs. for three-year-olds and upwards. Heats, about two miles and a half.

Mr. Biggs's b. c. Trance, by Phantom, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	1	1
Mr. Farquharson's br. g. Garus, aged, 9st. 4lb. ....	2	2

## KELSO MEETING.

*(Over the New Course at Blakelaw.)*

**TUESDAY, August 7.**—Produce Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft.; colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Two miles.—Two subscribers.

Mr. Baillie's gr. f. by Viscount, out of Salamanca ..... walked over.  
Sweep-

Sweepstakes of 25gs. each; two-year-old colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st.—  
One mile.—Four subscribers.

Sir A. Don's b. c. by Haphazard..... 1  
Mr. Pringle's b. c. Carnival, by Young Whiskey..... 2

Fifty Pounds; three-year-olds, 7st. 4lb. four, 8st. 4lb.: fillies allowed  
3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Bogue's br. c. by Stamford, 3 yrs old..... 2 1 1  
Mr. G. Marshall's b. c. The Sheriff, 4 yrs old..... 1 2 2

WEDNESDAY, August 8.—Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for all ages.  
—Two miles.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Baillie's b. f. by Viscount, out of Penelope..... walked over.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Bogue's br. c. by Stamford, 3 yrs old, 7st. 3lb..... walked over.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 5gs. each.—Half-mile heats.

Mr. Hay's Prosody, 9st. 3lb..... 6 1 1  
Col. Johnston's b. m. Eucharis, aged, 9st. 10lb..... 1 2 dr.  
Sir A. Don's Brother to Agnes, 9st. .... 2 3 dr.  
Lord T. Hay's Grand Falconer, by Walton, 8st..... 3 4 dr.  
Mr. Marshall's The Devil, 7st. 12lb..... 4 dr.  
Mr. Campbell's The Lord of the Manor, 7st. 8lb..... 5 5 dr.

### STRANRAER MEETING, SCOTLAND.

THURSDAY, August 9.—The Gold Cup, value 100gs. (the rest in  
specie) by fifteen subscribers of 10gs. each.—Two miles.

Sir W. Maxwell's br. h. Cloutie, by Whitworth, aged, 8st. 13lb.  
(T. Lye) ..... 1  
Mr. Blair's b. h. Anastasius, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb..... 2

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Sir Wm. Maxwell's br. h. Cloutie, by Whitworth, aged,  
8st. 10lb..... walked over.

Sweepstakes of 2gs. each, with 10gs. added, for ponies; heats, once  
round the Course; was won by Miss Jane Maxwell's gr. m. Violet.

FRIDAY, August 10.—Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, with 50gs. added.  
—Three-mile heats.

Sir W. Maxwell's gr. c. Flint, by Viscount, 4 yrs old,  
8st. 4lb. .... walked over.

Sweepstakes of 1g. each, with 25gs. added.—Heats, once round, and  
a distance.

Miss Jane Maxwell's gr. m. Violet, 8st. 5lb..... 1 2 1  
Mr. M'Clement's gr. c. Flint, 4 yrs old, 8st..... 2 1 2  
Mr. Brown's b. c. Brougham, 3 yrs old, 8st..... 3 3 3

The Sweepstakes of one guinea each, with 10gs. added; heats, once  
round, and a distance; was won by Mr. W. Cumming's br. h. Trenmore,  
aged, at two heats, beating two others.

BUR-

## BURDEROP MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 14.**—Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, for three-year-olds, h. ft.—Last mile.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Goddard's b. f. by Haphazard, out of Spinetta,  
8st. 3lb. .... walked over.

A Gold Cup, value 100gs. by eight subscribers of 10gs. each, with 25gs. added.—Three miles.

Mr. Goddard's h. f. by Haphazard, out of Spinetta, 3 yrs, 6st. 9lb.. 1

Lord Aylesbury's b. c. Savernake, 4 yrs old, 8st..... 2

Mr. Biggs's b. c. Trance, 4 yrs old, 6st..... 3

Fifty Guineas for all ages.—Heats, three miles.

Mr. Fraser's ch. c. Clan-Albyn, by Mountaineer, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 1 1

Mr. Dundas's b. c. Pelican, 5 yrs old, 9st..... 2 2

Mr. J. Sadler's Steeltrap, 6 yrs old, 9st. 9lb..... 3 3

**WEDNESDAY, August 15.**—Handicap Purse of 50gs. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Fraser's br. c. Fitz-Hedley, by Hedley, 3 yrs old, 7st..... 1 1

Mr. Sadler's ch. h. Steeltrap, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb..... 2 2

Ms. Biggs's b. c. by Camerton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb..... 3 3

Renewal of the Savernake Forest Stakes of 25gs. each, for three-year-olds, 15gs. ft.—Red-Post in.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Goddard's b. f. by Haphazard, out of Spinetta, 3 yrs, 7st. 5lb.. 1

Lord Aylesbury's b. c. Savernake, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb..... 2

A Silver Cup, for horses not thorough bred.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Iveson's b. g. Bryan, by Golumpus, aged..... 1 1

Mr. Williams's br. g. Plumper, 4 yrs old..... 2 2

Mr. Baden's b. g. Candidate, 5 yrs old..... 3 dr.

## GOODWOOD MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 14.**—The Purbrook Stakes of 15gs. each, 5gs. ft. for hunters.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

D. of Richmond's b. h. Roncesvalles, by Skiddaw, 6 yrs old, 12st. 3lb. 1

Mr. Berkeley's b. g. Saddleback, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb..... 2

Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two miles.—Five subscribers.

D. of Richmond's gr. c. by Young Gohanna, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb..... 1

Mr. Richardson's ch. f. Prosody, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb..... 2

Mr. Hughes's ch. g. Waterloo, aged, 9st. 2lb..... 3

The winner was sold, according to the articles, for 250gs.

Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Col. Wyndham's b. f. by Whalebone, out of Margaretta, 3 yrs old,  
6st. 4lb..... 1 1

Mr. Walker's ch. f. Prosody, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb..... 3 2

Mr. Heathcote's b. f. Cardenio, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb..... 2 3

Mr. Green's bl. m. by Whalebone, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb..... 4 dr.

Match



## Match for 50gs.—Last mile.

Duke of Richmond's bl. f. Caroline, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. ....	1
Mr. Hughes's ch. g. Waterloo, aged, 9st. 9lb. ....	2

The Yeomanry Stakes was won, at three heats, by Mr. Hayllar's ch. m. Sall Dabbs, beating three others.

WEDNESDAY, August 15.—The Ladies' Purse of 50l.—One-mile heats.

D. of Richmond's br. c. Chichester, by Hyperion, 4 yrs, 8st. 9lb. 3 1 1	
Mr. Walker's b. f. Ally, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. ....	1 3 3
Capt. Brown's b. g. Philip, 5 yrs old, 9st. ....	3 3 3
Mr. J. Walker's b. c. Vanloo, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. ....	2 dr.
Mr. Dockwray's b. h. Slim, 6 yrs old, 9st. 7lb. ....	4 dr.

Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, for all ages.—Gentlemen riders.—Two miles. Ten subscribers.

Mr. Walker's b. c. Vanloo, by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. ....	1
Duke of Richmond's b. f. Roncesvalles, 6 yrs old ....	2
Capt. Brown's b. g. Philip, 5 yrs old, 9st. 9lb. ....	3
Mr. A. Berkeley's b. g. Saddleback, 5 yrs old, 9st. 9lb. ....	4

Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, with 50l. added, for all ages.—Two-mile heats.—Three subscribers.

Mr. Wyndham's b. f. by Whalebone, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	1 1
Mr. Walker's ch. c. Canova, by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	2 2

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WORCESTER MEETING.

TUESDAY, August 14.—Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for all ages.—Two miles.—Sixteen subscribers.

Mr. L. Charlton's b. h. Master Henry, by Orville, 6 yrs old, 9st. ....	1
Lord Stamford's b. c. Quicksilver, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	2
Lord Warwick's b. f. Selina, by Selim, 7st. 9lb. ....	3
Mr. Tomes's b. h. Duplicate, aged, 9st. 7lb. ....	4
Mr. E. Foley's bl. c. Gleaner, 3 yrs old, 6st. 8lb. ....	5

Even betting on Master Henry.—A good race.

The Members' Purse of 50l. added to a Sweepstakes of 5gs. each.—Two-mile heats.

Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. Thyrsis, by Young Sorcerer, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. ....	1 1
Mr. West's br. h. Fitz-Orville, aged, 9st. 2lb. ....	2 2
Mr. Swindell's br. h. Saucebox, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. ....	3 dr.
Lord Warwick's b. h. Roman, 6 yrs old, 9st. ....	4 dr.
Roman the favourite, but fell lame in running.—A good race.—The first heat won by a nose, and the second by a head.	

WEDNESDAY, August 15.—The Gold Cup, value 100gs. by seventeen subscribers of 10gs. each, the surplus in specie, for three-year-olds and upwards.

Mr. L. Charlton's b. h. Master Henry, by Orville, 6 yrs old, 9st. ....	1
Lord Stamford's b. c. Quicksilver, 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	2
Mr. Jones's b. m. Ethelinda, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. ....	3

The

## The Ladies' Purse of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. West's br. h. Fitz-Orville, by Orville, aged, 9st. 7lb.	2	1	1
Mr. T. Pickernell's b. m. Patience, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb.	5	3	2
Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Vampyre, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.	1	2	dr.
Mr. Gore's gr. h. Snowdon, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.	3		dr.
Mr. Stevens's b. c. Fommon, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb.	4	4	dr.

Vampyre the favourite; but after the second heat, 3 and 4 to 1 on Fitz-Orville.

## Hunters' Stakes of 5gs. each, with 50l. added, for four-year-old colts and upwards.—Two-mile heats.—Thirteen subscribers.

Col. Davies's b. m. Aspasia, by Sir Ulic, aged, 12st. 6lb.	1	1
Sir E. Blount's gr. g. Forester, 5 yrs old, 12st. 4lb.	3	2
Mr. Shepherd's b. g. Shepherd, by Sir Ulic, 5 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	2	3
Mr. Foley's b. g. Bob Handy, aged, 11st. 11lb.	4	5
Lord Plymouth's ch. g. Fearnought, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb.	6	4
Mr. Hornyhold's ch. g. by Selim, 6 yrs, 11st. 11lb. (broke down)	5	6

## THURSDAY, August 16.—Handicap Stakes of 5gs. each, with 50l. added.—Three-mile heats.

Mr. Tomes's b. h. Duplicate, by Williamson's Ditto, aged.. walked over.  
 Macaroni Stakes of 10gs. each, for horses, not thorough bred, 12st. each.  
 Six subscribers.

Mr. J. Lockley's br. g. Bob Handy, by King Bladud, aged . walked over.

## Match for 50l.—One-mile heats.

Mr. Portman's bay mare .....	1	1
Mr. Jones's chesnut mare .....	2	2

## BURTON-UPON-TRENT MEETING.

## TUESDAY, August 21.—The Burton Gold Cup (in specie) by ten subscribers of 10gs. each, for horses, &amp;c. of all ages.—Three miles.

Mr. Mytton's br. g. Anti-Radical, by Marmion, 5 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. (Dunn) .....	1
Sir T. Mostyn's ch. h. Teniers, 5 yrs old, 9st. 12lb.	2
Mr. B. Peel's b. h. Duplicate, aged, 9st. 12lb.	3

## The Ladies' Purse of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Hutchinson's b. h. Tagus, aged, 9st. 3lb. (J. Jayes) .....	1	1
Mr. Mytton's br. h. Paul Potter, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	2	2
Sir T. Mostyn's b. h. Alderman Wood, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.	4	3
Mr. Bainbrigge's b. m. Amana, 9st. 3lb.	3	4

Tagus has been a stallion two seasons in Lord Grosvenor's stud, and was only one month in training previous to the above race, which he won with ease.

## Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for three-year-olds.—One mile, and a distance.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Painter's b. c. Coxcomb, 8st. 3lb. (Spencer) .....	1
Mr. Jackson's b. f. Minerva, 8st.	2
Mr. Tomes's b. f. Daphne, Sister to Duplicate, 8st.	3

WED.

**WEDNESDAY, August 22.**—The *Anglo-American* Parts of 501.—Three-mile heats.

Sir J. Pigo's b. filly, *Loyalty*, by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.

(H. Arthur) ..... 2-1

Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. *Musa*, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. .... 1-2

Mr. Wragg's b. f. *Fuge*, by Seethsayer, 4 yrs old, 8st. .... 3-3

Mr. Massey's b. f. *Rubæ*, by Rubens, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. .... 4-4

Mr. Platel's b. f. by Young Castrel, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. .... 5-5

Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, with 40gs. added, for horses, &c. of all ages.

Two-mile heats.—Four subscribers:

Sir G. Sitwell's b. h. *Truth*, by Teddy, 6 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. .... 2-1

Mr. Whitehurst's b. c. *Chance*, 4 yrs old, 8st. .... 1-2

The *Staffordshire* Cavalry Stakes of 5gs. each, with 30gs. added.—Two-mile heats.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Whitnall's ch. m. *Off-She-Goes*, aged, 12st. .... 1-1

Mr. Burton's b. m. *Burton Lass*, 12st. .... 2-2

Mr. Baldwin's bl. h. *Black Jack*, 12st. .... 4-3

Mr. Watson's b. h. *Rattler*, 12st. .... 3-4

Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st.

Three quarters of a mile.—Six subscribers.

Mr. B. Peel's ch. f. *Delusion*, by Magic (Arthur) ..... 1-1

Mr. Benson's br. c. *Rattler*, by Thunderbolt ..... 2-2

Mr. Mytton's b. c. by Aladdin, out of Dairymaid. .... 0-0

Lord Dartmouth's b. c. *Hassan* ..... 0-0

Mr. Platel's br. c. *Chesterton*, by Pericles ..... 0-0

Hunters' Stakes of 5gs. each.—Two-mile heats.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. B. Peel's br. g. *Pickle*, by Mango, 6 yrs old, 12st. .... walked over.

### DONCASTER MEETING.

**MONDAY, September 17.**—The *Fitzwilliam* Stakes of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added, for all ages: two-year olds, 6st.; three, 8st.; four, 8st. 9lb.; five, 9st. 11lb.; six, 9st. 5lb.; and aged, 9st. 7lb.—One mile and a half.—Five subscribers.

Mr. Lambton's br. c. *Borodino*, by Smolensko, 4 yrs old (T. Nicholson) 1

Sir E. Bodsworth's ch. c. *St. Patrick*, 4 yrs old. .... 2

Sir W. Maxwell's gr. c. *Jock the Laird's Brother*, 3 yrs old. .... 3

Lord Milton's br. c. *Czernicheff*, by Smolensko, 3 yrs old. .... 4

Five to 2 on *St. Patrick*.—Won cleverly.

Produce Stakes of 100gs. each; h. ft. for two-year-olds: colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st.—From the Red-house to the Ending Post.—Four subscribers.

Duke of Leeds's b. f. by Octavian, out of Miss Cliffe .... walked over.

The Great *St. Leger* Stakes of 25gs. each, for three-year-olds: colts,

8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st.—*St. Leger* Course.—Forty-nine subscribers.

Mr. T. O. Powlett's br. c. *Jack Spigot*, by Ardrossan or Marmion

(W. Scott) ..... 1

Mr. Watson's ch. f. *Fortuna*, Sister to Woodbine, .... 2

Lord Scarbrough's b. c. *Coronation*, by Catton, .... 3

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Lord Fitzwilliam's b. c. Sandbeck, by Catton .....	4
Mr. Allison's b. c. Vingt-un, by Smolensko .....	5

The following also started, but were not placed :

Mr. Watt's ch. c. Cataline, by Cerberus—Altsidora .....	0
Mr. Peirse's gr. f. by Comus, out of Lisette .....	0
Mr. Hunter's gr. c. Gustavus, by Election .....	0
Mr. R. Milnes's b. f. My Lady, by Comus .....	0
Col. King's b. f. Lunatic, by Prime Minister .....	0
Mr. Brandling's b. c. by Prime Minister—Ruler .....	0
Mr. T. Sadler's f. Pastorella, by Fyldener—Folly .....	0
Mr. Riddell's b. c. Colwell, by X Y Z .....	0

Five to 2 agst Gustavus, 4 to 1 agst Vingt-un, 6 to 1 agst Jack Spigot, 7 to 1 agst My Lady, 20 to 1 agst Coronation, 20 to 1 agst Sandbeck, 25 to 1 agst Lunatic, 25 to 1 agst Pastorella, and 25 to 1 agst Fortuna.—Coronation took the lead and made play about three quarters of a mile, when Lunatic came in front and kept the lead about half a mile; other horses then came up—and shortly Jack Spigot, Fortuna, and Coronation made a run, in which Coronation was defeated.—A fine race with the three, but won rather cleverly by half a length.—Statesman, one of the favourites, fell lame on Saturday, and consequently did not start.

Produce Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. : colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.  
—Those got by untried stallions, &c. allowed 3lb.—Four miles.—  
Eleven subscribers.

Sir M. M. Sykes's br. c. Antelope, by Smolensko (T. Nicholson)....	1
Mr. Gascoigne's b. f. Cora, by Waxy—Vourneen .....	2
Sir W. Maxwell's ch. c. Monreith, by Haphazard .....	3
Six to 4 on Cora.—Won very easy.	

His Majesty's Plate of 100gs. for all horses, &c. : four-year-olds, 10st. 4lb.; five, 11st. 6lb.; six, 12st.; and aged, 12st. 2lb.—Four miles.

Mr. E. Petre's br. c. Sir John, by Smolensko, 4 yrs old .....	1
Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. Gambler, 4 yrs old .....	2
Mr. Armstrong's b. c. Alexander, 4 yrs old .....	3
Five to 4 on Sir John.—A good race.	

**TUESDAY, September 18.**—All-aged Stakes of 10gs. each, with 25gs. added : three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 7st. 9lb.; five, 8st. 6lb.; six and aged, 8st. 12lb.—St. Leger Course.—The winner to be sold for 200gs. if demanded, &c.—Seven subscribers.

Mr. T. O. Powlett's gr. h. The Marshal, by Comus, 6 years old, (W. Scott) .....	1
Sir W. Milner's b. c. Langtonian, 4 yrs old .....	2
Lord Scarbrough's b. c. Albany, 3 yrs old .....	3
Mr. Yarbrough's br. f. by Prime Minister, 3 yrs old .....	4

The following also started, but were not placed :

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. f. Lucinda, 4 yrs old .....	0
Mr. Watt's ch. c. Caesar, 4 yrs old .....	0

Six to 4 agst The Marshal, and 2 to 1 agst Lucinda.—Won easy.

The Corporation Plate of 50l. for horses, &c. : three-year-olds, 6st. 7lb.; four, 7st. 9lb.; five, 8st. 3lb.; six and aged, 8st. 10lb.: mares allowed 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Lambton's gr. h. Consul, by Camillus, 5 yrs (T. Nicholson) 1 1.  
 Mr. Bell's b. f. by Fitz-Teazle, 3 yrs old (received 21gs.) ..... 4 2.  
 Mr. Watt's br. c. Bergami, 4 yrs old ..... 2 dr.  
 Mr. W. B. Cooke's b. c. Usquebaugh, 3 yrs old ..... 3 dr.  
 Six to 4 on Consul, and 2 to 1 agat Bergami.—Won in a canter.

WEDNESDAY, September 19.—Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, h. ft. for three-year-olds: colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—St. Leger Course.—Six subscribers.

Sir M. M. Sykes's br. c. by Smolensko, dam by Shuttle (T. Nicholson) ..... 1  
 Lord Fitzwilliam's ch. f. Ursula, by Cervantes ..... 2  
 Mr. Watt's ch. c. Cataline, by Cerberus—Altisidora ..... 3  
 Six to 4 on the winner.—Won very easy.

The second year of the Renewed Doncaster Stakes of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added: three-year-old, 6st.; four, 7st. 7lb.; five, 8st. 3lb.; six and aged, 8st. 10lb.—Four miles.—Fourteen subscribers.

Mr. Lambton's br. c. Borodino, by Smolensko, 4 yrs (T. Nicholson) 1  
 Mr. Peirce's b. h. Reveller, by Comus, 6 yrs old ..... 2  
 Five to 2 on Reveller.—A smart race, but won very easy at the last.

The Gascoigne Stakes of 100gs. each, 30gs. ft.: colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—St. Leger Course.—Ten subscribers.

Mr. Wyvill's b. filly, My Lady, Sister to The Duke, by Comus, (W. Arnold) ..... 1  
 Mr. Hunter's gr. c. Gustavus, by Election ..... 2  
 Lord Milton's b. c. Sandbeck, by Catton—Orvillina ..... 0  
 Six to 5 on Sandbeck, 2 to 1 agst Gustavus, and 3 to 1 agst My Lady.—A good race.—Sandbeck ran against a post and fell, after running about a mile, but we are happy to say his rider, W. Clift, was not much hurt.

Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, 20gs. ft. for four-year-olds: colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—Maiden horses, &c. at the time of naming, to be allowed 4lb.—St. Leger Course.—Six subscribers.

Mr. Lambton's br. c. Waverly, by Whalebone (T. Nicholson) ..... 1  
 Sir W. Maxwell's ch. c. Monreith, by Haphazard ..... 2  
 Three to 1 on Waverly.—Won easy.

The Foal Stakes of 100gs. each, h. ft.: colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. 4lb.—One mile and a half.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. c. Jack Spigot, by Ardrossan (W. Scott) .... 1  
 Mr. Wyvill's b. f. My Lady, by Comus ..... 2  
 Five to 1 on Jack Spigot.—A very excellent race.

The Gold Cup, free for any horse, &c.: three-year-old, 6st.; four, 7st. 7st.; five, 8st. 3lb.; six, 8st. 11lb.; and aged, 9st.—The winner of any subscription plate at York, this year, to carry 4lb. extra, or two subscription plates at York, this year, 7lb.—Four miles.

Mr. Lambton's gr. horse, Consul, by Camillus, 5 yrs old (T. Nicholson) ..... 1  
 Mr. T. O. Powlett's b. h. The Juggler, 6 yrs old ..... 2  
 Sir M. M. Sykes's br. c. Antelope, 4 yrs old ..... 3

Lord Seabrough's bl. h. The Black Prince, 5 yrs old ..... 4  
 Mr. Petre's br. c. Sir John, by Smolensko, 4 yrs old ..... 5  
 Mr. Peirse's gr. f. by Comus, out of Lisette, 3 yrs old ..... 5  
 Five to 2 agst Antelope, 8 to 1 agst Concord, 6 to 1 agst The Juggler,  
 and 6 to 1 agst The Black Prince.—Won easy.

**THURSDAY, September 20.**—The Doncaster Club Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two miles.—Four subscribers.  
 Mr. Lambton's gr. c. Dunsinane, by Macbeth, 4 yrs old,

8st. 5lb. .... walked over.

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, with 20gs. added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 2lb. each.—St. Leger Course.—Fourteen subscribers.

Mr. Watson's ch. Fortuna, by Comus, dam by Patriot (J. Day) .... 1  
 Mr. Houldsworth's bay, by Grville, out of Sprite ..... 2  
 Mr. Riddell's bay, by X Y Z, out of Swinton's dam ..... 3  
 Col. King's bay, Lunatic, by Prime Minister ..... 4  
 Five to 2 on Fortuna.—A very severe race.

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for two-year-olds: colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st. Two-year-olds' Course.—Twenty-two subscribers.

Mr. F. Lumley's ch. f. by Comus, dam by Shuttle (T. Nicholson) .. 1  
 Lord Queensberry's b. c. Orator, by Prime Minister—Ruler ..... 2  
 The following also started, but were not placed:

Mr. Watt's b. f. Marion, Sister to Trumper ..... 0  
 Mr. Riddell's b. c. The Whig, Brother to Colwell ..... 0  
 Mr. Wyvill's b. f. Marchesa, Sister to My Lady ..... 0  
 Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. by Comus—Stamfordia ..... 0  
 Mr. W. Peirse's b. c. Baron Bowes, by Woful ..... 0  
 Lord Seabrough's bl. f. by Walton, dam by Golumpus ..... 0  
 Mr. Wright's b. c. by Walton, dam by Hambletonian ..... 0  
 Five to 4 on Marion, 7 to 2 agst Lord Queensberry's c. 5 to 1 agst  
 The Whig, and high odds agst any other.—There were three starts,  
 and Marion got badly off.—An excellent race.

Sweepstakes of 10gs. each.—Two-year-olds' Course.—Five subscribers.  
 Mr. Lambton's gr. c. Dunsinane, by Macbeth, 4 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.

(T. Nicholson) ..... 1  
 Mr. Petre's b. c. by Woful, 2 yrs old, 5st. 10lb. .... 2  
 Sir W. Maxwell's ch. c. Jock the Laird's Brother, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 3  
 Lord Queensberry's gr. f. by Prime Minister, 2 yrs old, 5st. .... 4  
 Six to 4 on Dunsinane.—Very easy.

Sweepstakes of 30gs each, 10gs ft. for colts; 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st.—The winner of the Great St. Leger Stakes to carry 7lb. extra.—Last mile and half.—Nine subscribers.

Mr. Grimston's bl. filly, by Sir Malagigi, out of Tuncol (R. Johnson) 1  
 Lord Seabrough's b. c. Coronation, by Catton ..... 2  
 Four to 1 on Coronation.—Won easy at last.

Sweepstakes of 25gs. each.—Four miles.—Three subscribers.  
 Lord Milton's b. f. Lucinda, sister to Maritornes, by Cervantes,  
 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. (Nicholson) ..... 1  
 Mr.

Mr. Houldsworth's gr. *Æacus*, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb., ..... 3  
Five to 4 on *Æacus*.—Won easy at last.

One Hundred Pounds Plate, for three and four-year olds: three-year-olds, 7st. 5lb. four, 8st. 7lb.—Maiden colts allowed 2lb. maiden fillies, 3lb.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Lambton's gr. c. Dunsinane, by Macbeth, 4 yrs old (T. Nicholson).....	1	1
Mr. Bell's b. c. Jehu, by Fitz-Teazle, 4 yrs old (received 42gs.).	2	2
Mr. Watt's br. c. Bergami, 5 yrs old .....	5	3
Mr. Armstrong's b. c. Alexander, 4 yrs old .....	3	4
Sir W. Milner's b. c. Langtonian, 4 yrs old .....	4	5

Five to 2 on Dunsinane.—Won in a canter.

Match for 100gs. h. ft. 8st. 4lb.—St. Leger Course.

Mr. Malcolm's b. c. Malcolm, by Macbeth, out of Peterea., walked over.  
Mr. G. L. Fox's b. c. by Stripling, dam by Paynator, ..... paid.

### PONTEFRACT MEETING.

**TUESDAY**, September 4.—Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft. for three-year-olds: colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—One mile and three-quarters.—Ten subscribers.

Lord Scarbrough's b. c. by Amadia, dam by Golumpus (B. Smith),....	1
Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. by Orville, out of Sprite .....	2
Mr. Yarburgh's b. f. by Prime Minister, dam by Orville .....	3
Mr. T. Sykes's b. c. by Golumpus—Magistrate's dam.....	4
Lord Milton's br. c. Czernicheff, by Smolensko .....	5

Even betting on Mr. T. Sykes's colt, 4 to 1 agst Lord Scarbrough's colt, and 4 to 1 agst Czernicheff.—Won cleverly.

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, with 20l. added, for horses, &c. of all ages.—Two miles and seven furlongs.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Lambton's b. colt, Borodino, by Smolensko, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (T. Nicholson),.....	1
Mr. Houldsworth's gr. c. <i>Æacus</i> , 4 yrs old, 8st. ....	2

Four and 5 to 1 on Borodino.—Very easy.

Fifty Pounds for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, two miles and a half each.

Mr. Lambton's gr. horse, Consul, by Camillus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. (T. Nicholson),.....	1	1
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Henry, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. ....	3	2
Mr. Wright's br. c. Master Fray, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. ....	2	3

Seven to 4 and 2 to 1 on Consul.—Won easy.

**WEDNESDAY**, September 5.—The Gold Cup, value 100gs. by nine subscribers of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added.—Two miles and seven furlongs.

Sir E. Dodsworth's ch. c. St. Patrick, by Walton, 4 yrs (R. Johnson)	1
Mr. Lambton's gr. c. Dunsinane, 4 yrs old .....	2
Mr. Petre's br. c. Waverley, 4 yrs old .....	3
Mr. T. Sykes's b. c. by Golumpus, 3 yrs old .....	4

Five

Five to 2 and 3 to 1 on St. Patrick.—A severe run race, and won by about two lengths.

The Foals Stakes of 30gs. each, 10gs. ft. for three-year-olds: colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—3lb. allowed, &c.—Last mile.—Three subscribers. Mr. Houldsworth's b. f. by Orville, out of Sprite (Scott)... walked over.

Fifty Pounds for horses, &c. of all ages.—Heats, one mile and three-quarters each.

Mr. Ferguson's ch. f. Lady of the Vale, by Mowbray, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. (T. Nicholson)..... 1 1  
Mr. Bell's b. c. Jehu, by Fitz-Teazle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb..... 4 2  
Mr. Armstrong's b. c. by Cardinal York or Langton, 3 yrs, 6st. 6lb. 5 3  
Mr. Yarburgh's br. f. by Prime Minister, dam by Orville, 3 yrs, 6st. 6lb. .... 2 4  
Sir H. Nelthorpe's br. f. 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb..... 3 dr.  
Even betting, and 5 to 4 on Lady of the Vale; after the first heat, 6 and 7 to 4 on her.—Won easy.

THURSDAY, September 6.—Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for two-year-olds: colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st.—Seven furlongs.—Eight subscribers.

Mr. Wyvill's b. f. Marchesa, own Sister to My Lady, by Comus, (B. Smith) ..... 1  
Col. Croft's ch. f. by Comus, dam by Paul ..... 2  
Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. by Walton—Catherine ..... 3  
Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Woful, out of Sophia ..... 4  
Even betting on the winner.—A fine race, and won by a head.

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, with 20gs. added, for three-year-old fillies, 8st.—Last mile and three-quarters.—Four subscribers.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. by Orville, out of Sprite (W. Scott)..... 1  
Sir J. Byng's b. Madona, by Raphael..... 2  
Mr. Bell's b. by Fitz-Teazle, dam by Hyacinthus ..... 3  
Even betting on Mr. Bell's f. and 6 to 4 agst Mr. Houldsworth's f.—Won easy.—The rider of Madona (T. Clift) unfortunately broke his stirrup iron, about half a mile from the winning-post.

The Ledstone Stakes of 25gs. each, for three-year-olds: colts, 8st. 5lb. fillies, 8st. 2lb.—One mile and a quarter.—Three subscribers.

Lord Milton's b. f. Amelia, by Raphael, out of Desdemona (T. Clift) 1  
Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Whitelock—Sheba's Queen..... 2  
Two to 1 on Mr. Wilson's colt.—Won easy.

Seventy Pounds Purse, for horses, &c. of all ages; weights, &c. the same as for Tuesday's Purse, and the winner of Tuesday's or Wednesday's Purse to carry 3lb. extra.—Heats, three miles each.

Mr. Lambton's br. c. Borodino, by Smolensko, 4 yrs old (T. Nicholson) ..... 1 1  
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Henry, 2 yrs old ..... 4 2  
Mr. Ferguson's ch. f. Lady of the Vale, 4 yrs old..... 2 3  
Mr. Ridsdale's ch. b. Swift, 5 yrs old..... 3 4  
Even betting on Borodino; after the first heat, 2 to 1 on him.—The first heat a smart race; the second won easy.

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GANTERBURY MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 21.**—Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two miles.—Seven subscribers.

Sir J. Honeywood's b. m. Enchantress, by Sorcerer, aged, 9st. 4lb. . . 1

Mr. Lushington's br. m. Coral, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. . . . . 2

A good race.

Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for horses, &c.—Four miles.—Eleven subscribers.

Mr. Brown's gr. f. Gift, by Young Gohanna, 3 yrs old, 5st. 12lb. . . . 1

Colonel Morland's b. h. Ranter, 6 yrs old, 9st. (rec. 20gs.) . . . . . 2

Mr. Lushington's gr. h. Tempest, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. . . . . 3

Mr. Palmer's ch. f. by Truffle, 3 yrs old, 5st. 12lb. . . . . 4

Won easy.

Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for horses, &c.—Two miles.—Twelve subscribers.

Mr. Pearce's br. m. Misery, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. . . . . 1

Colonel Morland's b. h. Ranter, 6 yrs old, 9st. 11lb. . . . . 2

Mr. Ryan's gr. h. Tempest, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. . . . . 3

The Kentish Hunters' Stakes of 5gs. each, for horses, not thorough bred, 12st. each.—Two miles.—Fourteen subscribers.

Mr. J. Palmer's ch. m. Miracle, by Whynot, 5 yrs old . . . . walked over.

**WEDNESDAY, August 22.**—The King's Purse of 100gs. for horses, &c.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Wyndham's b. c. Robin Hood, by Octavius, 4 yrs, 10st. 4lb. 1 1

Mr. Brown's b. g. Marksman, aged, 12st. 2lb. . . . . 2 dr.

Sir J. C. Honeywood's b. m. Enchantress, aged, 12st. 2lb. . . . . 3 dr.

The Maiden Purse of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards.—Four-mile heats.

Mr. Brown's gr. f. Gift, by Young Gohanna, 3 yrs old . . . . . 1 1

Sir J. C. Honeywood's gr. f. Merrymaid, 3 yrs old. . . . . 2 2

Mr. Rickwood's ch. m. Rosebud, 4 yrs old. . . . . 3 3

**THURSDAY, August 23.**—The City Purse of 50l. for three-year-olds and upwards.—Two-mile heats.

Sir J. C. Honeywood's gr. f. Merrymaid . . . . . 4 1 1

Colonel Morland's ch. h. Hoopoe, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. . . . . 2 2 3

Mr. Farrall's b. c. Carbon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. . . . . 1 4 dis.

Mr. Palmer's ch. f. by Truffle, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. . . . . 3 3 dr.

Carbon came in first the third heat, but in consequence of unfair riding the Stewards adjudged the heat to Merrymaid, subject to the decision of the Jockey Club.

The Westwood Cup was won at two 2-mile heats, by Mr. Tassell's b. g. White-Rock, beating six others.

**FRIDAY, August 24.**—Fifty Pounds for all ages.—Four-mile heats.

Sir J. C. Honeywood's b. m. Enchantress, by Sorcerer, aged, 9st. . . . . walked over.

The Ladies' Purse of 50l. for all ages.—Two-mile heats.

Mr. Brown's br. g. Marksman, by Paynator, aged, 9st. 8lb. . . . 2 1 1

Mr.

Mr. Lashington's br. m. Coral, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. .... 1 2 2  
 Colonel Marland's ch. c. Hoopoe, 3 yrs old, 7st. .... 3 3 dr.

Match for 50gs.—One mile.

Mr. Lashington's b. m. Paulina, by Waxy, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. .... 1  
 Mr. Palmer's ch. f. by Truffle, 3 yrs old, 8st. .... 2

### STAFFORD MEETING.

**TUESDAY, August 14.**—The Stafford Gold Cup, value 100gs. by subscribers of 10gs. each.—Three miles.

Sir T. Stanley's b. h. Tarragon, by Haphazard, 5 yrs old,  
 8st. 10lb. .... walked over.

Fifty Guineas for all ages.—Heats, twice round, and a distance.

Mr. Boardman's b. c. The Patriarch, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. .... 1 1  
 Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Mars, 4 yrs, 8st. 2lb. (rec. 101). .... 2 2  
 Mr. Denham's ch. c. The Abbot, 4 yrs, 8st. 5lb. .... 3 3

**WEDNESDAY, August 15.**—Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, with 20gs. added, for three-year-olds: colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Heats, once round, and a distance.—Three subscribers.

Sir T. Stanley's ch. c. Doge of Venice, by Sir Oliver.... walked over.

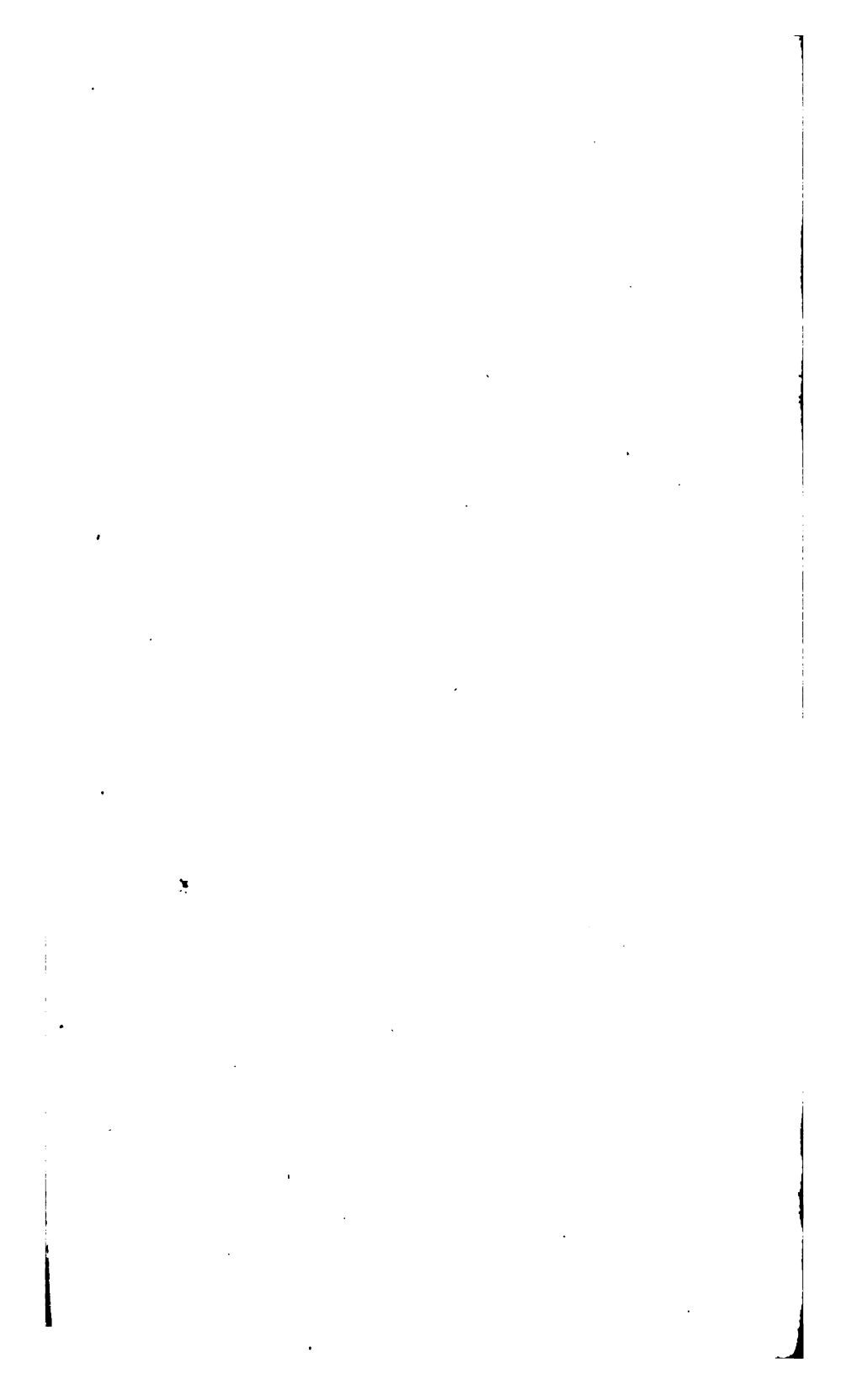
**THURSDAY, August 16.**—Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, for two-year-old colts, 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st.—Two-year-olds' Course.

Mr. B. Benson's br. colt, Rattler, by Thunderbolt, dam by Orange  
 Flower. .... 1  
 Mr. T. Flintoft's ch. c. The Ruler .... 2  
 Mr. Mytton's b. c. by Blucher, out of Brush's dam. .... 3  
 Mr. Keen's br. c. by York, dam by Gohanna. .... 4  
 Lord Anson's ch. c. by York, dam by Sanebo. .... 5

Handicap Stakes of 5gs. each, h. ft. with 40gs. added.—Heats, twice round, and a distance.—Five subscribers.

Mr. R. Benson's b. g. Bryan Barew, 6 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. .... 1 1  
 Mr. Beardsworth's b. c. Mars, 4 yrs old. .... 2 2  
 Mr. Jones's b. g. by Pierrepont, 6st. 3lb. .... 3 3

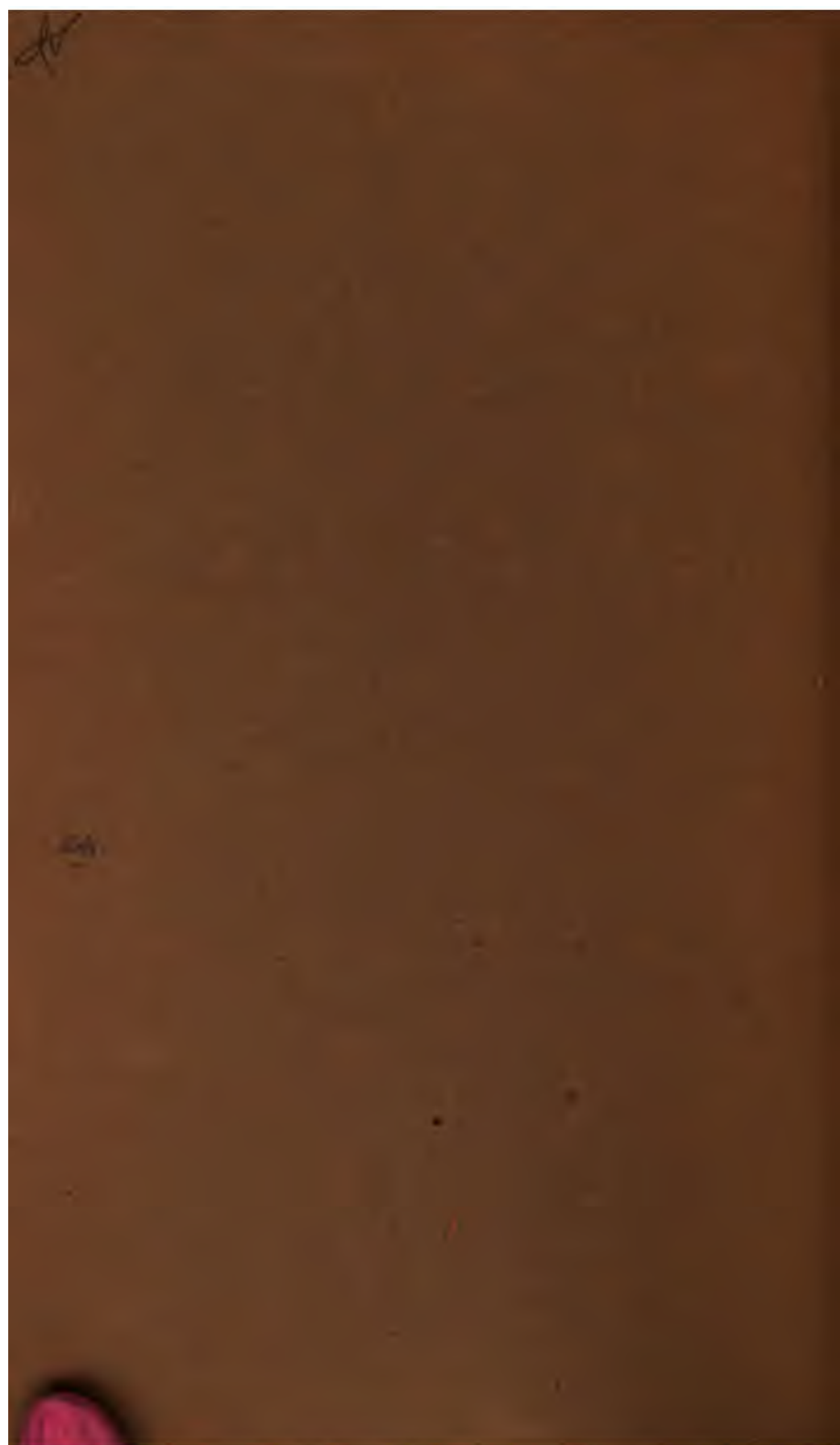




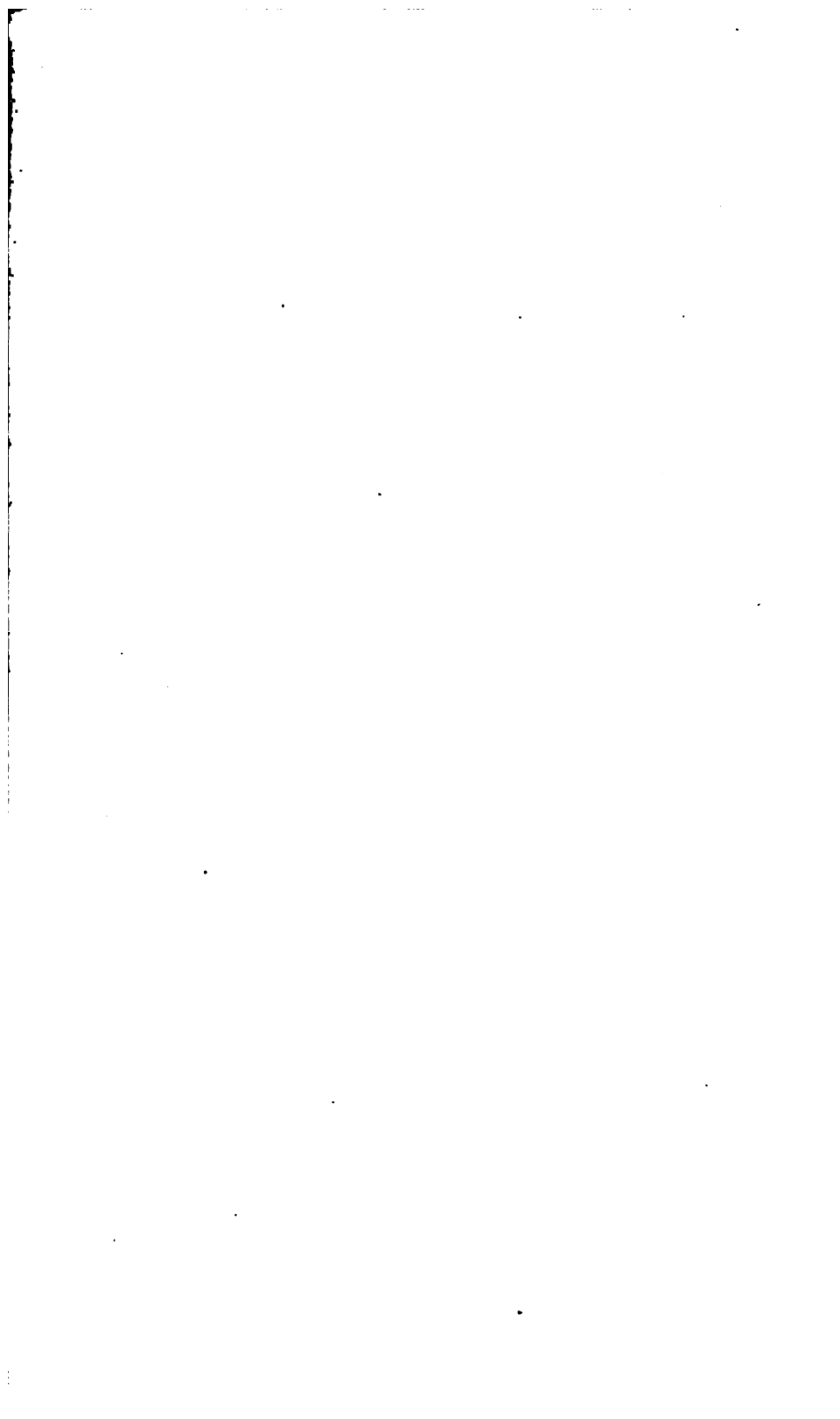


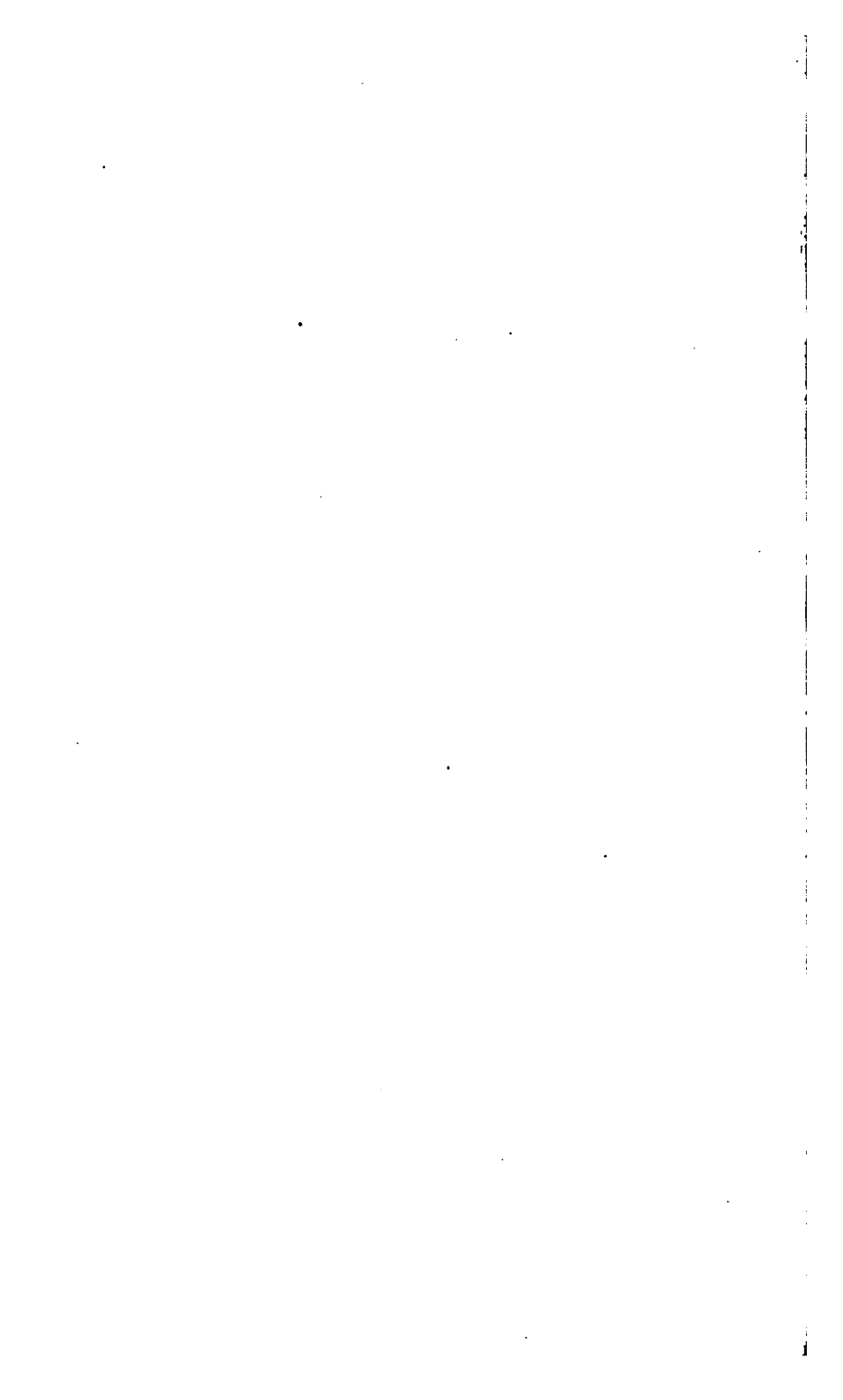














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